

# History

## Bush

Gave my love 2 thousand yesterdays  
Nothing is wrong I am always a little late  
Probably will, probably won't get this disease cut out of my throat  
All of a sudden you come my way, baby believer  
I won't be saved by morning after  
Struggling my name, slave turned to master  
History moans  
Mouth of our father  
History moans  
Mouth of my father  
Mouth of my father  
Edge of my bed, Benzedrine telephone  
Struggling to speak, I'm sicker than the sickest dog  
Falling faster, liar's grin, we need to be saved from the shit we're in  
I believe in you I have found the perfect way to bring me down  
And I won't be saved by all your yesterdays  
So piss on my grave, piss on the underlay  
History moans  
Mouth of our father  
History moans  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of my father  
Mouth of my father  
Mouth of my father  
History moans  
History moans  
History moans  
History moans  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of our father

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>