

Reaper Calling

Whiskey Rebels

Initials tattooed inside of my lip
Scars from the bottle on my fingertip
Cigarette burn on the web of my hand
Eardrums shattered from my nights with the band

What was your name it's on the tip of my tongue
Met you on a night when I was too drunk or too young
It's nice to see you again, my old friend

I can hear it in the night time
I can hear the reaper calling
I can feel the rain drops falling
Calling out my name

Well I swore off drugs and guns
But I spit out razor blades
I wrote my name in blood
I carved out your name

On the outside I've grown up
Inside I'm still the same
As damaged as can be, without going insane

and I can feel no pain
Cause I'm numb to everything
And you know I won't think twice
Cause life ain't nothing nice
And I can feel no pain
cause I'm numb to everything
cause life ain't nothing nice