

Rusty, Creepy

Sunday mornin bring it down
It's creepy here as hell
You jumped right in
And held right on
It took a lot for you to say
What happened in New York
I'm not jealous I'm not mad
I'm comin back
I'm comin back
I feel alright
I feel alive
Things they change and others grow
The reaper shows his lies
I will go when it's my time
We'll stay friends until the end
On that you can rely
You didn't really break my heart
I'm comin back
I'm comin back
I feel alright
I feel alive