Going Down

The Germs

Sifting through apocalypse
All I want's to catch a glimpse
Just another broken day
My whole world's gone away
I feel the ceilings coming down
I catch the deadmen run around
Trying hard to chnage the course
'cuase they know what's best for us
Your whole world's coming down
Close to the bottom-close to the sound
Your whole world's let me down
Drag me down to the under ground
Sifting through apocalypse
Already new it would come to this
Just another game to play
How mnay ways have I got to play
Hear them running faster now
They wear the hoove's of Satan's crowd
You came to visit for just one day
But now that you're here-
You're here to stay

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