

American Fangs

"Duke"

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A house of gold
Don't make it a home
In a house of gold
Them drapes are foul
You gotta great life you got it great

And I'm cheering you on
'Cause it's what you want and it's what you're sold till
the price goes down
You gotta great life you got it great
Being married to the mob
Buried in your arms are the hopes that I'll be freed
From the debts that I can't pay or the payments I can't
keep
But you come into my home and take whatever you
fucking please

'Cause you can, yah.

It's you're house of cards
You can make it tall
As the house of god
The ace is foul
You gotta great life you got it great

And I'm leading you on 'cause it's what you want and
it's what you're sold is the price just right?
You gotta great life you got it great
Being married to the mob
Buried in your arms are the hopes that I'll be freed
From the debts that I can't pay or the payments I can't
keep
But you come into my home and take whatever you
fucking please

'Cause you can, yah.

What about my home?
What about my gold?
What about my god?
You can keep your sale.

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