

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