

Imperiet "Be The President"

Visit "[Be The President](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Somewhere deep down under ground
At the bottom of a pit
In a mine below the city
Stealing muscles they can split
Where childhoodsongs and tales
Steal the wounds from your remorse
Where windowshoping eyes
Goes looking for the soars
We were all born naked
With nothing in our cup
Ten million tons of stone
Where the citys all grew up
And the walls in the city
Breathing pain sweating hope
Under ground, under ground
You can tell all the children about
Being the president
You being the president
Under ground, under ground
In the stareyed black night
There's a feast behind your door
All the debtcollecting letters
Have another birthday on your floor
But our life is short
A party in the dustbin
Sing a song to the children
About a griefmissing end
Somewhere deep down under ground
Sledgehammers sing their song
About the sunning of our bodies
When the winter been to long
Let it echo in your brain
You're a needed star of dawn
Being the president
You being the president
Under ground, under ground

Visit [Imperiet](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.