

Jackyl, Push Comes To Shove

Ill as a hornet, swarming around
Your political correct world is incorrect I've found
An angry young man is what I became
The day that you got full of yourself, and now only you're to blame

CHORUS

Push
Push me on off of the ledge
I'm standing with my toes hanging over the edge
Not worried about a push coming down from above
I'm ready for you
When push comes to shove

Look in my hands it's not what it seems
Touch my hands I been around touch the man
Touch the fist that can shatter your dreams

CHORUS