Image

Brian Bennett

You act a pansy, pushover
Who is that, something says your name
You seem chancy, moreover
Do live your fancy, go lowerThe call is mine
I'm gonna get you up
The call is mine
I'm gonna get on topOn the skew, you're dancing all over
In a blue suit, orange pullover
You are the anti-fashion statement
I'm gonna get on topYou look like my old dog Rover
I'm gonna get you up
The call is mine
Spit teeth - I can hear youHead crash - I can't see you
I feel your pounding me onto the street
I've learned to know the taste of concreteWhy don't you follow me?I feel the blood gushing, crumbling away
Eyes flash - feels like electroshock
Street brash - time flies, tick-tock
I know this marks the end of my hey-day
Why don't you follow me

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