

Breeders, The

"The She"

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Ripped off, you smoked the Bible.
Rolled it up, your last breath hot on my back.
You get me started, try to get somewhere
You move so slow, you're not even here.

Dear traveller,
It's my death, my rhythm, my arithmetic.
I got used to nobody riding in the back.

Sorrow blowin' through the vents,
I'm over Houston.
You're over the night we met.

Dear traveller,
The she scared electricity
Where no human carries a map.
You say you gotta burn to shine,
But every prism unwinds.
A road to ruin and this ticket's mine.

Dear traveller

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