

Walkin' Blind

U.S. Bombs

i cant sit here everyday melitin in yer sun decades played in every craze heroes less than one a mon cries her
soldier died you were born confused a pawn claims you won the game whos really the fool a spy that lies for the
other side cannot trust cannot renew no chance no song and dance he cant hear the tune a junkie hype in the city
lights the outfit broke in two pullin in the young and snuffin out yer youth a train goes by hop another ride skip
on the caboose yer plans still lookin back leaves you on the tracks yer walkin blind were not walkin they stop
then keep on walkin

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