

## History

Bush

gave my love 2 thousand yesterdays  
nothing is wrong  
i am always a little late  
probably will probably won't  
get this disease cut out of my throat  
all of a sudden  
you come my way  
baby believer i won't be saved by morning  
after struggling my name slave turned to  
master  
history moans  
mouth of father  
edge of my bed  
benzedrine telephone  
struggling to speak  
sicker than the sickest dog  
falling faster than a liar's grin  
we need to be saved from the shit we're in  
i believe in you i have found the perfect  
way  
to bring me down i won't be saved  
by all your yesterdays piss on my grave  
piss on the the underlay  
history moans  
mouth of our father  
it's the movement we're after