

Gallows, Come Friendly Bombs

Black knuckles and broken teeth
Grey days and grey streets
Same old faces that same release
If this town had a name it would be defeat
So sick of waking up to white skies
Can't stand the look in everybody's eyes
They want to kick my fucking head in just to feel alive

Do you wanna go?
I wanna go
Do you wanna go?
Let's go

Black knuckles and broken teeth
I've got more fillings than butchers beef

We're not the same one's you and me
We're not the same
If we were the same one's
I'd draw this knife across my throat and bleed it dry

Black knuckles and broken teeth
I know your face from early last week
About eleven I was walking home
Down a fucking alley I was on my own
So sick of trouble from these hearts
Can't take my breathing in the fucking dark
Too bad this mongrel's got a bite worse than his bark