

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