

Coming Down (drug Tongue)

The Cult

You dirty hippie girl, your soft lips make me swirl
I despise all of your lies
Your horses terrify me, I can't work out why
The things you say are not okay
I'm not the prodigal son, I'm not the chosen one
Why can't you decide when you chastise me, oh?
I'm coming down, coming down
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken
I'm coming down, coming down
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud
Your dying flowers stink they smell like rotten ink
From a poison pen so I wrote on your head
Well, just how deep you'll go
From whence you came, and don't you know?
Whoa, innocence your winter's so harsh in your heart
I'm coming down, coming down

You baptize me, I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud
I'm coming down
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken
Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm coming down, I'm coming, coming down
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud
I'm coming down, whoa yeah coming down
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud
I'm coming down, I don't wanna drown
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

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