

The Baby Namboos, Get Your Head Down

If you are born with it
It's a gift you won't miss
It's like breathing
So if you're offered free new tricks
Accept it with open arms
'Cause there ain't no four leaf clovers
Or no gypsy lucky charms

Keep knocking on the walls
And I'll blow off your...

Turn in seven hundred hours
Turn in circles again
To raise our clan
Life in the pen
My brain is mangled, sanity too
Countin' the days
I won't do any listenin'

Keep knocking on the walls
And I'll blow off your balls
Knock on the door
You're asking for more
Come in the room
Gettin' sent your doom

As the waves roll in
My five senses wearin' prim
Waves of tiny people
Trapped in a Russian tin
People all over the world are screamin'
For the love of a young child will be fadin'
A taste of water and corruption
While faith and religions all over the world
Self-destruction
Many controllin' the place of a dollar
Or it's a creator on the streets flippin' collars

A bomb with a snake
In both of your fists
While a hurricane was blowin'
Breathing, just around the corner from you
A bomb with a snake
In both of your fists
While a hurricane was blowin'
Breathing, just around the corner from you

Party's empty
While I'm havin' to shave
It doesn't smell good
Beginning to fade
Stimulation I need
Some positive feed
It's time to create, don't anticipate
Put this all behind
Try to look through
Sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do

Keep knockin' on the walls
And I'll blow off your...

A bomb with a snake
In both of your fists
While a hurricane was blowin'

Breathing just around the corner from you