

# 11 Years

## The Wolfgang Press

11 years of faking it  
Same clothes, empty songs  
Believing it like a most  
Sing your blues and low life tunes Make it sad, make it slow  
Make it wet like a honeymoon  
Said to make it sentimental  
Lover man, come slow and gentle 11 years you kept me sunken  
11 years you kept me under  
11 years 11 years of faking it  
From art to junk and Motown passions  
Pull me up, buttercup  
I'm coming home, the new blasphemer So sad I sold the meaning  
Sold the man and then I'm so damn seething  
Make it sad and make it true  
You're gonna send that love 11 years you kept me sunken  
11 years you kept me under  
11 years, what comes next now  
11 years The waves of gloom, they speak to me  
I have no choice but to leave and breathe it  
Make it slow and experimental  
So that you can solve it 11 years you kept me sunken  
11 years you kept me under  
11 years, I've dug this trench now  
11 years, what comes next now

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