

The Wind

Natalie Imbruglia

There ain't no heaven, only hell
We all got devils, stories to tell
Mine are scary, no light ahead
The monsters are livin' under your bed, they're the voices in your head
You best play dead, that's what I heard them say
As I fell to my knees to pray
But if heaven is a joke and god is a lie
Then I'm praying to something fake
I'm so sick of it
Tired of this, sick and tired of being tired and sick
Stick to the plan inspire and spit
Like a wick to a candle, ignite that shit
In the dead of night, lightning struck
Kickin' up dust like a pickup truck
I'm a ticking time bomb with sublime on
Looking for a piece of paper to write on
My mom, left me as a baby in a house with the lights off
All night long is the reason I write songs
I was eight months, now I'm famous
Glad I made it, irony ain't it?
Yeah
Glad I made it
Glad I made it
Glad I made it
Heading to hell
It's irony ain't it?
Glad I made it
Glad I made it
Heading to Hell
It's irony ain't it? I'm never gonna know, if I, would of made it, alive
I would of never known, that I, could fly
Oh we will never know, that you, would of made me into, the person that I am
I will never stop
I will never stop
I will never stop
Dark skies have followed, me around
The rain won't stop, man I hate this town
And if I shall die, before I wake
I'm praying that the lord will take my soul
But I don't got no soul to take
I've made mistakes and I've felt that weight
Put a little too much on my plate

To the point where the plate has cracked, but never in fact would I let it break
Them pearly gates are never gonna open
Never gonna give a warm embrace
But at least I tried, and on the day that I die, my headstones gonna say...
God forgives, but not me
Too many sins, no apologies
Headed to hell on a highway
M.I.A, on a motherfucking Friday, such a nice day to fly away
Got the world in my palm as I drop straight I can't believe, I'm still alive
I've seen some things, I've seen the light
Close to death, and god's a myth?
The greatest trick that the devil ever told was proving that he don't exist
And the older I get, the more that the fate consists
Of sitting up on this fence
Between pain and bliss, where the pain exists with the happiness I missed
My final wish, I'm really hoping that I get, cause my last two would conflict
So I'm rubbing this lamp till my hand gets cramped and the genie pops out of it
You think I act tough?
Because I've been cuffed?
Did a couple push-up's stuck in jail
Man I've been this way since 2nd grade, motherfucker this shit is real
I can get you killed
In the blink of an eye man
I can, show you another side of the violence
Try it
I'm a motherfucking lion, bitin'
Anybody coming near me is dying Yeah
Glad we made it
Glad we made it
Glad we made it
Heading to hell
It's irony ain't it?
Glad we made it
Glad we made it
Heading to Hell
It's irony ain't it? Irony ain't it? Irony ain't it?
Glad we made it
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