

# Tropical Disease

## Band of Skulls

Get out while you can  
There's only one door  
I met you here the last time  
And you're back again for more  
I don't know what to say to you  
You never take commands  
You're better than I thought you were  
My fate is in your hand Oh, from the belly of the beast  
From the famine to the feast  
And when you fall down to your knees  
She's a tropical disease Oh Disease Oh Come-a knocking on my door  
I don't like your kind  
I didn't like you last time  
Some things are better left behind  
You are not welcome here  
But this is all you know  
You're better than I though you were  
We haven't got a hope Oh, from the belly of the beast  
From the famine to the feast  
And when you fall down to your knees  
She's a tropical disease Oh, from the belly of the beast  
From the famine to the feast  
And when you fall down to your knees  
She's a tropical disease Oh Disease Oh Disease O Disease Oh Oh, from the belly of the beast  
From the famine to the feast  
And when you fall down to your knees  
She's a tropical disease Oh, from the belly of the beast  
From the famine to the feast  
And when you fall down to your knees  
She's a tropical  
A tropical  
A tropical  
A tropical  
A tropical disease

Songwriters

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