

## Feds

Mini Mansions

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)