

The Bringdown

Bob Schneider

Turn the corner
Right into the hail
Think we oughta
Set sail

Shoot for shoreline
Falling into the hole
Watch your back
Let go

It's like a whisper
Never makes a sound
Come hold me
Bring the bringdown
Bring the bringdown, Baby

Running up
Beside of a wall
It's just an invitation
To fall

Risky business
A game for Fools
Bend your heart
Break the rules

Never know when
It'll come around
Come hold me
Bring the bringdown
Bring the bringdown, Baby

Your smile
Is a beautiful place
Take me with you
I wanna go there

Your love
What a beautiful waste
I take it with me
Where ever I go

Take the air
That I breathe
Take away the world
At my feet

Take these wooden
Hands of desire
Throw it all
Into your fire

The Devil's wings
Misery's gone
I come home
Bring the bringdown
Bring the bringdown, Baby

Bring the bringdown, Baby
Bring the bringdown, Baby