

Madrugada

"Norwegian Hammerworks Corp."

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Let me tell you about the way the hammer moves
The hammer goes up and down
And hits the nail, on the head each time
That's the point
All right in 1998
It's getting hard to go to sleep at night
And hard to get up in the morning
I tell myself, I'm going too hard, too rash, too long, too
long
But this is not the truth
There's no sign of no big break down
It's just these little things that keep putting me of the
track
Yeah, I have a notion of moving around in circles
Things just keep getting worse and worse
'Til they get all the way around
And then eveything turns out alright
In one single flash I see both shows
Computer, cigarettes, photograph, pens and pencils
Pop-craving critics curving
A doctor tried to cure me of these shells
I stopped seeing him
I heard nothing more about being mentally I'll
In one single flash comes words, no poetry
Did you put on weight
I take two, not one
A man with one arm
Best beer ever to come out of Belgium
If you kept drinking like this it wouldn't have to be
It's not like I'm real hateful with our friends, our
beloved friends
VCR, last goodbyes, this is not the time for all I love
you's
This nail is bent and broken, straighten it out with the
hands of love
This is where the hammer hits, this is it's golden
tongue
There speaks no more, this is the same that were never
moved
This is the tsar at will, this is where the hammer hit, this
is when the turnpike
This nail is bent and broken, straighten it out with the

hands of love
With the hands of love, with the hands of love
With the hands of love yeah, with the hands of love
yeah
With the hands of love yeah, with the hands of love
With the hands of love, with the hands of love yeah
With the hands of love, with the hands of love yeah
With the hands of love yeah, uuh shalalala with the
hands of love yeah
Yeah yeah... Yeah yeah... Yeah yeah
Let me tell you about the way the hammer moves
The hammer goes up and down
And hits the nail, on the head each time
That's the point, yeah
This mechanism can successfully be adapted to almost
everything
Things like a personel room, man enters the room feels
like someone just left
Pain, loss, mother to silence, guitars and tambourines

Let me tell you about the way the hammer moves
The hammer goes up and down
And hits the nail, on the head each time
That's the point
I tell myself I'm going too hard, too rash, too long
Too long
Yeah, I tell myself I'm going too hard, too rash, too
long, too long
But this is not the truth
There's no sign of no big break down
It's just these little things that keep putting me of the
track
Yeah, I have a notion of moving around in circles
Things just keep getting worse and worse
'Til they get all the way around
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In one single flash I see both shows
Computer, cigarettes, photograph, pens and pencils
Record pop-craving critics curving

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