

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
Just a little more sound, just a little more sound
Just a little more sound, just a little more sound