

## Span "On My Way Down"

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I'm eating grain  
As cakes I cough them out again  
And to tell you honestly  
I'd like to do this peacefully  
But they grab my back and  
They turn the speed to level hurricane  
I am falling out in a streetlike bed  
(Chorus)  
On my way down  
They hit my hands up with a stick  
And when I lay down  
On my way down  
They hit my hands up with a stick  
And when I lay down  
Tenderly,  
The slicing of a nerve in me  
And the wasted ways of those  
Who distorts the art into a pose  
They grab my back  
They turn the speed to level hurricane  
I am falling out in a streetlike bed  
(chorus)  
On my way down  
They hit my hands up with a stick  
And when I lay down (x2)  
Calmer now  
Left inside a crate of doubt  
And filled with ease  
I start to chew in slower pace  
But then it starts to blow  
And it turns the speed to level hurricane  
I am falling out in a streetlike bed  
(chorus)  
On my way down  
They hit my hands up with a stick  
And when I lay down (x2)  
On my way down  
On my way down  
On my way down, ooooo  
On my way down (down)  
On my way down  
On my way down

On my way down  
On my way!

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