

Left Foot, Right Foot

Hilltop Hoods

When I lay down to sleep I turn to a deep thinker
Don't wanna be a whinge like a lonely binge drinker
Its just that, well they don't call me Suffa for nothing
I'm a depressed, muttering, repressed suffering maniac
Screaming at anybody, anyplace
Man I love people I just hate the human race
And I hate all my friends, coz all my friends are taking drugs
They think its spiritual like a hippy making love
But the powders power only lasts for an hour
So they take a powder shower till they burn out like Mickey Lau
der
Sour times come quicker than a drum inside a finger
What I drum before that
What I drum for my da tinka
Everyday for her's the saaaaaaame
Link up chin up
Left foot right foot
Lay down shut up
Every day she's getting fucked, just like everyone else
Man, damn, screw all your problems
I'ma focus on myself

4x

Left foot right foot
Keep it moving

I spent the last twenty two years of my life learning my way
Around the world, this space around me, watching night turn to
day
I earnt some pay in certain ways but it wasn't that, that taught
t me
Place between black and white and opposites attract
Possibly that the role of one man is filled by another
Yo Suffa, we breathe the breath of others
Your sancturies my cover
This feeling in my upper is possibly life
That makes these negative thoughts, so I move positive mics
Probability strikes random targets live in famine
And the heart is too much for one man to stand
Regardless, the powder and pills ain't no way to heal my friend
Lean on one shoulder, the other rises like my skill ascend
See life has many ups, many downs and many miles
Many broken promises, hollow words and empty smiles
Consequently many guys win no break from the hidden hate
Drowning in this everyday give or také