

Not Available

"Get Out"

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Thank you for listening to this song, I really hope it's not to long.

I saw some monsters, which (no doubt) are worth to sing a song about.

I can remember the first day. The sun was bright, blue was the sky!

Friendly neighbours filled the streets. How could I know they all were freaks?

My bloody ex (I curse her name) she found the house, she is to blame.

Look at this nice sweet quite street, all those nice people we will meet!

Those friendly people checked my trash: "Please separate! And no hot ash!

And would you mind to cut the brunch hanging over my garden face....

Do it now and we stay friends"

Oh, I want to get out, want to get out, but I am bound
I want to get out, want to get out, from this cursed ground

When we barbecue it stinks. Party? Police here in a blink.

And when I dare to play my drums: If they could they would drop bombs!

The law is king in our street, it is for what their freak hearts beat.

And I can't sell this place of hell... And why? You can imagine well...

I'm captured (idyllic my ass)!!!

Oh, I want to get out, want to get out, but I am bound
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And now she's gone and left me here. Here I am, lonely drinking beer.

She even took the tube with her. Boredom for me and my Little Sir.

And so I burned it down at last, but the fire brigade was

to fast.

My neighbours saw the flames in time. Oh could cry...

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