Wounded Egos

Gaz Coombes

Wounded egos, right wing psychos All the madness outside Too much Lambsbread, out in Tenderlain By the ocean I found...

I know how it ends Chairs flying in the street But we can do this another way Look for something new I know what it is Yeah feels like I'm the one she's got But she don't need no serious type man in the corner But there's a feeling I'm fighting And it's killing inside

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I couldn't feel anything Now I'm wanting for it all to end But I'm waiting like an idiot I'm waiting here for you

Wounded egos, right wing psychos All the madness outside Too much Lambsbread, out in Tenderlain By the ocean I found the Sun When it feels like it's all lost It's just the madness outside Too much Lambsbread, out in Tenderlain By the ocean I found the Sun