

Powderfinger "Belter"

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(Powderfinger/Fanning)

You go

I feel like dropping bombs between your eyes

But not today

Too slow

I feel sinking arrows in your mind

It's all the same

You don't have to reveal it

You get trouble concede

You don't have to reveal it

Are you feeling right

Are you feeling right

A defeated sight

Are you feeling right

You go

Soaking up your public appetite

The war you wage

Too slow

I tell you once again you're not my type

You're all the same

Something come along gonna make a change

You don't have to reveal it it

You get trouble concede

You don't have to reveal it

Are you feeling right

Are you feeling right

A defeated sight

Are you feeling right

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