

## Randy's House

Andrew Jackson Jihad

I've got the rotten apple core feeling  
Dying like a living ghost  
Now I'm lying on the ground  
Not making a sound  
Thinking I love you the most

And I hope our candles flicker and die  
So, that, our hearts don't burn to the ground  
Down, down just like Randy's house

When you kissed me on the cheek with a gun  
I became a setting sun  
Now you're heading west bound while I'm lying on the ground  
Thinking that you were the one

And I hope our candles flicker and die  
So, that, our hearts don't burn to the ground  
Down, down just like Randy's house