Junior Dad

Metallica

Would you come to me If I was half drowning An arm above the last wave

Would you come to me Would you pull me up Would the effort really hurt you Is it unfair to ask you To help pull me up

The window broke the silence of the matches The smoke effortlessly floating

Pull me up Would you be my lord and savior Pull me up by my hair Now would you kiss me, on my lips

Burning fever burning on my forehead The brain that once was listening now Shoots out its tiresome message

Won't you pull me up Scalding, my dead father Has the motor and he's driving towards An island of lost souls

Sunny, a monkey then to monkey
I will teach you meanness, fear and blindness
No social redeeming kindness
Or - oh, state of grace

Would you pull me up Would you drop the mental bullet Would you pull me by the arm up Would you still kiss my lips Hiccup, the dream is over Get the coffee, turn the lights on Say hello to junior dad The greatest disappointment Age withered him and changed him Into junior dad Psychic savagery

The greatest disappointment The greatest disappointment Age withered him and changed him Into junior dad