

History

Bush

Gave my love to two thousand yesterdays
Nothing is wrong, I am always a little late
Probably will, probably won't
Get this disease cut out my throat
All of a sudden, you come my way
Baby believe I won't be saved
By morning after
Struggling my name
Slave turned to master
History moans
Mouth of our father
History moans
Mouth of my father
Mouth of my father Edge of my bed, benzedrine telephone
Struggling to speak, I am sicker than sickest dog
Falling faster than a liar's grin
We need to be saved from the shit we're in
I believe in you, I have found
The perfect way to bring me down I won't be saved
By all your yesterdays
Piss on my grave
Piss on the underlay
History moans
Mouth of our father
History moans
Mouth of our father
Mouth of our father
Mouth of our father
Mouth of our father
(It's the movement we're after)
Mouth of my father
(It's the movement we're after)
Mouth of my father History moans
(It's the movement we're after)
History moans
(It's the movement we're after)
History moans
(It's the movement we're after) History moans
Mouth of our father
(Mouth of our father)
Mouth of our father
(Mouth of our father)

Mouth of our father

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>