

Gavin Friday & The Man Seezer, Next

Naked as sin an army towel covers my body. some of us blush, somehow knees turn to jelly - next!
Ody follows me - next! next! I was still just a kid when my innocence was lost, in a mobile-army who
Little touch of tenderness, maybe a word or smile, some happiness, but oh! no! next! next! well it w
Next! next! I always recall those flying flags, the army tanks, those queer lieutenants who slapped o
! it's that ugly voice that I forever hear ...

Next! next! the voice that stinks of corpses of whiskey and mud. it's the voice of the nations, the thi
D, she whispers and laughs through my head ... next! ... you're next! all the naked and the dead sh
... next! and when I'm not screaming in a voice cold, dry and hollow... I stand on endless, naked lin
F alive, I'd do anything, anything, just to keep out of line, just to stay out of line and never to be nex