

Sticky Fingers - Headlock

tom: D

I see you lurk you're berserk
 In a hazardous way
 Your mind made up
 In a psychotic decay
 Displaying mental visions
 That a pick apart your brain
 The green grass wasn't
 As green as yesterday

Free roaming equals burning down
 To the spiraling core
 With your hands in your pockets
 And your body is sore
 The all seeing eye was confused
 With a vision
 Creating splurged colours
 In a centre fold condition

I got told that they coming for you
 Shake out the guns and the glitter and glue
 Nothing left and nothing else to do
 So reload the fun pull the trigger and choose

Shut tight inner shock headlock
 Dreaming of a flying bed
 Cut fight heavy deep shell shock
 Living in the night of the dead

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Dreaming of a flying bed
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Living in the night of the dead
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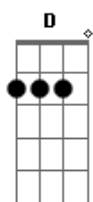
Breaking bad boi he's got the moves
 Blending flavours that feel so smooth
 Rudeboy rebel got his knuckles on bruise
 He reloads the fun pull the trigger let loose

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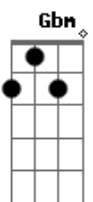
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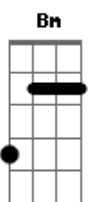
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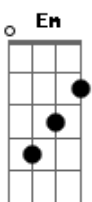
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