Going Down

Dillon

Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock

I fired shots until our eyes locked
Bye bye baby, bye
From cold to hot gave you a heat shock
Bye bye baby, bye

You're going down
You're going down
Don't turn to me looking for help
You're going down
You're going down
You're going down
Bye bye baby
You're going down

Listen, I'm running out of time here
Waiting for you to figure it out
There's nothing left to see
Left to think or left to talk about

I'm out, you're on your own now
Now that I'm out, you're on your own
I'm out, and you're on your own
Bye bye baby
You're going down

Bye bye baby
You're going down
Bye bye baby

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