

Pop Will Eat Itself, 92 Degrees Farenheit (The 3rd Degree)

3rd degree

The heat myestery spree
Catch me when I fall
some would have it said
That there's no reason
To be here
But just love it all
Night or day I got a place to stay
A padded cell to get well
A lifelong swansong for y'all
This heat's unreasonable
The seasonal bad vibes
Come as no surprise
Bugged and tugged in 92 directions
There's murder in my eyes
Locked indoors
I kill without a cause
A 92 meat stew for you
A lifelong swansong for y'all
A birth, a death, a romance
I just love it all
Burn so bright and drop like flies
Yeah, but I still love it all
Can you hear me now
Can you hear me now?
&From the wrong side of the law
A 92 degree heatwave
A 22 stretch inside
I wish I could do it...Do it!
It's a sad mess
When seconds of madness
Cut life in mid-stride
It's the sun that's guilty
Oozing rays of badness
There's one place I can hide
Night or day I got a place to stay
A padded cell to get well
A lifelong swansong for y'all
For all the ones who hate me
I just love them all
They can criticise and extradite me
But I still love them all
Can you hear me now
Can you hear me now?
&From the wrong side of the law
A 92 degree heatwave
A 2 stretch inside
I wish I could do it! Do it right!
