

Head Cut Off

The 88

Fallin to fall
Made you feel small
Showed up to crawl away

Say what you said
Made up my head
No one is led astray

Now my bed is burning
Running around with my head cut off
And the big ones see my churning
Giving it up like I've had enough

I know it's wrong
Made it too long
Now it's a song to play

All of my time
Made out of rhymes
Not all the lines can stay

All of those mountains burn for today

Call off your cop
Beg him to stop
Show him your not that way