

## You Got To Leave

A Band of Bees

Who'd have thought who'd have thought  
You'd get the devil down on his knee  
Holy smoke holy smoke  
Only if you now believe  
Hot times down to the ground  
You're causing a crowd  
The trouble is pride  
And you are pointing it wide  
When it's dark it's dark  
And you will lose your heart  
Pick it up it up  
And go back to the start  
It won't be fair  
It just won't cause there's care  
It's not what you did  
Just the things you hid from  
You launched an attack with my hand on your back  
There's sweat on your chest she said, You're too abstract  
I couldn't tell if it was subtract or plus for us  
What is the fuss now i'm gonna get off the bus  
You gotta leave me, you gotta leave  
When it's tough it's tough  
But who is strong enough  
Don't rush your sons  
Go go go get your guns  
Just hold on back  
And give this thing some slack  
Like I said, I'm gonna get off the bus