

The Rite

Apey & The Pea

Something to forget about, eye for a sunken rite.
Are you sick of it? Well hang my door. Yeaâ€™
Into a bit of fight, now I feel butterflies.
Into a better man, into stones.

Well I donâ€™t know man.
I donâ€™t know man..

Something to forget about, God knows where about,
Can you get rid of it? Well hang my door. Yeaâ€™
Into a bit of fight, now I feel butterflies.
Can you be a little less? Into stones.

Well I donâ€™t know man.
Well I donâ€™t know man.

I ainâ€™t done not yet.
I could care, I could care.
I ainâ€™t done not yet.
I could care less.

Lyrics submitted by apeyamigo.

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