

Rockers Hifi, 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

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 what 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