

Going South

The Wolfgang Press

Peace and love, a phoney kind of blubber
My instincts tell me to crash
You've got salt emissions and you know how to use them
I somehow think this won't last

So I'm moving south
To the great unknown
Yeah I'm moving south
Where the head unloads

You've got a reason some funky little demons
Telling me that life is a gas
You're a deconstruction a euphemism nothing
Motown gives it a blast

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Called my brother, he said, "I need a lawyer"
And my life is sinking at best
Called my brother, he said, "I've just become
A moaner who lives in the past"

You've got a vision some funky little sms
Telling me that life is a gas
Your misconception is a pitiful expression
It's something, I'll never possess

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