Lowdown

The Hot Dogs

It's the twists and turns
Of the cigarette burns
The holes in the mind
Of the nebulous mass
Forget no returns
And you don't learn
The debt between mine
And the hole in your past
I'm the dust
Of someone's ash
See you in Hell
With the rest of the trash
I need love
A love with question
A clean mind
And a pocket of space
I want a map
And a sense of direction
Looking for love
And the thrill of the world
Just spinning round
Trying to find [unverified]
You wanna be out there
When you're underground
Now, now, now
Now, now, now
Do you feel it lowdown
Too many thoughts
Might have twisted my thinking
I just can't think straight anymore
I've got the bends
I can feel myself sinking
Just can't keep on
Keep on coming back for more
In love
There's no need to worry
I've got nails
So hold on, hold on
Think back before you started thinking

About the things you were
Sold on, sold on
Keep spinning round
Trying to hold on
But you're failing now
You wanna be up there
But you're underground
Now, now, now
Now, now, now
Do you feel it lowdown
Lowdown, lowdown, lowdown
And the world
Keeps spinning around
Trying to burn
But you're melting down
You wanna be out there
But you're underground
Now, now, now
Now, now, now
Do you feel it lowdown
Spinning round
Spinning round
Spinning round
Now, now, now
Now, now, now
Do you feel it lowdown
Lowdown, lowdown, lowdown
Lowdown, lowdown, lowdown

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