

Last Man Standing "Dean Street Stumble"

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You blew through town a twisted pissed tornado
Wheres the action Wheres the action
You finally found it and you damn-near drowned it
When the action fell
And now the time has come its so confusing
When youre winning someones losing.
you played the odds with gods upon your knife edge
waged your kills for thrills
its gone too far
You step toward cash-in but that partys in your head.

Come on down, Come on down
Come on and see our hole in the ground.
Come on down, Come on down

Come on and hear our terrible sound
Come on and smell this stench that goes round
Come on and feel that nightmare in your soul
(Come and join our carnival of souls)

You stumble out for air an empty vessel
Where the passion wheres the passion
And casually stare at all your casualties there
Once familiar friends
You lose your grip you slip and catch your balance
Thats all thats left of your talents
Salute the fallen ones the dead dumb big guns
All down memory-less lane

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