

Rat Race

Brody Dalle

I got a gun pointed at the rat race
Got my own private road to hell
I got a tree, it grows money
But it's growing old and it's winter now I'm a sure fire assassin
Not so sure of what I'm meant to do
Am I meant to kill? Am I meant to thrill? I'm gonna burn this city down
This city run me around
I'm gonna burn this town to the ground
Ain't no worry, I'm all fired up Walk on air, thin air
Come back down to us forever
Don't leave now
We'll rest together
Your beating heart is down below There are open wounds in the bedroom
Follow trails of his bloody gauze
We're all going down
If you don't heal

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