

Poor Bailey

"These Tunnels Don't Lie"

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Dead in a half, dead in a whole
Where's the loot, where'd it go
Well Selma said you choked on a wishbone
Must've got them big ones stuck in you throat
The rain should fall and wash me off
These walls, they won't shut up
I'm living in this I ditch I dug
Cover me up one by one
It's hell and I'm withdrawn
Oh but where on earth were you
The hailstorm took the roof
These tunnels hold the truth
Oh where on earth were you
The rain to fall and wash me off
These walls, they won't shut up
I saw your favorite memory
Stomping back and forth on me
And my confused philosophies
Oh but where on earth were you
The hailstorm took the roof
Oh these tunnels hold the truth
Oh where on earth were you
Dead in a half, dead in a whole
Dead in a half, dead in a whole
Dead in a half, dead in a whole

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