

Lives of Crime

Fruit Bats

Oh, don?t you grieve, don?t cry, don?t weep, no
Your tears are just the creek
On which you float away from me
You gotta have the heart of a lion

Hey don?t you sigh, don?t sigh, don?t breathe, no
Your breath is just the air
On which you drift away from me
You gotta have the lungs of a whale

Past packing day and it?s okay
Past packing day and it?s okay
This one's coming down to the wire
Blind in the steam, bogged in the mire

Hey, don?t you look, don?t look, don?t see, no
Your vision?s just the road
On which you drive away from me
You gotta have a love like a fire

Past packing day and it?s okay
Past packing day and it?s okay
We're just a product of these times
And must not atone for lives of crime

We're just a product of these times
And must not atone for lives of crime
For lives of crime, for lives of crime