

Sonic Bloom

"Neopolitan"

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When the waitres walked by she must have caught his
eye and at that moment he was mine a little slight of
hand and i had poisoned his neopolitan

what else can i say man

enjoy your ice cream

murder is such an ugly word id use another if u so
prefer me i like to call it art art has its own reward just
ask Burt Ward - years of living in the shadow of a bat
but we'll come back to that right now lets roll a little
memo out to the big boss for the next time u think Im
going soft, send some punk to try and knock me off
heres a reminder u fuckin' hind grinder with a cherry
on top

CHORUS: (and) i never lost a step message to marcel
message to marcel (ya) and i never lost a step
message to marcel message to marcel

in my parapsycholgy the ghosts only visit me mother its
no bother theres a demon on the shoulder and an
angel upon the other tie always goes to the runner (ten
quatlooms on the new comer)

they always seem to remember the art as its own
reward ya just ask Burt Ward tell me he never felt like
fucking like capping anybody Halh a lifetime spent
living in the shadow of the bat like that has its gotta
take its toll on ya' take control of ya' until 1 day all u
have left to show is the only thing for show that u've
known the other thing will be a guiltily connected road

CHORUS: ya and i never lost a step message to marcel
meassage to marcel and i-e-i never lost a step
message to marcel message to marcel

(guitar solo)

all gone all gone all gone all go-on all gone all gone all
gone all gone

CHORUS: ya i never lost a step message to marcel
message to marcel and i never looked again message
to marcel message to marcel message to marcel
message to marcel

