Rain

3 Pill Morning

You left your secrets at the back door, honey
I dug them up and it was no surprise
The truth was written on your dress last Friday
You had your fun and now I'm coming to life

Let's make it rain, they're gonna scream my name
I'm cashing in my fame tonight on you
I'm gonna make you pay, so get the hell away
I won't be coming home, 'cause I'm burning this place to the ground

I'll make a list of all the things that you owe me
Your innocence is running dry
I really, really hope you like it lonely
You took a chance, but I took back my life

Let's make it rain, they're gonna scream my name
I'm cashing in my fame tonight on you
I'm gonna make you pay, so get the hell away
I won't be coming home, 'cause I'm burning this place to the ground

Now you don't know where you're gonna go
We'll be living large like movie stars
Don't waste your life in line, 'cause there's no next time

I caught you sneaking out the back door, honey
I hope your secrets keep you warm at night

Let's make it rain, they're gonna scream my name
I'm cashing in my fame tonight on you
I'm gonna make you pay, so stay the hell away
I won't be coming home, 'cause I'm burning this place to the ground

Rain, they're gonna scream my name
I'm cashing in my fame tonight on you
I'm gonna make you pay, so get the hell away
I won't be coming home, 'cause I'm burning this place to the ground

Whoa, whoa, burning this place to the ground
Whoa, whoa, burning this place to the ground

Lyrics submitted by Catherine B.

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