

# Rockers Hi-Fi, Going Under

Pit patter little raindrops keep falling on my window pane  
the city calling me out into the night  
with promises of pleasures and sweet delight  
it's wrong  
it's oh so wrong  
but I want it  
to be right

now you got me walking on the sidewalk  
talking, moving, looking  
stopping  
farting like a dog  
barking

now the raindrops keep on landing on my face like spelter  
each one branding me  
showing me who I am  
...don't give a damn...

now you got me walking through the clubland again  
looking through the smiles  
each one a friend  
none a dem none a dem

and this is  
oh so  
demanding  
cause at night I have a million dreams and then I wake  
I pray the lord my soul to take  
me away from this vanity  
from this e-fuelled  
love and insanity

it's so wrong  
it's so wrong it's so wrong  
but I want it  
to be right

now the day is coming  
and the party people start their running home  
and if they'll miss  
being all alone  
leave me out to dry  
hang me on for a line and I'll tell you no lie

too much pressure is sending me  
and the raindrops land on me  
can't you see can't you see can't you see can't you see ?  
I'm going under  
I'm going under I'm going under  
and I can't turn round  
I'm going under  
I'm going down

...

Pit patter little raindrops keep falling on my window pane  
the morning calling me back to bed  
hear wha him said  
"You're going under and you can't turn round"

...

each flake of life

flowing through mi vein  
mashing up mi brain  
too much cocaine

...

Pit patter little raindrops keep falling on my window pane  
the night time calling me out into the city lights  
to wrong my rights  
a million lights across the city burn bright  
each one offering pleasure and delight  
it's wrong it's  
oh  
so wrong  
but I want it  
please be right  
is it any wonder  
I'm going under  
I'm going under and I can't turn round