

Flapjack, Black Leather Couch

BLACK LEATHER COUCH. YOU LOUNGE ALONE.
WHERE ARE YOU FROM? NOBODY KNOWS.
YOU ASKED ME FIRST WHO I AM.
DON?T YOU GIVE A SHIT. YOU EVIL MAN.
ALL YOU MAKE IS TERROR. YOU HIDE A GUN.
DON?T YOU RECOGNIZE? I?M YOUR SON.

BURN. CRY. BURN. CRY
DIRTY PATHS OF YOUR LIFE

YOUR BLONDE HAIR AND BURNT FACE.
IT MAKES ME SICK, IT STARTS A RAGE.
YOU CAN KEEP MY GUTS, BUT NOT MY SOUL,
BUT YOU STILL WANT MORE, AND MORE, AND MORE

BURN. CRY. BURN. CRY
DIRTY PATHS OF YOUR LIFE

THIS COULD GET OUT OF HAND.
DON?T WRECK THIS OCCASION.
THIS COULD GO UP IN SMOKE,
SO STOP HASITATION.

BURN. CRY. BURN. CRY
DIRTY PATHS OF YOUR LIFE