My Iron Lung

Enigmatic

Faith, you're driving me away
You do it every day
You don't mean it
But it hurts like hell
My brain says I'm receiving pain
A lack of oxygen
From my life support
My iron lung
We're too young to fall asleep
Too cynical to speak
We are losing it
Can't you tell?
We scratch our eternal itch
A twentieth century bitch
And we are grateful for
Our iron lung
The head shrinkers
They want everything
My Uncle Bill
My Belisha beacon
The head shrinkers
They want everything
My Uncle Bill
My Belisha beacon
Suck, suck your teenage thumb
Toilet trained and dumb
When the power runs out
We'll just hum
This, this is our new song
Just like the last one
A total waste of time
My iron lung
The head shrinkers
They want everything
My Uncle Bill
My Belisha beacon
The head shrinkers
They want everything
My Uncle Bill

My Belisha beacon
And if you're frightened
You can be frightened
You can be, it's OK
And if you're frightened
You can be frightened
You can be, it's OK
The head shrinkers
They want everything
My Uncle Bill
My Belisha beacon
The head shrinkers
They want everything
My Uncle Bill
My Belisha beacon

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