

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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