

Christian Brothers

Queens of the Stone Age

No bad dream fucker's going to boss me around
Christian Brothers gonna take him down
But it can't help me get over
Don't be cross, it's sick I want
I've seen the boss blink on and off

Fake concerns is what's the matter, man
And you think I ought to shake
Your motherfucking hand
Well, I know how much you care
Don't be cross, it's sick I want
I've seen the boss blink on and off

Come here by me, I want you here
Nightmares become me, it's so fucking clear

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