

# Coming Down Ball Park Music

Intro  
Eb Bb Eb Bb  
Gm C Eb Bb

The chefs are in the alleyway throwing down  
They're high on PCP when I'm around  
They don't recall a thing or their favourite meal  
'Til they are coming down

You smack me in the eyes and take my sight  
You cut my world in half, baby – you're my knife  
I bag a lazy spine I can take my life  
When I am coming down  
When I am coming down  
When I am  
coming down

You amputate my hands and they grow back  
There's phantoms to replace the world I had  
I'm too lazy to invent a brand-new myth  
When I am coming down

The scenery of saints in stained-glass walls  
You get a little badge and you stand tall  
You're knee-deep in this shit of suburban sprawl  
When you are coming down  
Oh you are coming down  
Oh you are  
coming down

So suck the monophonic noise of golden hits  
They write them in two seconds, it's a piece of piss  
I let a little love slip from my lips  
When I am coming down  
Yeah I am coming down  
Oh I am coming down

You've got a soft-spot for hard stuff  
You've got a soft-spot for hard stuff

You've got a soft-spot for hard stuff

When you are coming down  
Yeah you are coming down  
Oh you are coming down

