Creation "Power Surge"

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(Kenny Pickett/Eddie Phillips/Jack Llewellyn Jones/Bob Garner)

Is it so cool to believe everything Dress like a clown and you act like a king Reach out your hand to the man on the throne Only to find that you're standing alone

I get this terrible urge an electric power surge That spit at the lies Dreaming my life away

Yeah, I get this terrible urge an electric power surge That spitting lies Dreaming my life away

Where do you go when there's nowhere to hide
Out in the dust with the sun in your eyes
Who's gonna be there to stand at your side
When you're burning with hatred, fear and surpise oh

You get that terrible urge an electric power surge That spit at your lies Dreaming your life away

Yeah, You get that terrible urge an electric power surge That spit at the lies Dreaming your life away

Tommorrow the soldiers will be on the street Chilling your blood with the stamp of their feet They promise to take all your freedoms away Leave you with nothing at the end of the day

I get this terrible urge an electric power surge That spit at your lies Dreaming my life away

Yeah, I get this terrible urge an electric power surge That spit at your lies Dreaming your life away

Yeah, spit at your lies Dreaming my life away

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