

Barrel Of Batteries

The War on Drugs

If I stay then I'd need for a reason
Children ghosts, coming close in the rain
I'm a barrel, I'm a barrel of batteries
I'm a barrel, I'm a barrel of batteries

With ice on the floor
She wants to hear more
But I'm losing my soul, you little whore

Laughter strikes, laughter strikes in the morning
Laughter burns, laughter burns all day
Cuz if you knew what the river holds
And you won't go where the river flows
I will stay, I will stay, had it coming

With ice on the floor
She wants to learn more
I'm sleeping alone, you little whore
I'm sleeping alone, you little whore