

RIP RFTC

Danko Jones

The State of Art is still on fire
And it's burning straight to the ground
My head hurts and my body's tired
Who do I go to see now that they're not around

When they split up I swear I did not fuckin' know
I've got the noose 'round my neck on a fuckin' rope

R-I-P R-F-T-C
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During the day I'm diggin' ditches
But bad moods makes me hard to get to know
I got sturdy receiting "Pigeons"
Well it makes me smile, take me to San Diego

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