

State Radio

"Ill Advised"

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To what do I owe this occasion?
My life is fallin' out of reason
To what do I owe this occasion?
My life is fallin' out of reason

So. Break. My. Stare.
Oh how your faces light up this day

Well my friends, gather round
It seems my mind, is not so sound
Oh how your faces light up this day

'Cause I am Ill Advised to feel
That the inner lives are real
And Ill Advised to call upon the hour of this day
And I'm sanitized and still, movin for the kill
I'm Ill Advised to call upon the hour of one day

I, I, I x4

Oh how your faces light up this day
And this hour, and on this ground

'Cause I am Ill Advised to feel
That the inner lives are real
And Ill Advised to call upon the hour of this day
And I'm sanitized and still, movin for the kill
I'm Ill Advised to call upon the hour of one day

To what do I owe this occasion?
My life is fallin' out of reason

I've not sold my innocence; I'm not so right like them
I've not sold my innocence; I'm not so right like them
I've not sold my innocence; I'm not so right like them,
right like them
Not on this hour, or on this ground

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