

Bush

"Solutions"

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the devil you know
is back here again
the devil is stoned
he's making friends

we move
we break
the sun with shade

you come
we go
we're fast
we're slow

blood on your dress
hole in your sky
blanket is gone
permanent night

we're glued
we break
we all
dilate

we please
we pain
again

she checks her head
she's in the smoke
figuring which way to turn
now she's got a rope

oh
we need solutions
a brave megaphone
we need solutions

a brave megaphone

she's broken your shoes
you look like winter

you're all in a bruise
handful of splinters

we brood
we flake
we torch
we take

rebound
rebirth
cocoon

i could be wrong
i could be right
do you think we'll make it
out of here alive

[chorus]

oh
we need solutions
a brave megaphone
we need solutions
we got a common home

she makes me see god
i'm out on a line
anyway the pleasure comes

[chorus]

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