

# Call 911

Rittz

The sun no longer shines on your side  
Remember this cold  
When the fog won't lift in your town  
And you turn old  
I heard you killed your only friend last year  
You're such a disease  
You can buy your other friends  
But you can't buy me

Chorus

Disarm, can you hear the British ambulance  
Breaking down, trick, bomb still goes

Tick tick time on by, watching me explode  
When did I create you?  
Did you ever destroy me?  
Can this be settled with questions?  
I can't think of anything.  
I'm just a little boy with an untrained voice  
But I have cannons for arms  
I play the guitar and songs  
With hidden missiles and bombs  
Repeat Chorus

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