

# Soilwork, The Pittsburgh Syndrome

I woke up that morning  
Feeling slightly stressed  
Getting in an urge to just  
Bail out completely pissed

What did I know?  
That night we made our way  
Through the darkness  
And the shame

Don't let yourself run away  
Cause we have another  
Game to play  
That night you  
Would make us say  
'Fuck all the details  
Get on with the show'

It doesn't matter if  
The mind's at stake  
Cause we had another  
Round to make  
There was no way  
We could fail  
Fuck all the details  
Get on with the show

The Pittsburgh syndrome!

An hour of destruction  
Intoxicated bliss  
Moments of sobriety  
Would cease to exist  
A sudden turn  
Would make that city  
Burn with souls on fire  
Relentless desire

Don't let yourself run away  
Cause we have another  
Game to play  
That night you  
Would make us say  
'Fuck all the details  
Get on with the show'

It doesn't matter if  
The mind's at stake  
Cause we had another  
Round to make  
There was no way  
We could fail  
Fuck all the details  
Get on with the show

The Pittsburgh syndrome!

-Solo-

Don't let yourself run away  
Cause we have another  
Game to play  
That night you  
Would make us say

'Fuck all the details  
Get on with the show'

It doesn't matter if  
The mind's at stake  
Cause we had another  
Round to make  
There was no way  
We could fail  
Fuck all the details  
Get on with the show