

# Tropical Disease

Band of Skulls

Get out while you can,  
There's only one door  
I met you here the last time  
And you're back again for more  
I don't know what to say to you,  
You never take commands  
You're better than I thought you were,  
My fate is in your hand

Oh, from the belly of the beast  
From the famine to the feast  
And when you fall down to your knees  
She's a tropical disease

Oh... Disease... Oh...

Come-a knocking on my door,  
I don't like your kind  
I didn't like you last time,  
Some things are better left behind  
You are not welcome here  
But this is all you know  
You're better than I though you were,  
We haven't got a hope

Oh, from the belly of the beast  
From the famine to the feast  
And when you fall down to your knees  
She's a tropical disease

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Oh... Disease... Oh... Disease... Oh... Disease... Oh...

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A tropical...  
A tropical...  
A tropical disease