

The Wolfgang Press "Executioner"

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Thinking surface looking under
You want something look no further
Thinking hard but working in a small time
She was born in mid-town provincial

Down the road from Faust
Harper Lee said it's allowed
Mama wakes up raising money
In the back room speaking like a sonnet

Did it a suicide come?
Freak see-saw romance come
Peak time sure sign
She's here to serve it up

Like a dream
She's a waltz
Like I am
She's so soft

Raising fools and it's no wonder
What we have a care for we won't tear asunder
We offend but she won't suffer
She's like having heaven in your home

She's a dream
Like a waltz
She's a gas
She's so soft

Like a dream
She's a waltz
She's a man
She's so soft

You can suffer all your monies
Rose and me still love you honey
Could I face another day content that I was under
But if you go leave your soul home
She's so soft
She's so soft

Thinking surface looking under
You want something look no further
Break it down softly she won't murmur
She was thrown from big-town provincial

You get a suicide sun
People there are neither hip nor dumb
Peak time sure sign
She's here to serve it up

Like a dream
She's a waltz
Like a man
She's so soft

Could I face another day content that I was under
But if you go leave your soul to live in wonder
If you go leave your soul home
She's so soft, she defies the laws of line
She's so soft, she defies the laws of line
She's so soft, she defies the laws of line

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