

Staffan Hellstrand

"Drastic"

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Look at all our funny faces
You'd swear that every night there was a full moon
We came out from our hiding places
And we loved to wreck the room.

Well I'll figure it out I'd ride your thesis to pieces
Well I'll figure it out I'd ride your thesis to pieces

You twist your head in a crowd of people
And you love to, settled down
A crack in the jaw and a busted window
Yeah we swept up with a broken broom

Well I'll figure it out I'd ride your thesis to pieces
Well I'll figure it out I'd ride your thesis to pieces
Well I'll figure it out I'd ride your thesis to pieces
Well I'll figure it out I'd ride your thesis to pieces

Well I'm at the back of a restaurant dreaming
Sitting in a puddle my thoughts are spinning
Upside down, where?
For what it's worth

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