

## Zita Swoon "Stamina"

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I argued with a wounded man  
He saying so  
And me saying: "Oh man,  
Why can't the beer in my glass  
Stop to fizz  
The insane hiss"  
He said:  
"Drink up boy,  
It takes a whole lot a lot  
When you're up to your neck in this"  
Now there are demons all around me  
Saying I should get a taste of  
What freedom really is  
And that I shouldn't resist  
The wealth  
Of this oblivion  
I used to play with toyguns and toyknives  
But my daddy  
He never thought me how to kill  
He told me how to take the blame  
But my daddy  
He didn't teach me how to kill  
I was told to be discreet  
And to be able to take an insult  
But I was so discreet  
Nobody noticed me mamma  
I was told to fear  
And fear alone  
Would help me what to choose  
I dreamed myself to solitude  
And I left behind my family and my kin  
I pack my bags  
And I go slide back to my mother  
To hide in her shack  
From this a  
Fighting and fussin'  
I was raised on meat and alcohol  
It don't do any good at all  
I went clips  
Eclipse  
But I ain't did no  
I ain't had no

I ain't coming back  
It's amazing how only a little faith  
Can point someone in one peculiar direction  
But how much it takes for people to admit  
They were wrong  
And to renegotiate their intentions  
Or how quickly they irritate  
If you only mention  
That only 2-3-5 changes  
To their daily ways  
Could make a whole lotta difference  
In the chain of days  
In time and space  
I hope I won't get busted  
Cause I done no wrong  
But of course  
You never know  
What change might come  
In morality  
Or economy  
Ecology  
Sexuality  
Or any

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