Puracane, Things You Should Leave Alone

Cold face
Shouldn't be messing
But he can't fight his ego
Is feeding on the misfortunes
Of the last lamb that's bleating

Sunday
Finding it hard to keep away from them
It's not over yet
All day ready to blow like a bomb
Like a bomb

It was never fine
There was always a problem
It was never fine
There was always a problem

All trying
All lying
Supplying
Things you should leave alone
Not breathing
Still stealing
Lost feeling
We should leave it alone
Alone

His place
Do you think he's forgotten
He left it empty and he'll pay
Now there's a little extra something for taking it

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