

Sweat

Plunkett

See these furrowed lines that eat my face
And this bitter sweat I bleed to stay
See these synchronized hands that leave me cold
And these silver streaks as they unfoldAs I dream of a place for my love
And forty more years of being pushed from above
With no thanks at all for all the days that I've sold
And swallowed my pride to make a place I call homeTaste this poisoned air that fates my son
In this broken church of soulless songsAnd I dream of a place for my love
And forty more years of being pushed from above
With no thanks at all for all the days that I've sold
And swallowed my pride to keep this place I call home(Ok...)
Well if you've got something to say
Lets all hear it, someone'll know your name
So if you wanna go far, then start to work those tongues
You all know where my arse is!See these furrowed lines that bless my face
And this holy sweat I bleed with graceAs I dream of a place for my love
And forty more years of being pushed from above
With no thanks at all for all the days that I've sold
And swallowed my pride to keep this place I call homeI swallow my pride
But you ain't got none at all

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