

Songs sung out of key
reminds me that I'm free
The feeling's so strong that I can't carry on
Good night, sleep tight
Send me out to sea
a row boat just for me
It cuts to the core, I can't take any more
Make good, out in the wood
So long, glad that you're wrong
Jesus, you're such a lush, now that I'm crushed

I've always stated of things overrated
A curse or a blessing rate high
Over in my head, I've welcomed the undead
animals insects and lies

So will you be mine
for part of the time
Now that he's said you'd be better off dead
make good out in the wood
So long glad that he's wrong
Jesus, you're such a lush, now that we're cursed

I've always stated of things overrated
A curse or a blessing rate high
Over in my head, I've welcomed the undead
animals secrets and lies
Out with regression and in with progression
A shining example for saints
Why all the grief for a life full of peace?
If you will ask me I'll say aye today