

So you slick at a cheap edge
You're in trouble with the chain snatch
Lord knows what I'd like to do to you
Put your fucking head in the sand
And I'll be waiting here for you

Run away, run away
Coward
Run away, run away

Point the fucking gun at my head
I don't know what to do with it
But I know what I should do with it now

Point the fucking gun at my head
I don't know what to do with it
But I know what I should do with it now
Coward

Been running games, it's the last net
Soon, you'll be amazed, it's your last breath
Don't know what to say
Won't know what to do, your time's gone

Your fucking heads are out of the sand
And guess who's waiting there for you

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