

BACKSTREETS OF TENNESSEE

Butcher Babies

Let it RIP
Burn it out before I lose my grip

I need my fucking medicine
It's a fucking ride you wont forget
Don't you worry dear
Don't worry cause these streets are dark and deep
It's a promise I keep, you'll bleed
The last mile you'll forever sleep
Fear on four wheels

Let it RIP
Burn it out before I lose my grip
Tail the back streets of Tennessee
That's where I feed
Kick and scream
Do you feel it
Do ya feel it it it it
Now burn it out

Ya baby, fucking dead to me
Don't even try to fucking kick and scream
Hell on four wheels

Fifty fifty shot dead
Dragged behind my rising 'stang
Feeds me
I-40 gonna make you sing
Feeds me

Let it RIP
Burn it out before I lose my grip
Tail the back streets of Tennessee
That's where I feed
Kick and scream
Do you feel it
Do ya feel it it it it
Now burn it out

Concrete
Under your knees
Let it rip
In Tennessee
Oh
It's fear on four wheels
Oh
It's fear on four wheels

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Kick and scream
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