

Psychopunch, My Desert Soul

I struggle for nothing , I don't wanna move ahead
There's got to be something , it might as well be dead
Here comes a new one , put out the light
My kind of fun , it's out of sight

Ain't looking for glory baby you know I'm not that kind
Down here for nothing and it really blows my mind
It makes you weep , don't make me laugh
He's a motherfucking creep , he wont splitt it in half

Nothing ever bleeds
Until the day you bite the hand that feeds

Straight thru my soul
Let the good times roll
Strung out for days - 47 ways
Way past the midnight hour
I fall apart like a long gone lover
Let the good times roll
My desert soul

I'm halfway in , where the hell are you?
Pretty close to sin , how about you?
Up tight baby where the wolfbane blooms
Sticky fingers in to much to soon

Cause I , I will never hesitate
Born to love , given to hate
Just like the trigger of a gun it wants my soul
And it's out of control