

Sweat Loaf

Butthole Surfers

Ten, ten years
Ten years too young to die Too many times I tried to talk
You still don't understand
Too many times you tried to say
I'm not your kind of man Still it's time for me to come
I really want to know
Is it time for me to come
Or time for me to go? Sunday morning, got to settle down
Got to get my feet back on the ground Ten, ten years
Ten years too young to die
Ten, nine, eight, a-seven, six Too many times you tried to talk
I still don't understand
Too many times you tried to say
I'm not your kind of man Still it's time for me to come
I really want to know
Is it time for me to stay
Or time for me to go? Someday, Monday got to settle down
Got to get my feet back on the ground
Thursday, Friday, got nothing to show
Got to be this punk I just don't know Someday, Monday got to settle down
Got to get my feet back on the ground
Wednesday, Thursday, got nothing to show
Why don't you tell me something I don't know

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