Ripped Apart (live)

DevilDriver

Throw stones Even though you live in a glass house on your own And I don't sympathize or criticize Rumour has it you've got something to say You've got nothing on me Nothing on me Rumour has it you keep repeating yourself You've got nothing on me Nothing on me
Second mind Second sight Second skin Go within Ripped apart Ripped apart on sight Fork tongue It's like a razor when you want to use it And use it wrong And I don't compromise or socialise
Rumour has it you've got something to say You've got nothing on me Nothing on time Second mind Second sight Second skin Go within Ripped apart Ripped apart on sight Ripped apart, ripped apart, ripped apart Goddamn, shit, I'm feeling it When we see each other it's throw time When we see each other it's throw time When we see each other it's go time You throw stones and I don't criticise You throw stones and I don't sympathize...with you

Songwriters
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