

Dead & Bloated

I Declare War

I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me on
My birthday deathbed
I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me
Cause I'm dead and bloated

I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me on
My birthday deathbed
I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me
Cause I'm dead and bloated

Oh yeah, and she says it's natural
I feel I've come of age
When she peeks I start to run
Oh yeah, and she says it's natural
I feel I've come of age
When she peeks I start to run
You can't swallow what I'm thinking
You can't swallow what I'm thinking

I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me on
My birthday deathbed
I am trampled under sole of
Another man's shoes
Guess I walked too softly

Oh yeah, and she says it's natural
I feel I've come of age
When she peeks I start to run
Oh yeah, and she says it's natural
I feel I've come of age
When she peeks I start to run
You can't swallow what I'm thinking
You can't swallow what I'm thinking

I run through the world
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
I run through the world
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me on
My birthday deathbed
I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me
Cause I'm dead and bloated

I run through the world
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
I run through the world

Thinking 'bout tomorrow
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
I run through the world
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
I run through the world
Thinking 'bout tomorrow
Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me on
My birthday deathbed
I am smelling like the rose
That somebody gave me
Somebody gave me
Somebody gave me
On my birthday deathbed