Under the Rabbit

The Bronx

Consider yourself warned
The last one born is the first one torn
And there's a fluid exchange between the sick and the strange
And there's a space in the wall for the rats to crawlThere's a conflict in the concrete
I fear the war, not my fate
And there's a rumor of bodies buried under the floor
And paranoia's a revolving doorStab slowly and let it die,
This is the best life my money can buy
Under the fault line, under the rabbit
Beginner's luck became a creature of habit
[x2]
Blind hands are impulsive so consider yourself lucky to live
Considering that you've got nothing to give
There's a theory of death between the man and the stars
And there's a circle of debt around the proud and the poor
But everybody wants moreWe were taught to make them wait
To let them deliberate,
Study and destroy
Stab slowly and let it die,
This is the best life my money can buy
Under the fault line, under the rabbit
Beginner's luck became a creature of habit
[x2]Under the rabbit
Under the rabbit
Under the rabbit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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