

Bootleg Rascal

Sticky Fingers

I keep running down the same road
And the people keep on coming down to my show
All the kings men brave, and all the burned bridges
Couldn't-but-he-wouldn't put it back together again
I keep falling down the same stairs
To a city with-a-nitty-gritty plan to brainwash all my heirs

I'm free falling through this slideshow
Free falling true and slow
Free falling won't stop me no more, cause I'm a bootleg rascal
yeah, ohh ayy oh
running around again

They keep coming straight an arrow
When I know that she would love it to watch me explode
I'm not clinically insane, but I am tormented
Couldn't-but-I-wouldn't put it back together again
We keep floating round the same ideas
And I won't be getting started to find out it wasn't here

I'm free falling through this slideshow
Free falling true and slow
Free falling won't stop me no more, cause I'm a bootleg rascal.
yeah, ohh ayy oh
running around again

People keep on creeping in, to my soul
Their lies creeping in does it all
When am I gonna keep my mind open
To see the dream that keeps the world hoping
A fine word to them souls with magic
Kicking in the kingdom of the night and long white cloud

My face is voiceless, I keep my choices
These parrot noises, I face these voices
These parrot noises, I face these voices
I keep my choices, these parrot noises
I face these voices, I keep my choices
Cause I'm a bootleg rascal

Cause I'm a bootleg rascal
running around again
Cause I'm a bootleg rascal

Lyrics submitted by Benjamin Sloane.

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