

The Apers

"Right Foot"

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Never did i find a nest for my soul
We have made all the bans we imposed
We have thrown
On ourselves
In memory's manner

The weakened will
Raise their heads
To mellow their somber faces
This day you will
Be in your camp
In the streets of your people...

You are at
The summit of the honored
Decorate yourselves
Decorate yourselves
Decorate yourselves...

Crazy man, stand to attach...
No friends listening
Crazy man, stand to attach...
No friends listening

All I ever
Wanted was to...
All I ever
Wanted was to...

All I ever
Wanted was to see your face
And contemplate
All I ever
Wanted was to see your face
And contemplate...

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