

Psychopunch, Inhale

I'm coming home - I'm on my way
Sweet taste and nothing more to say
High octane fuel - that's all I need
Inhale , then breath

I got nothing up my sleeve
But now I'm back would you believe

Dissatisfied - lay of my past
I have some dreams but they are fading kind of fast
Oh happy days - where do you hide
I'm getting closer to the edge of my own pride

I made mistakes but i wont pay
Read my lips there is nothing more to say

I'm coming home
I've been away for far to long
I'm coming home
To the place where I belong

Don't leave loose ends don't even try
I laugh the day away my enemies will cry
I'm coming home I'm on my way
Sweet taste and nothing more to say

I made mistakes , but i wont pay
Read my lips there is nothing more to say