

Hudson Taylor

"Drop Of Smoke"

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Get me out of this room now, Get me out of this world'
A drop of smoke is too much now, A plume of rain is a
curse

I'd never move to the city, I'd never move to the past

I'd never call something pretty, Cause looks they don't
always last

I'd kill to get away
I'll die to make my own way
I'd lose to celebrate
I'll win to see the good days
I'll never stop the fighting
So bring me to your worst
I'll never stop believing
that I could rule the world

Whoever knocks on my window, whoever's ruining my
hope
I wouldn't laugh in achievement, like what I dream is a
joke
If what I ask is a worry, if what I say is a crime
I wouldn't count on you're money, Money cant buy you
time!

Gone, gone you're going gone.
Down, down you're going down x4

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