

Ten City Nation "Tdk 90"

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You're like hi-fi sound
Yeah, I could shake it all night.
All of our bodies pressed together in the half-light.
But if the 'verbs will fade
We'll be left behind,
All high on crack at this time.
There's no countdown.

I got a pocketful of loose change,
One less guitar,
And my puke-stained fingers into the bar.
Like some silent Jesus
One step short of self-denial
I'm just letting go and letting God come and cut me
down to size.
You were born with my future in your mouth, with my
future in your mouth.
You were born with my future in your mouth, with my
future in your mouth.
You were born my future, I was born with no future at
all.

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You were born my future, I was born with no future at
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You were born my future, I was born with no future at
all.
With no future at all x 2

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