

Come Heavy

Overkill

I like the feeling of the morning sun
I like the rain on my face in the fall
I come heavy not to be outdone
Come on heavy or don't come at all

I like the scent of a woman's hair
And the way on her shoulder it falls
I come heavy because life ain't fair
I come heavy or I don't come at all

Get your ticket, don't be late
To the great psychotic ball
Don't you stick it, get it straight
Or don't come at all

I like the beauty of a fresh red rose
And a sip of the fine alcohol
I come heavy from my head to toes
I come heavy like a wrecking ball

All God's angels, give you pain
All my madness, know my name

We made our choices then a steady pulse or fast
You took the higher road, I took the psychopath
The age of old question persecutes the good in me
And my relief comes in what will be, will be

Give me all your money, 'til my cup overflow
My mouth is full of honey, my shirt is soaked in
Bordeaux