

# Snakepit, Soma City Ward

(Slash/Matt Sorum/Eric Dover)

Skinny kid flippin' out  
A prissy little thing with a tan  
Was an outcast in the basement  
Tryin' anything he can  
The skirts spit words like razor blades  
To keep him off their trail  
He keeps a chant of silence  
For a mom  
The dirty rats is sellin' thing  
he can't afford  
He leaves his misery to play  
In the Soma City Ward  
Some City Ward

Pieces of the son-of-a-bitch  
Float around the crow  
He wears his bad intentions  
like a cape or a shroud  
Then he blew his mind on Drano  
From his third story hotel room  
Yeah he missed the pool by inches  
So he won't be walkin' soon

The dirty rat is seein' thing  
he can't ignore  
He left is body for a day  
In the Soma City Ward  
Soma City Ward  
All these people in his head  
Sayin' to jump out and you'll be free  
Come sleep in my demon bed  
Hope that you want it as bad as me

The dirty rat is seein' things  
he can't ignore  
He leaves his misery to play  
In the Soma City Ward  
Soma City Ward  
Some City Ward