Stay Cold

Gallows

Watford town has gone and fucking let us down
We don't know the cunts who fucked us at the show
Our shit is gone and it ain't coming back
Five good men go broke while the rats get fat
We don't care if you're a boxer
Or if you're dads a heavyweight
We don't even fucking measure up
But we'll fight you if thats what it will takeSomeone said a grand don't come for free
Apparently it does when you're a fucking thief
Back to square one
But we won't fucking come undone
And now we're on the prowl
This pack of wolves will hunt you down

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