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 growing old and it's winter nowI'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 upWalk on air, thin air
Come back down to us forever
Don't leave now
We'll rest together
Your beating heart is down below

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