

Galactic Cowboys, Stress

No one calls unless I leave
No one's home, the voice repeats

Kind hands wrapped around my neck
Sharp teeth biting in my back
Cold eyes burning laser beams
Oh! God, relieve me of this STRESS

A list from A to Z, this is too much for me
Don't want this mess, I must confess
I hate this stress

The more I work, the less I make
The less I learn, the more you take

Small lips telling big huge lies
White sores growing in my mouth
Red blood pouring from my heart
Oh! God, relieve me of this STRESS

I'm not your property, come on and set me free
Don't want this mess, I must confess
I hate this stress