

Yearning

"Rome"

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When you see me
Better make a phone call
'Cause I'm a bad brained gravel gone fiend with no
time at all
But know that I'll drive so
When I deposit your body in the gulf coast, darlin',
tomorrow

There's no mistaking that
Rome is gonna be mine
It's just a matter of,
It's just a matter of,
It's just a matter of time

Through the legend of the river can he beg for it

Up in a basement
But I'm wearin' bubble
I'm glad it high heel don't give fuel to the bubble
Take, take, take, take
I better go play into metal
Heat it up, melt it down into a soup and help you to
swallow

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It's just a matter of,
It's just a matter of,
It's just a matter of time

Through the legend of the river can he beg for it

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