City of the Dead

The Rasmus

Glad you landed on time,
In the city of the dead.
How was your flight?
I'm glad that we met.

Ain't gonna wait 'til the day
that dejection comes,
Ain't gonna waste my time on the pitiful ones (here)

You know that I'm kind,
that I like to pretend
that everything's fine.
The rain is my friend.

(I) don't give a damn about fame
if I gotta have a gun.
Ain't gonna like myself before
I get something done (here)

I want to believe,
I proceed with my choice.
It's getting harder to breathe,
I'm losing my voice.

Oh yeah!
Nevermind the things they might've said,
Oh yeah!
We're living in the city of the dead.
Oh yeah!
Nevermind the things they might've said,
Oh yeah!
We're living in the city of the dead.

Lyrics submitted by Tami.

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