

T.S.O.L. "Loaded"

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you walk me home and what do we talk about? you're
lips are sand, throwing pictures out, i drop my mind
and you fill me in gladly, i once believed how you
decive and i loved it all madly, everyday and i see you
slip away, loaded, turn my face and i feel like comming
down, unfaithfully dead, now you come alive, you're a
symphony of sweet pain and pride, you lay me down
now, we're silently drowing, i take your hand what you
command, and i shout it out loudly, everday and i see
you slip away, loaded, i turn my face and i feel like
comming down again, i turn my face and i feel life
comming down, you're red light flash, but your car's in
drive 22,17 and you make the scene, do you fell alive?
you walk me home, and you're fashionably sounding i
swear my man gonna take a stand, and i'll bury you
proudly

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