

Dancepack

Volcano Choir

How many trees to the west of here.
How many smokes left have you got.
I wanna stand but I'm talking to a cop.
There's piss on my boots, how'd you make it stop.
Dance past looking for a crashed dance lot.
I'm alone, up on the top of the pine. Let's people, and makes the pine.
I be with an old lady, I'll be ridin her lie, Oh
Smokin outside a copytail.
I won't know when I fail.
She's the liver of life, and no, they are not casual lost in the fog.
We got one kind of trouble, it's a woman on a bed. Take note, there's still a hole in your heart. (x6) Love in sit,
and you bait to talk.
My young little soul, learning to walk.
Close that weary door like the house on the weary street.
I finally go in the blind heights.
I'm warm in the cold, that's corn rows.
I finally go in blind heights.
That's a cold token, through the corn rows. Take note, there's still a hole in your heart. (x6)

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