

Time the fall
Used to be kind of fun for a living
Anyway you can you go – right or wrong
I wish you luck with your coverups
Taking on the Feds

I wish I was dead
Mister Everett said
That my head, is underneath the bed
And the threats, they turn like a silhouette

Time the call
Used to be kind of fun, don't give in
If you want I can take you along
It's not enough you're on the shots
Taken from the dead

I'll never get fair
Mister Everett said
But my head, is underneath the bed
And the threats, they burn like a cigarette

They could fill a guilty home with a rake
It's just to bump a new style
And how I'm supposed to sing along
But he's late – much more than a while
Personality we gotta shake
We can laugh but make you lose with a smile
Faceless team only year that hold up

Feds!
The end of the hole in my head
When the sun's just a clock we can set
So what's after the end, I forget?
And we fucked like we're fucked in my head

And we'll never be forgiven [x15]

(Feds)