

P.O.S. f/ Dessa, Sims

"Low Light Low Life"

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[Sims] Yeah, uh... Barrel full of powder, ship full of tea
Closer by the hour, bringing sick to the seas Bellies full
of barder, think with the thieves Once they hit the
harbor it's a wick in the breeze There goes another one
(whoa!), right out from under 'em Different seashore,
same thirty stores There goes another one (whoa!),
right out from under 'em Worldwide mining town, steal
it up, sell it down And not too long ago, mom and pop
owned a shop Prognosis progress, the Dow owns the
block Here to sell 'em salvation or elevation sort of
signal disorder, it's celebration Florida They got the
medicine to fix your mood till you learn to mind your
place and eat that Sysco food You crave the arrogance
the rich folk ooze Take life, waste life just to get those
jewels [Chorus] Uh huh, uh huh, heads will roll Low
light low life, recite that untold Keep with the goals,
rehearse for the eleventh hour It will be arrow after
arrow after bullet after sunflower Uh huh, uh huh,
heads will roll Low light low life, recite that untold Keep
with the goals, rehearse for the eleventh hour It will be
barrel after barrel after barrel of that gunpowder
[Dessa] It seems we've fallen out of favor, the era
ended on us Now the money's just paper, the houses
all haunted We had a hell of a run before it caught up
For all the corners cut we got an avalanche of sawdust
Life of the party, we're death of the novel The glass is
half-empty so pass the next bottle It's flight of the
salesman, death of the bumblebee Nothing left for the
attorneys and the tumbleweeds They say that God's on
the right, so goes the rhetoric But I think that cross is
like a kite that left a skeleton and I think that Russell
was right, but that's irrelevant friend For all I know
there'll be nothing left to defend tomorrow Sugar in the
gas tank, nothing in the cashbox Thought that we were
so sick, looking like it's smallpox The bullets are still on
the shelves But when the armory empties, we're
melting down the bells [Chorus] [P.O.S.] It's the end of
law and order, Dick Wolf aware in America, rocking a
cheap sheep suit Pulled wool, weave through Stay on
course till pulled over by that pulled pork Cops keeping
the peace/piece... cocked Catch and release like a

sportsman, see 'em in the court then piss poor paying
them a portion, huh Funny how they distort extortion
Never better, P.O.S. dance to the rhetoric Lean to the
left, call me terrorish, rock with it Dance fever got 'em
peeping out the prints on the floor True believers keep
they eyes on the horizon Catch me sizing up the silent,
check the crooked grind Watch me 50/50, keep the
balance between the coping and the feeble mind I hope
the broken folk rewind Nothing left for token jokers
here, skate off, we doing fine [Chorus]

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