

# Rocket From The Crypt, On A Rope

Saw right through me,  
Staying started to unglue me  
And I knew that I couldn't win  
I Wanna steal your love, stop holdin' the dove  
Just to pull my good luck in

Chorus:

On a rope, on a rope, got me hanging on a rope  
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On a rope, on a rope, got me hanging on a rope  
Same old story, yeah it's getting kind of gory

Throw my all time low away

Spit turns into a treasure, taste the blind side of life

Choke words that I can't say

No gun, no bomb, no way I'll run

Too bad, I'm not in shape

Too little, too late, that deal's so chaste

Do burning hands seem to care?

Chorus

All right, I'm ready--the wild sound's gonna take me away

That beat's so steady

Make me fall to my knees, just start crying

No, no, no no no no no no please no