

# Bush, Solutions

Devil you know  
Is back here again  
Devil is stoned  
He's making friends  
We move, we break  
We're sun, we're shade  
You come, you go  
We're fast, we're slow

Blood on your dress  
Hole in your sky  
Blanket has gone  
To permanent night  
We're glued, we break  
We're all dilate  
We please, we pain  
Again

She checks her head  
She's in the smoke  
Figuring which way to turn  
Now she's got the rope

We need solutions  
A brain megaphone  
We need solutions  
A brain megaphone

You've broken your shoes  
You look like winter  
You're all in a bruise  
Handful of splinters  
We brood, we flake  
We torch, we take  
Rebound, rebirth  
Cocooned from hurt

I could be wrong  
I could be right  
But do you think we'll make it  
Out of here alive

We need solutions  
A brain megaphone  
We need solutions  
We need to call this home  
A brain megaphone  
A brain megaphone

She makes me see God  
I'm out on a line  
Any way the pleasure comes

We need solutions  
A brain megaphone  
We need solutions  
We got to call this home  
Home, home, home, home  
Home, home, home