

# 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 epidemic  
corner 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 leech  
now 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.

Lyrics provided by

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