

Bring 'em In

Mando Diao

I've gotta climb this mountain
Yeah, I'll deal with you later
If you burst into laugh then I will
Ch-ch-choke you with my cough
I am better off dead, I'm rolling high
And I'll be gone for tomorrow
So copying styles if you're a 'One of a kind'
Oh yeah! Alright!
So copying styles if you're a 'One of a kind'
Oh yeah! Alright!
Tough looking star, painted in black
Smoothed in white cream
Sing lazy songs
Lyrics haven't been the same without it

And when the lunatics are coming in the late afternoon
I will comfort me with saying that I'm just a 'One of a kind'
Oh yeah, alright
And when the lunatics are coming in the late afternoon
You may comfort me
By saying that you're all by a tune and you will say
"I wonder what's so wrong about it
I wonder what's so happy about it
I want it now and you will never be alive
I want it now but you were never my kind
So cry at night when the band pullet out"

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