

S.O.S.

Rocket from the Crypt

This is not the call of the wild
(S.O.S., S.O.S.)
From when I laid it down on the line
(S.O.S., S.O.S.)

This is not a loan, this is not for sale
When I lay my head on the pillow
S.O.S., S.O.S. before

The reasoning, ignored, for doubt began
With my bad leg and broken parts
Settling
S.O.S. my head on the pillow

Back me up to find my problem
(S.O.S., S.O.S.)
Cover so no one can follow
(S.O.S., S.O.S.)

This is not a thread, this is not a candle
When I throw myself out the window
S.O.S., S.O.S. before

The reasoning, ignored, for doubt began
With my bad leg and broken parts
Settling
S.O.S. my head on the pillow

We're not pretty enough
S.O.S., S.O.S.