

# Lives of Crime

## Fruit Bats

Oh, dont you grieve, dont cry, dont weep, no  
Your tears are just the creek  
On which you float away from me  
You gotta have the heart of a lionHey dont you sigh, dont sigh, dont breathe, no  
Your breath is just the air  
On which you drift away from me  
You gotta have the lungs of a whalePast packing day and its okay  
Past packing day and its okay  
This one's coming down to the wire  
Blind in the steam, bogged in the mireHey, dont you look, dont look, dont see, no  
Your visions just the road  
On which you drive away from me  
You gotta have a love like a firePast packing day and its okay  
Past packing day and its okay  
Were just a product of these times  
And must not atone for lives of crimeWere just a product of these times  
And must not atone for lives of crime  
For lives of crime, for lives of crime

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