

A Band Of Bees, You Got To Leave

Who'd have thought who'd have thought
You'd get the devil down on his knee
Holy smoke holy smoke
Only if you now believe
Hot times down to the ground
You're causing a crowd
The trouble is pride
And you are pointing it wide
When it's dark it's dark
And you will lose your heart
Pick it up it up
And go back to the start
It won't be fair
It just won't cause there's care
It's not what you did
Just the things you hid from
You launched an attack with my hand on your back
There's sweat on your chest she said, You're too abstract
I couldn't tell if it was subtract or plus for us
What is the fuss now I'm gonna get off the bus
You gotta leave me, you gotta leave
When it's tough it's tough
But who is strong enough
Don't rush your sons
Go go go get your guns
Just hold on back
And give this thing some slack
Like I said, I'm gonna get off the bus