

# Last Of The Real

## Stone Sour

Where's my crucifix? Where're my cigarettes?  
This hypodermic melancholy is not enough  
Scratch test credit fraud- this hate is all I've got  
Just feed me whiskey and you'll feel me- the time has come  
Imagine all the people belittled and abused  
You want a revolution? I want the fucking truth  
NO VOODOO ORDEAL CAN STOP ME NOW  
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want  
THE LAST OF THE REAL CAN'T STOP ME NOW  
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want  
Hundred dollar bills and quiet little kills  
Think you can hold me? It'll take an army- I'm everywhere  
You press into the flesh; clich

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