

Future Of The Left, A dead enemy always smells good

Roll on

Your pity sets the bar so high
I can't believe it believe it myself
What a guy!
Your pity sets the bar so white
I can't believe it believe it myself
What a guy!
There are no bold statements in my paradiddle

Your pity sets the bar so high
I can't believe it believe it myself
What a guy!
Your pity sets the bar so white
I can't believe it believe it myself
What a guy!
Celebrate your long-lost brothers return
Celebrate your long-lost brothers return
He was a preacher man
He was a preacher man
He was a wide, wild, ideal

Throw your heart on the cordon
Throw your heart on the cordon
Throw your heart on the cordon
Throw your heart on the cordon to keep warm