

Rushing (Club Recut)

Rotersand

Rushing
The shiny guns were loaded with bullets made of words
They hit and they exploded, we're bleeding and it hurts
We're in this fight together, there's none of us to blame
Whatever was the matter, this is a crying shame
But you bark and you bite and your reasons are true
Still you force and you fight and your blood keeps rushing
But you bark and you bite and your reasons are true
Still you force and you fight and your blood keeps rushing
You're a fool if you choose to believe in sight
And your rules save your world from a different light
Don't walk from me, talk to me
And your soul's getting lost in the dead of night
Bring it home, take a walk on the other side
Don't walk from me, talk to me
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Songwriters

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