Wake The Dead

Fingerpistol

How many more will cross my path?
How many more must die?
I never wonder where they come from
I never wonder, why
You don't know what's going on inside of me
You don't wanna know
What's running through my mind
Yeah, yeah, yeah, sick, sick
You wake up every morning
Thinking every thing's okay
But if by chance you walk my way
You just may seal your fate
Give me a redhead, give me a brunette
Send a blond to me
When I unwind I'm colorblind
They're all the same to me, sick, sick
Shake my head, wake the dead
Shake my head, wake the dead
Run for your life, you better run for your life
Run for your life, you gotta run for your life
I just do the things I do
It?s natural to me
Ah, there's no rhyme or reason
For my odd insanity
You don't know what's going on inside of me
You don't wanna know
What's going through my mind
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Shake my head, wake the dead
Shake my head, wake the dead
Shake my head, wake the dead
Shake my head, wake the dead
Run for your life, you better run for your life
Run for your life, you gotta run for your life
You gotta, you gotta
You gotta, you gotta
You gotta
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up

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