Raging Bull

Silkworm

I caught up in the corner with the swim instructor's daughter
She drifted in and out of tide again
Uh, on a hard wind, some kind of musk drifts in
We devolved as a group
You wanted me, but now you can't
Have me at all, well kinda slow on the pick-upAnd a little too late
No one knows a thing about it
Raging Bull
I've been hard at working on this
Day of execution, no one knows what I'm about
Raging bull, and uh foaming at the mouthYou are astray, because I'm an idiot
Something with sound
What kind of creature would abuse you now?
Maybe a raging bull
Maybe a raging bull
Maybe a raging bull
Maybe a raging bull
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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