

Propaghandi "Gamble"

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Your hips are swaying and your eyes are saying that
you need two gamblers for this game you're playing,
and I might want you, but I don't need you and you
won't sleep in my bed anymore. it seeme
E a dead-end. seven years after seven to sing for this
country instead of raven or venom, 'cause your God
was dead then and he's never been back again, and I
don't think about it anymore, yeah, it'
Amble when your fingers burn from the last time that
you flew and bled and the shadows that you walk
around will still be there when the sun goes down.
venus fly trap, 20 years now. and the chan
Just as fat as a union bureaucrat that the life you wanna
live ain't the one you're looking at. there's more risk in
a brain cell than any vegas hotel and you can't find the
pit-boss anywhere.

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