In The Jungle

The Vines

In the jungle you can sleep
With the commandments at your feet
Where the devil lays his hand

You don't even need to think
I'm tearing holes without a sink
But I know just where I stand

Lines from the story you put before me
I don't know what to choose
Under the oak tree tin all around me
I don't know what to prove

Yeah she felt what you felt like hell

In the jungle you're in the jungle
You're in the jungle that's you
In the jungle you're in the jungle
You're in the jungle oh

And I'll be waiting for a hit yeah
Ain't gonna seem fair tonight
And I'll keep havin' other fits
Because it makes me feel alright
Alright alright yeah oh right
Right oh yeah

So if you should need a hand
Write down the address of the land
But I'm running out of time

I'll tell you when it's time to leave

You're never gonna get clean

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