

# Loaded

[T.S.O.L.](#)

you walk me home and what do we talk about? you're lips are sand, throwing pictures out, i drop my mind and you fill me in gladly, i once believed how you deceive and i loved it all madly, everyday and i see you slip away, loaded, turn my face and i feel like coming down, unfaithfully dead, now you come alive, you're a symphony of sweet pain and pride, you lay me down now, we're silently drowning, i take your hand what you command, and i shout it out loudly, everyday and i see you slip away, loaded, i turn my face and i feel like coming down again, i turn my face and i feel life coming down, you're red light flash, but your car's in drive 22,17 and you make the scene, do you feel alive? you walk me home, and you're fashionably sounding i swear my man gonna take a stand, and i'll bury you proudly

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