

Angry Template

Tell me exactly
The bass, the rock
Step up to me – step up to me
Not like I need to depend on anyone
Always, known in, all my time
Yeah, here we go for the hundredth time
Everything has been said before
Push up
Let the bodies hit the floor
I've told you this once before
I'm, but a little bit bit bit, show
If you feel so empty
On those Saturdays
Can you feel that?
Here she comes and she's drunk again
And I wonder day to day
I've done everything as you say
What did you expect
End of passion play
I can't escape this hell
Cut my life into pieces
In this hole
Get psycho, I wanna get psycho
At night I hear it creeping
You could have been all I wanted
They're going to clean up your looks

Angry

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The bass. The rock.
Step
 up
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 – step
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to depend
on anyone.
Always known in all my time

Yeah.
Here we go for the hundredth time.
Everything has been said before.

Push up
Let the bodies hit the floor,

I've told you this once before
I'm
 (but a little bit bit bit) show
If you feel so empty
on those Saturdays,
can you feel that?
You could have been all I wanted

Here she comes and she's drunk again...
And I wonder day to day
I've done everything as you say
What did you expect?
End of passion.
Play.

I can't escape this hell.
Cut my life into pieces
in this hole
They're going to clean up your looks

Get psycho, I wanna get psycho
At night I hear it creeping.