

Dope on a Rope

The Growlers

Dope in the wash, strangers in bed
[?] nights, they make a heart beat half dead
In the mirror, striking a pose
Conjured up glamour in a school play rock show

Guess it doesn't last forever, just a feeling to remember
Dope on a rope we hang, the cat walks the plank
Unless we turn around, and do it again

Generations change
In a blink the fad's extinct
Find your lover or you'll flash the fame
Before you wake up from your dream

Everything changes when
When the last call lights shine
Seizing the heartbeat of our lovely reckless times
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Collect taxidermy fist
As much is on your wrist
New friends flood the list till you're sick
Trying to have a ball in a tanked up stall
Numb when its from making sense of it all
I guess it doesn't last forever
Just the feeling to remember

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