

# Image

## Sounds Orchestral

You act a pansy, pushover  
Who is that, something says your name  
You seem chancy, moreover  
Do live your fancy, go lowerThe call is mine  
I'm gonna get you up  
The call is mine  
I'm gonna get on topOn the skew, you're dancing all over  
In a blue suit, orange pullover  
You are the anti-fashion statement  
I'm gonna get on topYou look like my old dog Rover  
I'm gonna get you up  
The call is mine  
Spit teeth - I can hear youHead crash - I can't see you  
I feel your pounding me onto the street  
I've learned to know the taste of concreteWhy don't you follow me?I feel the blood gushing, crumbling away  
Eyes flash - feels like electroshock  
Street brash - time flies, tick-tock  
I know this marks the end of my hey-day  
Why don't you follow me

Lyrics provided by

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