

## Lives of Crime

Fruit Bats

Oh, don't you grieve, don't cry, don't weep, no  
Your tears are just the creek  
On which you float away from me  
You gotta have the heart of a lion

Hey don't you sigh, don't sigh, don't breathe, no  
Your breath is just the air  
On which you drift away from me  
You gotta have the lungs of a whale

Past packing day and it's okay  
Past packing day and it's okay  
This one's coming down to the wire  
Blind in the steam, bogged in the mire

Hey, don't you look, don't look, don't see, no  
Your vision's just the road  
On which you drive away from me  
You gotta have a love like a fire

Past packing day and it's okay  
Past packing day and it's okay  
We're just a product of these times  
And must not atone for lives of crime

We're just a product of these times  
And must not atone for lives of crime  
For lives of crime, for lives of crime