

Roland, I Feel You

Get Well Soon

For your heart they will mug you
For your soul they will trick you
Just things hard to come by Know this, the world's an evil machine
What you need is a ghost
But there's no friendly ghost Roland, I feel you
It is mayhem out these days
I specialize in end times, too
Last night I dreamt I was flying the jet
Into the mothership
But then i woke up too soon Hold tight, get a grip
The whole world is going to hell
The kids riot out in the streets
And Daddy ain't paying my rent no more We hoped for salvation
And invented a device
But created a monster
And got killed by its hands
And in the air a sweet melody
It is a lullaby
An apocalypso beat Hold tight, get a grip
The whole world is going to hell
The kids riot out in the streets
And baby ain't feeling the love no more Hold tight, get a grip
The whole world is going to hell
Kids into this world
Yes, until no prick is in charge no more

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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