

# Freakbeat Phantom

The Rascals

Resting himself on his crutches, suspicious stories which are fake  
Laughter was growing around in a stranger's sound  
Holding his stutter in his hands and carving his words to demands  
Psychotic byonic he was as he splutters his words

Touched by the freakbeating phantom, I'm holding on

Confusion cuts in the air, if I was granted one wish  
I'd whisk off the girl with the white jeans for a singles night  
's bliss  
Revising thoughts of stately homes as the party continues  
The bright lights eliminates the, the freakbeat eliminates the  
night