

Andrew Jackson Jihad, Randy's House

I've got the rotten apple core feeling, dying like a living ghost, now I'm lying on the ground not making

And I hope our candles flicker and die so that our hearts don't burn to the ground, down, down, just

When you kissed me on the cheek with a gun I became a setting sun, now you're heading west bound

And I hope our candles flicker and die so that our hearts don't burn to the ground, down, down, just