

Nose Bleed

The Rabble

It's an energy that hits you like a nose bleed
On yer cocaine rush
It's a habit in yer lungs that you still feed
On your nicotine rush

You got yer pack of cigarettes
And a box of extra dry,
But ya still don't have a clue,
So tell me why?

So tell me it don't matter if you could read,
No money, no time.
So sit on yer ass and be free
And stop wasting my time.

[Chorus]

You got no cash for what you need
And no my friend,
You can't have mine
But yeah you got that fix indeed,
So that's just fine.

You got your nose, nose bleed!

[Chorus]