

Make Myself Complete

Red Rider

I am not the original one
Working man's son
Nine to five and I'm barely alive
When the day is done
Want to laugh a bit
Want to cry a bit
Want to make myself complete
Want to break you up
Want to make you up
Want to wail into the sheets
Want to make myself complete
Want to make mine
Take you down to the far side of town
Where the night becomes day
Young girls speak of the side street chic
And the band knows how to play
While they fill you up
And drink your cup
As the room begins to sway
Want to rock a bit
Want to laugh a bit
Want to wash the week away
Want to make myself complete
Can't fight the boys upstairs

So you turn your sights on me
I shouldn't really care
'Cause I've got what I might need
Wanna make myself complete Yeah...
If I get my way
I'll be back there in no time
Find a way to make love shine
Like the sparks that fly from steel
The band fights the night with the feel of their music
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