

# History (Dub Pistols Mix)

## Bush

Gave my love two 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 masterHistory moans  
Mouth of our father  
History moans  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of our fatherEdge of my bed Benzedrine telephone  
Struggling to speak sicker than the sickest dog  
Falling faster than a 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 downI won't be saved by all your yesterdays  
Piss on my grave piss on the the underlayHistory moans  
Mouth of our father  
History moans  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of our father  
Mouth of our fatherIt's the movement we're after

Songwriters

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