

Fatter Than Albert "Tchoupitoulas Slim"

Visit "[Tchoupitoulas Slim](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The heat is rising to 300 degrees
While these decorative bullet holes adorn our city limit
signs

Would you wanna be alone
When our streets are dressed up in pitch black?
There's a shadow on the prow tonight,
His cross hairs are indiscriminate

We've fallen pray
To the darkest of hearts
We're staring down the barrel
Of an epidemic

I have no murder wish this evening!
When did killing
Become instinctive?
When did he become a victim of you and me?
When did she become the killer outside your door?

Visit [Fatter Than Albert](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.