

Gas Panic!

Manchester Oasis

What tongueless ghost of sin crept through my curtains?
Sailing on a sea of sweat on a stormy night
I think he don't got a name but I can't be certain
And in me he starts to confide That my family don't seem so familiar
And my enemies all know my name
And if you hear me tap on your window
You better get on your knees and pray panic is on the way My pulse pumps out a beat to the ghost dancer
And my eyes are dead and my throat's like a black hole
And if there's a God would he give another chancer
An hour to sing for his soul 'Cos my family don't seem so familiar
And my enemies all know my name
And when you hear me tap on your window
You better get on your knees and pray panic is on the way 'Cos my family don't seem so familiar
And my enemies all know my name
And when you hear me tap on your window
Then you get on your knees and you better pray 'Cos my family don't seem so familiar
And my enemies all know my name
And when you hear me tap on your window
You better get on your knees and pray
Panic is on the way, panic is on the way Panic is on the way
Panic is on the way
Panic is on the way

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