

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
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