

Bush, The People That We Love

Speed kills, coming down the mountain
Speed kills, coming down the street
Speed kills with presence of mind
Speed kills, if you know what I mean

Got to feel, woke up inside again
Got to feel, less broke, more fixed
Got to feel when I got outside myself
Got to feel when I touched your lips

The things we do to the people that we love
The way we break if there's something we can't take
Destroy the world that we took so long to make

We expect her gone for some time
I wish her safe from harm
Till you find yourself in a foreign land
Another refugee, outsider refugee

How's it feel, she's coming up roses
How's it feel, she's coming up sweet
How's it feel when it's all in spite of you
How's it feel when she's out of your reach

The things we do to the people that we love
The way we break if there's something in the way
Destroy the world that we took so long to make

We expect her gone for some time
I wish her safe from harm
Till you find yourself in a foreign land
Another refugee, outsider refugee

What happened to you
What happened to you
What happened to you
What happened to you

The things we do to the people that we love
The things we do to the people that we love
The things we do to the people that we love
The things we do to the people that we
That we love