

Vines, The

"In The Jungle"

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In the jungle you can sleep
With the commandments at your feet
Where the devil lays his hand

You don't even need to think
I'm tearin' holes without a sink
But I know just where I stand

Lines from the story you can put before me
I don't know what to choose
Under the oak tree tin all around me
I don't know what to prove

Yeah she felt you felt like hell

In the jungle your in the jungle
You're in the jungle that's you
In the jungle you're in the jungle
Your in the jungle OOOOOOHHH

And I'll be waitin' for a hit yeah
Ain't gonna seem fair tonight
And I'll keep havin' other fits yeah
Because it makes me feel alright
Alright alright OOOHHH OOOHHH YEAH right OOOHHH
OOOHHH YEAH
So if you should need a hand
Write down the address of the land
But I'm runnin' out of time

I'll tell you when it's time to leave
You're never gonna get clean

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