## The Poor Souls Of Pompeii "Don't Let Go"

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I get the strangest feeling
Your far-fetched claim
Is all lies, is all lies, is all lies
Beyond any doubt, my dear
May I make a suggestion:
Just be quiet
Close your foul mouth
It's all lies, it's all lies
Beyond any doubt, my dear

I look at you and blood spills from my asshole Blue pills, try to swallow Your words drill into my brain, It's all lies, it's all lies Whoa ho ho!

Don't let go
When you feel you've got it coming
I won't let go
When you fall asleep behind the
Wheel of a stolen car, and you get the same old notion
I won't let you do
What you've done before

So re-arrange the system
The rules of the game
Verify, verify, verify
Beyond any doubt my dear
You give me indigestion
The smell of hatred
What a fragrance
Beautify, but it's all lies, it's all lies
Beyond any doubt, my dear

I look at you and my arse becomes my elbow Red pills, try to swallow Your words drill into my brain, It's all lies, it's all lies Whoa ho ho ho!

Don't let go

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I won't let go
When you fall asleep behind the
Wheel of a stolen car, and you get the same old notion
I won't let you do
What you've done before
And you'll do now
And I won't let go

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