

# Ramones, Roots Of Hatred

i know your everything  
well i know those tales you told  
i smell them in the breeze  
with every midnight break, i beg you take me please

i let my soul escape  
well i let my blood run cold  
so that my nerves would freeze  
whatever it would take, to set my heart at ease

well later on it got so complicated  
that little rock became the roots of hatred,  
roots of hatred, roots of hatred, had me fallin'  
fallin' apart, eatin', eatin' away all of my heart.

a secret hiding place  
you said there's very gold  
under roots of all those trees  
whatever it would take to set my heart at ease

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