

# Rain Ammunition

## Pavement

Rain ammunition  
The foreign prey  
Winter is rapt  
And it's a cold, bitter trap  
Ride away  
Lose the virgin tribe (yeah)Lady, you're the Fort Ham of your dress  
No one will lay it, and no one will say it  
Kids are like a wild, deery game  
Tough shank legs will never be the same (wah!)  
Fashion  
Pass...  
PassionThere's a troop  
He's not plural, he's  
Dropped off by a desert shack  
Shandy Town, look at your lime sparks  
Under the tree  
She falls like a leaf(flutter...)Stay on the primal scream track  
Rave up your fortune  
The miners will help you get back (back, back, back)  
What they took away in '82  
La-bor  
Labor  
There's a labor  
Shop  
Shop  
Shop  
Shoppin'  
Evil shoppin'  
Yeah, you, you're shoppin'!  
(scream)  
Whoa whoa whoa...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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