

# Richard Ashcroft, 75 Degrees

75 degrees  
nothing is buggin me  
keep whisper tree\*  
my baby and me  
75 degrees  
the killer in me  
rushin through my veins  
takin away my pain  
over me under me within me  
without me under me over me  
i bite the hand that feed  
i feed the hand that bite  
everyone is strange  
not everyones to blame  
i cant wait for hell  
to break the spell  
it is here  
in my feat to my toes above and down below  
you know im afraid  
you know im scared  
and so are you and so is he and so is she  
whats the point in tryna hide  
give me a reason to breath  
give me a reason to feel  
i often wondered when it all went right  
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