Big Boss Sounds

Reckless Sleepers

Oh oh oh
1-2-3-4

She guesses she don't love me
And she guesses that's how it goes
She's the one that guesses
And I'm the one that knows

I believe in theory
In the land of the free
If I don't do for myself
No one's gonna do for me
But all I want to do
Is lay here
And blast some big boss sounds
Interest rates
Real estates
Mail box bills
Sex that kills
I am running out of ammunition

All these chains
Have so many names
I got to get my mind unstuck
Let me inside the groove
That feels locked in
But not locked up
'cause I believe in theory
In the land of the free
If I don't do for myself
No one's gonna do for me
No one's gonna do for me
But all I want to do
Is lay here
And blast some big boss sounds
Interest rates
Real estates
Mail box bills
Sex that kills

I am running out of ammunition

She guesses that she don't love me
And she guesses that's how it goes
But she don't mind using my credit cards
To buy some brand new clothes
Hah

I believe in theory
In the land of the free
If I don't do for myself
No one's gonna do for me
I can't expect an angel's
Gonna fall out of the sky
So there ain't nothing left to do
But get back up and try

But all I want to do
Is lay here
(All I want to do is lay here)
And blast some big boss sounds

Let me tell you all I want to do
Is lay here
(All I want to do is lay here)
And blast some big boss sounds

I am running out of ammunition

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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