

Skew Siskin, If The Walls Could Talk

Mom is on vacation and daddy's gone away
When the cat's gone out the mice will play
Turn the stereo way up, turn the lights down low
Gonna call my friends up and everyone they know
I ain't no saint, I might be a sinner
Don't worry 'bout my reputation, cause I deliver

IF THE WALLS COULD TALK THERE'D BE BLOODSHED
IF THE WALLS COULD TALK I'D PROBABLY BE DEAD

Got a bottle in my left hand, whiskey on my breath
If we're not too careful we're drink ourselves to death
Swinging from the rafter swinging from the beer
If anyone should walk in we're everything they'd fear
It's gettin' pretty early 'cause it couldn't get later
We ain't no saints we might be sinners
Don't worry 'bout our reputation 'cause we deliver

IF THE WALLS COULD TALK THERE'D BE BLOODSHED
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Bet they never thought they'd ever see their house this way
Don't worry 'bout the insurance there's nothing left to insure
I better run, better run, run run, run run run
I ain't no saint I might be a sinner
Don't worry bout my reputation 'cause I deliver

IF THE WALLS COULD TALK THERE'D BE BLOODSHED
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I ain't ever gonna settle down
I ain't gonna be anywhere to be found
Don't waste your time with any bloodhounds
Cause when I'm gone, I'm gonna be headin'
Down, down, down, down, down, down
Headin' down to hell