

Gabriel Peter

"D.I.Y"

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D.I.Y., D.I.Y., D.I.Y., D.I.Y.

Don't tell me what I will do, 'cos I won't.

Don't tell me to believe in you, 'cos I don't.

Be on your guard, better hostile and hard, don't risk affection;

Like flesh to the bone in the no-go zone,

You're still looking for the Resurrection.

Come up to me with your "What did you say?"

And I'll tell you, straight in the eye:

D.I.Y., D.I.Y., [etc.]

Everyone wants to be what he not, what he not.

Nobody happy with what he got, what he got.

You function like a dummy with a new ventriloquist,

Do you say nothing yourself?

Hanging like a thriller on the final twist,

Is it true you're getting stuck on the shelf?

Come up to me with your "What did you say?"

And I'll tell you, straight in the eye:

D.I.Y., D.I.Y., [etc.]

When things get so big, I don't trust them at all,

You want some control, you've got to keep it small.

D.I.Y., D.I.Y., [etc.]

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