

Powderfinger, Belter

You go
I feel like dropping bombs between your eyes
But not today

Too slow
I feel like sinking arrows in your mind
You're all the same

You don't have to reveal it
You get trouble concede
You don't have to reveal it

Are you feeling right
Are you feeling right
A defeated sight
Are you feeling right

You go
Soaking up your public appetite
The war you wage

Too slow
I tell you once again you're not my type
You're all the same

Something come along gonna make a change

You don't have to reveal it
You get trouble concede
You don't have to reveal it

Are you feeling right
Are you feeling right
A defeated sight
Are you feeling right