

Good Rats, Writing The Pages

There's just one second left in your frantic life
As you feel the bullet rip into your head
And your thoughts run so fast
As you cling to the last
Last breath of air that you'll have

CHORUS 1:

And you vision the steps of a million men
And recall every word of a speech
You were power and strength
A born leader of men
Now you've come to the end of the end

CHORUS:

Writing the pages
Ain't been no fun at all
History will tell us that you were small

Don't feel bad there'll be others to take your place
Many men will suffer your disease
But I'm sure yours will be the most famous face
Think that thought, as your drop to your knees

CHORUS 1

(followed by)

CHORUS 2