

Ease off the suction
I've held this position
For an hour
Wipe the blood from my chin
Bring me some water

He's always happy about something
He's always happy about something
He's always happy about something
He's always happy about something

It was 1950
Into the room
It's gray
It's covered with flowers
He keeps his gold in a cup
He makes jewelry for his daughter

He's always happy about something
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He's always happy about something
He's always happy about something

He hands the drill to his son
And he says, "Go to it"
He's collected his share of pain
And he puts you through it
And he puts you through it

He hands the drill to his son
And he tightens the solder
He keeps his gold in a cup
He makes jewelry for his daughter

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And he says, "Go to it"
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