

Motörhead

"Sideway Spiral I"

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Head over heels in a sideway spiral
on borrowed wings and with senses so idle
high on the hopes fore the chemical wedding
the promised state in the perfect setting
praying to the beat-craving to be real
Im right (x3),Im wrong

so he said cause so he'd read
and your delusions are mine instead
convincing smiles will feed the mind
a curse put on those left behind
your wizzards out on bail-the perfect trips on sale
Im right (x3),Im wrong

Spinning round
sideways down
spinning round....

when concentration comes at last
make shure to blame the highest caste
from way out in the skies
that made you realise.

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