

Too Tone

RX Bandits

late at night and i'm walking the street
right behind me Cops on my beat
i look ahead and i want to run (want to run)
i want to shoot them,
but i got no gun

and i said "Whatever happened to the life that i was once
i am afraid, but i don't understand about it
why do these hard times keep crawling up on me?"
well, i don't know

late at night and i'm lying in bed
some crazy thought running through my head
i'm not sleeping and i don't know why
i know that soon my story won't fly