

Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts, Swallow

(Crowe)

How you want to see this situation
Straight down the barrel or from some other location
Running up hills never been my vocation
It's my punishment
For drinking my frustration

Big wide world
Why don't you swallow my gift
I'm ragged up and ready to grift
Big wide world
Swallow my gift

Say a little something at the dinner table
Raise up your glasses if your eyesight's feeble
Try and see the target is the barn not the stable
Giving into comfort
You won't be able

Big wide world
Why don't you swallow my gift
I'm ragged up and ready to grift
Big wide world
Swallow my gift

You follow me
I'll haunt you
Don't bite baby
It's more than you can chew

So being this way says I'm in that way
Says I live the way You'll complain about 'til death
'Til you're smelling heaven's breath
Then you might just realize
Nasty little f**kers
Just don't win the prize

Big wide world
Why don't you swallow my gift
I'm revved up and ready to grift
Big wide world
Swallow my gift

Big wide world
Why don't you swallow my gift
I'm ragged up and ready to grift
Big wide world
Swallow my gift