

Ties

Des Ark

If you're looking for a reason to freeze to death
Mannie can you feel that it's your father's breath
If you're scared as shit to talk about your family truths
Just know that I believe, and I always will believe
In you

If you lay another hand on your son, sir
I swear to god, I'm gonna waste you
You can holler, you can cry, sober up, apologize
But still, what good are you?

If I don't give a fuck about the ties that bind
A father to his son

If he's just some dead weight, deadbeat drunk
Well I can show you all the things he's gonna steal then sell
And still you hold him to your ear just like a paper shell
Oh, I can take you on a tour of my old neighborhood
Here it is, the bathtub where you'll find the love of your life
Choking up his own blood

Well, a junkie's got a fire that is burning hotter than the brightest star
And if he don't put it out himself

It's the needles, it's the spoons, it's the little white balloons
I wish I didn't give a fuck about the ties that bind us
The blood, the guts, even little paper cuts
These are the ones we love

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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