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.

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