

Coming Down (Edit)

The Cult

You dirty hippie girl, your soft lips make me swirl
I despise all of your lies
Your horses terrify me, I can't work out why
The things you say, are not okay I'm not the prodigal son, I'm not the chosen one
Why can't you decide, when you chastise me I'm coming down, coming down, you baptize me
I don't want to drown yeah your drug tongue spoken loud
I'm coming down I'm coming down
You baptize me I don't want to 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 baptize me, I don't wanna drown yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud
I'm coming down
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown yeah, your drug tongue spoken Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm coming down, I'm coming, coming down
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud
I'm coming down, whoa yeah coming down
You baptize me, 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

Songwriters

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