

The Rum Drunks "See How They Run"

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Merry Christmas little boy, here's a brand new toy.
Pull the trigger; "Pop" goes the weasel
Sing a song of joy
I will be with you my friend, til the very end
I will be with you my friend, til the very end

I'm not the one
See how they run

Now it's time to make amends
Who do you believe in?
I will be with you my friend.

I'm not the one
See how they run

I'm not dumb but I stared into the sun
And I cannot help to feel that I'm not the only one
I can see it in my head I can feel it in my toes
I can hear it in the sound of your pornographic throws
It's not fair that I'm so dumb, it's far out that you're so cool
It's not fair I have a gun
See how they run
See how they run

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