

Mp3 Sputnik Weazel - Mad As A Box Of Frogs



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Sputnik's 12th Album, moves one step closer to total acapella. "It's beautifully crafted and reminds me of Randy Newman. the Zombies et al" (Adam Walton: BBC Radio Wales). This album is the result of the three L's: Loss, Love, and Loosing (the plot). 10 MP3 Songs in this album (28:00) ! Related styles: EASY LISTENING: Torch Songs, POP: Doo Wop Details: I was nineteen when Lennon died, I was nineteen when I heard the lie, I was nineteen when Lennon died, he wasn't killed he was crucified. Well it's hard to decide between a truth or a lie, yeah it's hard to decide between a wrong and a right, when we're all staring up at the same black sky. It's hard to decide between a first or a second life I was forty six when America changed I was forty six when America became the land of the brave I was forty six when I heard the news Mr Obama would be President soon Well it's hard to decide between a truth or a lie Yeah it's hard to decide between a wrong and a right When we're all staring up at the same satellite It's hard to decide between a first or a second life You and I cause chaos, without the money to pay off All the debts and the panic we cause, you and I cause fuckin' wars. You and I are the end of time, you and I are the firing line. You and I are the scum in black, you and I are the needle track. You and I cause anarchy, but it's only make believe, Though we try not to subscribe, you and I make worlds collide. You and I are like a mad acid trip, tracing fingers on a tragic lip. You and I are doomed to be this way while the face in the attic decays You and I are like the crystal night, chasing shadows in the bonfire light. You and I are like the opium pipe, chasing love away. You and I cause chaos... (country road, take me home) Will you walk or will you run when that broken moment comes? With your heart fit to explode, will you stay or will you go? Well you can bury me deep but don't mourn my babe, I was a rock n' roll gypsy slave. Don't cry for me don't weep no more, I was a rock n' roll troubadour I was a junky, I was a thief, stealing hearts without a bye or leave, I took what I wanted, I got what I need, I was a junky, I was a thief When it comes down to

broken moments, this one thing is all I pray. When it comes down to broken moments, all we have is this one day (and the night of course) Burn me up, throw me to the wind, when that broken moment hits. I'll be OK with my father and son, we got a lot of catching up to be done. I'm on a lighthouse, looking out to sea I'm on a lighthouse, looking out for me I'm in the darkness, looking at the gloom I'm in the darkness, looking out for you Sham pain bull dog, peaches and sapphire Yeah they all gone to bitchin' when the bitch is done I'm on heat man, it doesn't matter Yeah we all gotta stitch it when it comes undone Night sky, bone dry, mad as a hatter I'm a page out of history I'm a smokin' gun small fry, dim try, Angela scattered Yeah we all gotta pitch in with a home base run Paranoia got the better of me, paranoia got the better of me. I feel like a monkey on a puzzle tree, paranoia got the better of me. I've dunk and I've worked and I've fought and I've shirked And I'm tired of the labels we stick I've been drunk and I'm skint, I've been blown by the wind I'm a Gypsy that's gone into brick Perfection is transitory I'm on a mandatory roll to find what is a miss. It's a path we can all take, to dismiss the so fake, and find out what's in the abyss. Folding horses in daisies of summer, wait for the girl with the eyes of her mother, and the wisdom to boot you right out of your throne... and I hope beyond hope that the water is sweet, wherever you are on this big blue planet. Cursed with mortality, that and morality combine, to haunt all the corners and cracks in the borders of my mind. I'm picturing you with confusion and wonder if all your emotions are painted by number and filed in appropriate boxes named under the level of pain that's afflicted assunder, and I won't cry, no I won't cry... A molatoffe cocktail explodes in a suburb in your time, a butterflies wing keeps the ocean from freezing, a fine line. How do you live with the knowledge that your life's a lie and that love is the breath of an echo you heard before laying yourself down to sleep in a glass case from which you might never awake from, and I won't cry, no I won't cry... Smoking Chains, smoking chains Aint it a shame, standing out in the rain Smoking Chains, smoking chains They got your number and they got your name My dependent friend is coming round again Telling me to walk with a sign right to the edge. My dependent friend is breaking glass again Whispering good health and cheers and spelling out... t h e e n d.

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals:

