

Howling Bells, Low Happening

God only knows what you do with yourself
You sleep all the day and you're wasting away
You beg for your food
And you lie like a dog
You steal all your moves and you drink the last drop

You watch me
I watch you
You changed me
Like I knew
You used me
Like I used you
My love shot right through you

It's a low, low, low, low happening*4

And every night at the beat of the drum
You'd kill to be right, but I know you're wrong
You drink from the heart
And you pour from the soul
You listen to trash
But it's not Rock'n'Roll

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