

# 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