Flank

Red Red Meat

Radio was bleeding
Cold and lonesome over
Sugar blood and sand
Wanted to be your game for a little while
Dusted off and in your hand
Taste enough to wreck
Pull the smoke out from your angels
Frost out from your blues
Heard some scratching
Slow and even on the door
Scrape me off this barroom
Wanted to be your game for a little while
Dusted off and in your hand
Taste enough to wreck
Pull the smoke out from your angels
Frost out from your blues

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