

Wrestling Lyrics

"Soul Coughing- "Super Bon Bon""

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Move aside,
and let the man go through.
Let the man go through.
If I stole
Somebody else's wave
To fly up.
If I rose
Up with the avenue
Behind me.
Some kind of verb.
Some kind of moving thing.
Something unseen.
Some hand is motioning
to rise, to rise, to rise.
Too fat, fat you must cut lean.
You got to take the elevator to the mezzanine,
Chump, change, and it's on, super bon bon
Super bon bon, Super bon bon.
And by
The phone
I live
In fear
Sheer Chance
Will draw
You in
To here.

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