

Ultimate Fakebook, Rotting On The Vine

dear son,
you're supper's almost done.
we're boxin' up for one- be on the run.
you'll find. this happens all the time.
just wash it down with lies, and drive.

when we finally see sunshine, we'll be rottin' on the vine..

dear sirs, excuse me if that burns.
but when i heard those last few words, my stomach turned.
by side of mind, brothers first in line

we will get to you.. next time.

when we finally see sunshine, we'll be rotting on the vine.

but we're not alone..
but we're rotting on the vine (X2)

<3 eva