

Pist*on "Parole"

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On the edge on the edge
I believe im on the edge
And through a window dirty window
And need some light and air
And she came upon my window with a promise of love
Just lie through the skin on yyour teeth and she's sure
to let you go

I don't really want you to leave now im on parole
Consumed by the love of another im on parole

I catch my breath my smokey breath
For the first time in a century
These prison walls filthy walls look better looking out
than looking in
Then she came upon my window with a promise of love
Just lie through the skin on your teeth and she's sure to
let you go

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