

The Cult, Coming Down

You dirty hippie girl, your soft lips make me swirl

I despise all of your lies

I'm not the prodigal son, I'm not the chosen one

I'm just a man with good intention...

Your horses terrify me, I can't work out why

the things you say, are not O.K.

I'm not the prodigal son, I'm not the chosen one

Why can't you decide, when you chastise me

I'm coming down, coming down, you baptise me

I don't wanna drown yeah your drug tongue

spoken loud. I'm coming down I'm coming down

You baptise me I don't wanna drown yeah your

drug tongue spoken loud

Your dying flowers stink, they smell like rotten

ink, from a poison pen so I wrote on your head

Just how deep you'll go, from which you came and don't you know

Whoa innocence, your winter's so harsh in your heart

I'm coming down, coming down, you baptise me

I don't wanna drown yeah your drug tongue

spoken loud. I'm coming down I'm coming down

You baptise me I don't wanna drown yeah your

drug tongue spoken loud

Pushin me harder

Pushin me harder

Pushin me harder

I'm coming down I don't wanna drown

Your drug tongue's spoken loud