

Neurotica, Up In The Hay

Set out cold with a whisper
End up with sweat and a scream
Your soul is bound for south and not rising
Far less important than it seems

One roll up in the hay
So sorry I cannot stay
Yeah one roll up in the hay
Grab on real tight to today

Convince yourself that solo is happy
Convince yourself you'll be just fine
Your bag of lies is revealing
Revealing like flies in the wine

One roll up in the hay
So sorry I cannot stay
One roll up in the hay
Grab on real tight to today

You think your something
You're so wrong