

Badly Preserved

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this black water
awaiting happy days
don't you smother
and ever have to ask the question why

I will force you
in two ways
both ends tied now
I'm forcing you to lie about the pain

Chorus:
pick up, pick up, pick up, pick up
you came into my life
shut up, shut up, shut up
you have destroyed this life

seldom whispered
and came right to the point
take my hand and hold it
just to get some grip on my main goal

I will force you
in both ways
I'll have to loosen my grip now
forcing myself to hide between the shades

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