

Slow

Birdpen

I'm sick of all the lies.
And the fake smiles.
Stuck at a cross roads.
Don't know where to go.
Kill all the satellites.
Stop the machines fight.
Here comes the bright light.
Say goodbye to the night.
Don't do me in slow.
Don't do me in slow.
We'd better run away.
From the light of day.
Get the children and the women.
I don't know where to go.
Just feeling down and low.
Don't do me in slow.
Don't do me in slow.
Just make it real quick.
Like a magic trick.
I hate to sit and wait.
It's getting too late.
Turn the lights out.
And then go.
Don't do me in slow.
Don't do me in slow.