

# Josh Woodward, Stickybee

There's safety in the numbers of this godforsaken town  
It's been a week since all of this went down  
In this abandoned factory, there's no one here but you and me  
And god help any fool who comes around  
And you, with your coy and fickle eyes, you'll get your way  
And me, I have got no say in my own destiny  
The way it's going, Stickybee, you will be the death of me, oh no  
It didn't go the way I planned, we had it in our hands  
And everyone had followed our demands  
But then you shot that plainclothes cop, I heard a pop and watched him drop  
Now we both have blood upon our hands  
And you, well, you made it sound so simple and it was  
And now, I am a fugitive and you're the only cause  
The way it's going, Stickybee, you will be the death of me, oh no  
Oh shit, I think I heard a sound from over by the door  
I see their shadows looming on the floor  
An inch, a mile, it's all the same, now that I am in this game  
A shout is heard and time is running out  
And you, in the chaos of the moment grab your gun  
And you, you aim the barrel at that two ton oil drum  
Now I know it, Stickybee, you will be the death of me  
Now I know it, Stickybee, you will be the death of me, oh no