

# Bush, Superman

Crucified for atonal sins  
Re-invent myself, shed my alter-skin  
Tried to break the mold, severed whole  
First you find your threshold bevels  
Breathing out your toxic levels  
Long slow rope is hanging  
Now we know what's coming

Superman  
Where have you gone

With a little more time and a six-leaf clover  
Just a little more head to make you bolder  
Just a little more sound, a little more sound  
Baby's playing tricks, you know  
She got sucked so dry

We destroy ourselves to rise again  
Open up yourself like a Jesus sun  
Only way out is through way past you  
First you get to human level  
Run right through your bullshit pedals  
Long slow rope is hanging  
Now you know what's coming

Superman  
Where have you gone

With a little more time and a six-leaf clover  
Just a little more head to make you bolder  
Just a little more sound, just a little more sound  
Just a little more sound  
Baby's playing tricks, you know  
You got sucked so dry and you only know how to lose

Long slow rope is hanging  
Long slow rope is hanging  
Long slow rope is hanging  
Long slow rope is hanging

Superman  
What have you done

With a little more time and a six-leaf clover  
Just a little more head to make you bolder  
Just a little more sound, a little more sound  
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