

Hubert Kah "Limosine"

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I don't play these military drums on the head of my
soul

I don't pray for missionary stunts on the way to my
goal.

Jack is crying

Looking so bizarre

And he got his joints already broken in that beat

He's divin' and we'll see him nevermore!

I don't play these military drums on the head of my
soul

...

Who came

Who came to me

And drummed the prayers

I can't move from now

And my eyes collide with energy

They're leavin' me no more

Those words are beatin' drums!

I don't play these military drums on the head of my
soul

...

No more tears and guns

No more deals in sons

No more guns!

I don't play these military drums on the head of my
soul

...

I don't play these military drums on the head of my soul

...

I don't play these military drums on the head of my
soul

...

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