

Regent's Court

The Get Up Kids

After the bombs will fall
After the words have left my lungs
Inching the choke along
Testing the water with my tongue

The whole scene's faded
As if the walls are caving
Have to up the medicine

Pamper the tender one
Temper the bile or it may scald
Limping under the ton
Pitching a fight of who's at fault

Last time I swore no lies and no regrets
But still the problem hasn't been addressed

You bastards come at me
I pace the cell patiently
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