

Mongrel

[Alex Cameron](#)

She just wanted to hold his heart, in her hands for a while
Drop some blood, in a green glass vial
He could tell her a thousand times
Not to stare when he gets wild
Drop some blood, in a green glass vial
Drop some blood, in a green glass vial
Making money is the Devil's art
They can trade their food and wine
Growing grapes on a fence tied vine
German shepards and caged magpies
Under corrugated iron
Drop some blood, in a green glass vial
Drop some blood, in a green glass vial
He made decisions like a seasoned vet
With a gun to the sky
Quadre bikes and a telescopic eye
Drop some blood, in a green glass vial
In the evening marauders came off, it was on her breath
My sweet girl, so scared you forgot about death
Death is the pulse in your bye on your very last breath

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>