

B.r.m.c.

"Conscience Killer"

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I'm a constant sinner
A conscience killer
I'm a righteous heartache
Never gonna let you get close to mine
I'm a punk every time
Give me little room and I'll spit in your eye

Cause it don't mean all that much, does it?
But we never really had a choice
No it don't mean all that much to us
But we never really had a choice
We're conscience killers

I'm a red-blooded sickness
There was no way around it
I'm a fine line teaser
Never been nothing but a cheater
I'm a son of the night
Give a little room and I'll spit in your eye

Cause it don't mean all that much, does it?
But we never really had a choice
No it don't mean all that much to us
But we never really had a choice
We're conscience killers
Don't want no conscience at all

I'm nails
I'm a knife
I'm a preacher with a gun
I'm a one man lie
I'm a king
I'm a ruse
I'm born again with no life to lose

Cause it don't mean all that much, does it?
But we never really had a choice
No it don't mean all that much to us
But we never really had a choice
We're conscience killers
Don't want no conscience at all

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