Tommy

Algorythms

Tommy was a preacher's son
Now he's running through the jungle "yes sir!"
Fingers cold and fire
When you get so tired and we're so tired

Lazing back in this desert
Waitin' for that sunny day

Tommy was a preacher's son
Now he's running through the streets sellin' up that cocaine
Those fires will get ya
When you get too tired and we're so tired
Eyes blister beaded fortress rolling fevered freight trains in

Well I met three men with friends in office
Smooth dark skin and ivory teeth smiles
Our boots come alive in this mud and this shit

"Life is hard to fill with teeth that bite and eat up our fears"
Through August fall of â€˜69
Jesus had birthed him
He spoke in guns through crippled sheets
For Jesus had birthed him
Sugar cubes fingernails worming snakes that built the fire

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