

They've been calling me the devil
They've been calling me words
I've been hanging with the rebels
And I've been playing out the curse
And now I'm pretty much dead
I've got the noose around my head

You've got that fuck it kind of attitude
There's no one else that you can really trust

Cause all the fruit
Is rotting
And all the groove
Is to an end

Barrel of my gun is smoking
While you lay there on the floor
And all your lies have got you choking
Got people banging on my door
And now you're pretty much dead
Gotta rest your weary head

You've got that fuck it kind of attitude
There's no one out there you can really trust

Cause all the fruit
Is rotting
And all the groove
Is to an end

You better get yourself outta town
You better get your things and go
Before I get myself outta town
I'm gonna get my things and go

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Cause all the fruit
Is rotting
And all the groove
Is to an end