

## **Pop Will Eat Itself "92° F (The 3rd Degree)"**

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3rd degree  
The heat myestery spree  
Catch me when I fall  
some would have it said  
That there's no reason  
To be here  
But just love it all  
Night or day I got a place to stay  
A padded cell to get well  
A lifelong swansong for y'all  
This heat's unreasonable  
The seasonal bad vibes  
Come as no surprise  
Bugged and tuggeds in 92 directions  
There's murder in my eyes  
Locked indoors  
I kill without a cause  
A 92 meat stew for you  
A lifelong swansong for y'all  
A birth, a death, a romance  
I just love it all  
Burn so bright and drop like flies  
Yeah, but I still love it all  
Can you hear me now  
Can you hear me now?  
>From the wrong side of the law  
A 92 degree heatwave  
A 22 stretch inside  
I wish I could do it...Do it!  
It's a sad mess  
When seconds of madness  
Cut life in mid-stride  
It's the sun that's guilty  
Oozing rays of badness  
There's one place I can hide  
Night or day I got a place to stay  
A padded cell to get well  
A lifelong swansong for y'all  
For all the ones who hate me  
I just love them all  
They can criticise and extradite me  
But I still love them all

Can you hear me now  
Can you hear me now?  
>From the wrong side of the law  
A 92 degree heatwave  
A 2 stretch inside  
I wish I could do it! Do it right!

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