

Spitfire

"1,2,3,4, #"

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Brothers of mine
Doing time
Standing in line
Come along for the ride

It's 10 til tomorrow, today I won't feel sorrow, can I
borrow
Can you lend me, or better yet can you send me
An angel, maybe she can tell
She's been through hell, and back
On attack, on a mission
Did you listen to the rhythm, I bet you didn't
Because you got off the train, while singing in the rain
Something off-beat to maintain

New places, strange times
New places, and I'm going away
(I might not be coming back, I might not be coming
back)

17 others and I coincide
6 weeks gone by, riding high, what's outside?
Cause inside's a mess, too much stress
Amongst the rest, but the best oh yes
Not the setup, but the breakdown
One more time, and that's fine
Keep in mind
Treble clef cowboys in the shine

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