## Future Of The Left "Anchor"

Visit "Anchor" on MotoLyrics.com

Sobriety demands,
That my face ignore my hands,
That my sweat destroy my grip,
And leave me at the mercy of crows.
There's money in it,
Baking in the sh\*t of a Saturday night,
At last, a drunken love,
Now get 'em boys...

(No one no one no one no one, no one no one, No one no one no one no one, no one no one, No one no one no one no one, no one no one, No one no one no one no one,)

No one will, no one will, no one will know.

No one will tell if you carry it well.

No one will care if you throw the bottles in your neighbor's
garden twice a week.

No one will, no one will know. No one will tell if you carry it well. No one will care if you throw the bottles in your neighbor's garden twice a week.

(Twice a week)

Force my tongue down the back of her throat, In a silent place.

Camp cams and Atlantic winds,

Waiting for a biblical flood.

I've got nothing on it,

An intern has got nothing on me,

I crack the code on the second go,

Dragging my fists on the beggars...

(Boys)

But no one will, no one will ever know No one will, no one will ever know No one will, no one will ever know

Drain yourself on Wednesday, prepare your liver for the weekend.

Drain yourself on Wednesday, a midnight weed again. Drain yourself on Wednesday, prepare your liver for the weekend.

Drain yourself on Wednesday, a midnight weed again.

No one will, no one will, no one will know.

No one will tell if you carry it well.

No one will care if you throw the bottles in your neighbor's
garden twice a week.

No one will, no one will, no one will know.

No one will tell if you carry it well.

No one will care if you throw the bottles in your neighbor's
garden twice a week.

Twice

Twice

Twice

Twice

Visit Future Of The Left page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.