

Eight Legs, Blood Sweat Tears

blood, sweat, tears, the buccaneers are always on the run
tried so hard to get away, but they don't know what from
maybe there's something in the darkness, that's what hides their fears
something in the shadows, that's been haunting them for years

well, Soma is like Iga
you make the grass seem greener
the air feels so much cleaner
but there's not much truth in that

say what you think
say what you mean
but you dont speak for me, no
say what you think
say what you mean
oh, you dont speak for me, no

life is tough but sometimes it's like walking in the park
even when you're lost alone, the city won't get dark
oh, you could give an inch or two and I could take a mile
if you're waiting for your retribution, that could take a while

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the air feels so much cleaner
but there's not much truth in that

say what you think
say what you mean
but you dont speak for me, no
say what you think
say what you mean
oh, you dont speak for me, no

time goes rolling by
time goes rolling by

say what you think
say what you mean
oh, you dont speak for me, no
say what you think
say what you mean
oh, you dont speak for me, no