

Cold Cold Blood

Rancid

Deep into the night
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In the cold, cold blood
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Throwing up their gun, they got killing on their mind
Drunk and in control, better leave it behind
Believe what they lie, the dead can't tell truth
For warmth and disorder they're burning our books

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Toads are silenced, smoke on the ground
Dark and the grey waste, they know they've been found
Picture yourself perfect, the foes in the pen
Wrapped your selection, your senses in sin

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Come on

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Sit down, hey