

Rumble Fishers

U.S. Bombs

Guitar sounds, the drums splash
Our bowl is hot like a sauna
We've looked around the playgrounds
It's sucker fish and Piranhas Stuck in a tank Lost in Space
Tracks of the train going nowhere
We must repeat, repeat after me
Were in a tank going know where This is a stage poke me with a stick
Kick me 'til Im dead at least verbally
Yer the enemy, yer just in between
A living mistake Identity The tank we swim in gets smaller
And smaller!
A school of sharks
All about the dollar size in you up

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