Scumpunch!

The Flatliners

blamed for everything done wrong he goes and gets himself a gun
shooting dope yeah there's still hope he has hit the rock
bottle to the wall
cracks in the brick show it all too thick
you better watch where you step, you could be spreading the epidemiccorner store robberies and everything in between this life and the next
it'll all explode like kerosene
shots fired bones drop it's all that i see
i'm fucking sick of this town where the hell have you been?it's not over, until it's over
scrape the streets you motherfucker
meet and greet with the pavement and your teeth
economic sober nickel and dimming till we're beat
keep things discrete or you'll be sucking like a leechnow you can't see through the clouds of defeat
bottled up till nothings left your tops been blown
blame it on me like everything
well it's okay another loose end straightened
another time we'll take it too far
another bottle's been broken another day is dawning on our faces
the disgrace that we bring to the table
sometimes it seems theres no stopping it
sometimes things go too far

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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