

Lays At Rest

The Orwells

Now that my head lays at rest
I've got a feeling in my chest
Oh man, I blew you the best
Now my bitch makes a mess
Oh, now clean is the best
It's better than the rest

She's got blood on her dress
Now head is a mess
Oh, now my baby is dead
I shot her in the head
So now death is the best
Because I weep with the damned

And I don't know just where I'm going
But time will keep me up and throwing
And I don't know just where I'm going
Well, time will keep me up and throwing

Now that my head lays at rest
I've got a feeling in my chest
Oh man, I blew you the best
Now my bitch makes a mess
Well, now green is the best
It's better than the rest

She's got blood on her dress
Now my head is a mess
Oh, now my baby is dead
I shot her in the head
So now death is the best
Because I weep with the damned

And I don't know just where I'm going
But time will keep me up and throwing
And I don't know just where I'm going
And time will keep me up and throwing

The whole world's lying to you
I'm just trying to reach you
The whole world's lying to you