

Randy's House

Andrew Jackson Jihad

I've got the rotten apple core feeling
Dying like a living ghost
Now I'm lying on the ground
Not making a sound
Thinking I love you the most

And I hope our candles flicker and die
So, that, our hearts don't burn to the ground
Down, down just like Randy's house

When you kissed me on the cheek with a gun
I became a setting sun
Now you're heading west bound while I'm lying on the ground
Thinking that you were the one

And I hope our candles flicker and die
So, that, our hearts don't burn to the ground
Down, down just like Randy's house