

Coming Down

Culture

You dirty hippie girl, your soft lips make me swirl
I despise all of your lies
I'm not the prodigal son, I'm not the chosen one
I'm just a man with good intention...

Your horses terrify me, I can't work out why
The things you say, are not O.K.
I'm not the prodigal son, I'm not the chosen one
Why can't you decide, when you chastise me

I'm coming down, coming down, you baptize me
I don't want to drown yeah your drug tongue
Spoken loud. I'm coming down I'm coming down
You baptize me I don't want to 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
Just how deep you'll go, from which 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 want to drown yeah your drug tongue
Spoken loud. I'm coming down I'm coming down
You baptize me I don't want to drown yeah your
Drug tongue spoken loud
Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
Pushin' me harder
I'm coming down I don't want to drown
Your drug tongue's spoken loud