

Bitter Rivals

Sleigh Bells

It was the best of times
It was the worst of times
I had to kill the new sheriff in town
She was gonna try to keep with me
You go go down, you go go down
In your dream you will never be down
Somehow, somehow

Another way to make the picture clearer
Point a gun at the mirror
Hearts so dark make dirt look clean
So clean, so clean
Don't kick, don't scream
But at the end I can only be
No rhyme, no reason,
Be not afraid, be not afraid
Be not

You are my bitter rival
But I need you for survival
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Somehow, somehow

Lay a hand on me, lay a hand on you
lay a hand on me, lay a hand
hearts so dark, dirt look clean
So clean, so clean
Catholics
Convicts
East to west, the answer is yes
No rhyme, no reason
Be not afraid, be not afraid
Be not

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