

Kid Harpoon

"Suicide Grandad"

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The world outside has faded into a miserable grave.
The circle is in motion. I've had a good life, a noble life.
It's time to give it up, leave it to the children with their
new trends and their goals.

My policy is to be stylish, leave with my head up.

I won't count the days, till i fall, piss my pants, hunch
my back, i think my dignity is worth it. I'm going out
with a bang. Do you think it's worth it? Looking into
hand guns, exploring hollow chambers, fight for one
month, 6 location. Maybe 3 in central London, Paris,
Moscow and New York. Close my hands pray to the sun,
let today be the one.

My policy is to be stylish, leave with my head up.

I won't count the days, for something bad, slit my
wrists, i've got better things to do than wait to die. We
can laugh or be the joke. This is a waste of my time. I've
seen lovers on their knees, lives those crazy times.

A wet blanket on my bed, keeps me awake and they
said i live in this for another 20 years.
Oh no no no no, i'll choose the way i go, ooooh...

Hunting out the reaper, painting a portrait of myself,
with white lines and white flags. I've had a smashing
time, loved you women, drunk your wine and the
pleasure has always been mine.

My policy has been well maintained, i did things in
style.

I brush up nice, to see the wife back in my arms, feel
the wind come fluffing up my sails. we can laugh or be
the joke. There's laughter after death

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