

Borrowed Time

Jaya the Cat

Palm trees in the burning sun
An American passport, portorican rum
And your just running from a war noone ever won
Your shoes are worn and your money, is gone
And you, dont even know what's going on
It's hard to say how long you've been gone
And your, skin is peeling in the sun
And you're never going back
Ooh you're never going back
Well the, weed is brown and so are the girls
You always feel like you were lost in this world
Until you stept off that plane into the trade winds
Turn your back on a world of confusion
And you, feel like you're running on borrowed time
Victim of a victimless crime
And they say, God helps those who help themselves
But he forgot about you, so you had to work it out for yourself
Allright
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