

The Wolfgang Press "Sweatbox"

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[Breath breath]

I'm not going to take it lying down
I'm not going to face my head in the ground anymore

I said see me in the fall
See see see see see me walk
Here comes the strawman
Here comes the bad man
Here comes a good man
Here comes a cccccc

It's godhead godhead
Here comes the strawman
It's godhead, it's godhead
I'm in a sweatbox
Here comes the sweatbox
I'm in a sweatbox
I've been away
Tell me why I feel this way
And tell me why I have no faith

Shove it in the ceiling
And post when the wife's away
Shove it in the ceiling
And I'll send it to the wife today
I'll send...

I won't take it lying down
I won't face it since you ran away away
Sweet sweet sweet
Shake it down to the ground
Shake it down down down
I am the mad man, I am the strawman
I could be evil, I could be wild as sin
I could be your saint
I put a spell on you
I put a spell on you
Ooh I could be ah

Yeah shake!

Oh shake up down inside in
I put a spell on you
And tell me why I feel this way
And tell me why I sing this way
This way I put a spell on you
I am in a sweatbox
I put a spell on you

Oh you strange fruit from the trees
Strange dreams
I am the strawman
I am the bad man, I am the good man
So shake, so shake shake shake...

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