

Kula Shaker "Six Feet Down"

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I am six feet down in an open grave
Living dead shuffling through my brain
In a shopping mall, or a multiplex
All I see is the presence of death

Don't ask me
To the party tonight
I'd bum you out,
Yea I'd spin you out, oh-woe.

I'm six feet down in an open grave,
Thinking bout all the mess I made
In my world of pain, my broken home
I can hear a voice, but I'm all alone
Oh my my, I need the magical seed
That's the sound of love comin' to rescue me
Comin' to rescue me
A Love to rescue me

Oh my Jesus, you can heal the blind?
Oh my Jesus, I'm a similar kind,
Oh my Jesus, can you spare some time at all?

Oh my Jesus - come and rescue me
Oh my Jesus - come and rescue me
I'm six feet down - what's become of me?
Oh my Jesus, come and rescue me!

Well I'm six feet down
At the end of the line
I've got no shoes
I got no time
But I thank you Lord,
For laying me here,
For the end is nigh
And I feel no fear

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