

Racoon, Wreck

Cut your fingers on the wreck
it ain't dead yet but it's dying
First it fed your intellect
then it crushed you like an insect
It's unable to forget
so why bother even trying
Fake a smiley smile instead
you should be trying brother
you gotta be trying brother, yeah
"Get the fuck out of my way"
she was crying and she screamed
"You go do what it is you do
just give me some room please"
Don't tell me how the story ends
cause I'm messed up and convinced
That I found out nobody's cool
except maybe smiling you
Cause when you're wearing a smile
it should make it worth while
there's plenty of time
He Ho - I wanna feel a lot better
He Ho - I wanna feel a lot better
Cut your fingers on the wreck
cause you're a sentimental fool
I know you cannot have things back
no exceptions to the rule
I know you won't cut me some slack
cause you got to keep your cool
You hold your head up with your hands
you'll be smiling like a fool
Cause when you're wearing a smile
you make it worth while
there's plenty of time to be old later
Wearing a smile should make it worth while
plenty of time
He Ho - I wanna feel a lot better
sunday's always better than today
I wanna feel a lot better
I walked and let the city bleed
'cause the wreck was haunting me
I went for good old friends advice
cause I couldn't clearly see
And then I recognised the roads
everything fell in it's place
cause all I did was hang on to a world in which no-one was
Wearing a smile should make it worth while
there's plenty of time to be old later
Wearing a smile should make it worth while
plenty of time
He Ho - So I'll feel a lot better
He Ho - I'm gonna fee a lot better
Dirty money
sunday's moving
I still feel a lot better
dirty money
Sunday's moving
I'm gonna feel a lot better