Down The River

Caamp

Sold my new pair of shoes down the river for gold
Knock, knock, knock at the door but Misters' not home
Out in the desert my lady left years ago
She took all my money and spent it on flesh and bone

Walk on down to the store for a fresh pack of smokes
I hear them laughing, snickering, telling their jokes
I couldn't care less about whatever it is you say
Don't need to whisper when you talk cause I can hear you from a mile away

I'm going to San Francisco, I'm going to San Francisco today
I'm going to San Francisco, I'm going to San Francisco to stay

There's' a man underground, says he's selling hope
I tried to dig on down, and all I found was a hole
It feels like this when you cant get where you gotta go
Go on spin those wheels Sonny, we know your backs' broke

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Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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