

We Live NE of Compton

Liars

Past fumes will burn us in our bedrooms
I'll invite truth of lust and hair
The teachings never turned out right
Crash land down on a mission (now)
The teachings never turned out right
I will give you my eye
The teachings never turned out right

Well we, we come, down from

Men from the boys, boys from the men
Men from the boys, boys from the men
Men from the boys, boys from the men
Men from the boys, boys from the men

Out of the factory
Out on a hospital bed
The city needs my friend
The city loves you