

Queensryche, Wot Kinda Man

Don't know you man or where you're from. Some say a crazy man, came undone.
Please man, make it all make sense.

Gotta be some man to keep a promise, you can count on this.

Wot kind of man are you?
Tell me, tell me what do I do?

When you left you took part of me, all the things I'll never see.
I fake it, break it, whatever makes it right, can't see the truth through the web of all your lies.

Wot kind of man are you?

Sometimes life's not too clear for me, apologizes never come easily.
I suck up, and buck up and fuck up...

I've spent all my life wondering, what did I do to you, what was I supposed to think?
Hate man, why didn't you tell me? Now I'm the man, at the end of your family tree.

Wot kind of man are you? Tell me, tell me what do I do?