

Downed

Bitter Fictions

Ooh ooo oooDowned, downed out of my head
'Round, 'round out of my headI'm gonna live on a mountain
Way down under in Australia
It's either that or suicide
It's such a strange strain on you
Ooh, I got a mind
Over you it's not the first time
Ooh, I got a mindRainbow's crawlin' on a midday sun
But I've been lucky you're the only one
Sunday's callin', you're the number one
It's such a strange strain on you
Ooh, you think of Jesus Christ
You walk on water but don't bet your life
All you walk is a fine line
It's such a strange strain on youDowned, downed out of my head
'Round, 'round out of my headToo many people want to save the world
Another problem, is a boy or girl?
Some say, "The weekend is the only world"
It's such a strange strain on you
Ooh, I've got a mind
Over you, it's not the first time
All you walk is a fine line
It's such a strange strain on youDowned, downed out of my head
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