

Earlimart

"700>100"

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Don't remember a thing
(Left ear a permanent ring)
You were fortunate born
From a shit-hole up north.

Caught in a crowd,
With people thinking allowed,
Your little heart is torn
From the inside out.

I was crawling back home down on my knees
While you were sleeping with heart-fever disease.
I'm hearing voices,
Mixed up messages
Of 700 more than 100.

Another kick in the ribs,
The one you'll never forget,
But what were you hoping for
Lying down on the floor?

Making amends
Instead of washing your hands?
I'll say it in reverse so you understand.

I was crawling back home down on my knees
While you were sleeping with heart-fever disease.
I'm hearing voices,
Mixed up messages
Of 700 more than 100.

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Of 700 more than 100.
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