

Lamb

"Lame"

Visit "[Lame](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Whine, whine, whine. How can you afford to throw me
those looks when you
Haven't pulled the bloody wool from over your eyes
yet? How can you say
Those things to me when you haven't pulled the boot of
the past out of your
Mouth? Tepid morals personality set for easy
calibration knowledge of
Importance paramount. Marooned a suicidal caste deal
with isolation grease
The wheels chameleon. Sliding through social strata
and yet you still whine.
Your conviction is merely iconographic. I'm so sick of
hearing you whine
Shut up.

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