

The Cult, Coming Down (Drug Tongue)

You dirty hippie girl
Your soft lips make me swirl
I despise all of your lies
I'm not the prodigal son
I'm not the chosen one
I'm just a man of good intention

Hey-hey-hey
Come on home
Hey-hey-hey

Your horses terrify me
I can't work out why
The things you say are not ok
I'm not the prodigal son
I'm not the chosen one
Why can't you decide
When you chastise me?
Whoa

I'm coming down
Coming down
You baptise me
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken

I'm coming down
I'm coming down
You baptise me
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

Your dying flowers stink
They smell like rotten ink
From a poison pen
So I wrote on your head
Well, just how deep you'll go
From whence you came, and don't you know?
Whoa, innocence
Your winter's so harsh in your heart

I'm coming down
Coming down
You baptise me
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down
Yeah-hey...
You baptise me
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm coming down
I'm coming, coming down
You baptise me, oh yeah
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down, whoa yeah
Coming down
You baptise me, yeah
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, his drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down
I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down
Well, I'm still mad
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken true