

## Rum Rage

## Sticky Fingers

It takes a beaten up animal to put em all away  
Rushing me around and sending me astray  
Don't you lie to me, as we finally  
Got a handle on the doors we open and shut

Packing up my suitcase, cause I'm going far away  
I'm going to a place where the credit cards  
Don't decline on me, as we finally  
Got a handle on the doors we open and shut

She took her time  
Took my mind  
But forget mine  
Me in my frame of mind  
We took our time  
But she took mine

We're remotely secluded in this far away place  
Heading to a land where everything is okay  
Don't think suddenly that you and me  
Got a handle on the doors we open and close

Can you take a little time ego balance your ways  
Cause everything we do and put it on display  
Maybe you and me are a little the same  
So what do you think of what we've made?