

# 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 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

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