

# Snake in the Road

Pat Maine

(Chorus)

There's a fork in the grass, a snake in the road,  
there's somebody waiting to say that's not how the saying goes,  
That's a person in the painting, you're focused on his pose,  
and it's worth a thousand guesses till it's how the story goes,

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(Verse 1)

sobriety's a new friend, we met on new years eve we did,  
his girls, clarity, a good look with decent tits,  
I met them through my dude knowledge, he's legit,  
and reason too, he's who I always see reason with,  
when I met sobriety they gave my keys to him,  
said with out him I really didn't need the whip,  
and in a drunken mess, we laughed when freedom slipped,  
and landed on a table face plastered in frito dip,

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The party was fun tho, everybody buddy buddy gung ho,  
except for freedom, caught at the front door,  
kinda bloodied, coming from a cut forehead,  
we said you're to stay but he said what for,  
struggle came between us, our mutual acquaintence,  
nobody likes him, he's something that we maintenance,  
he's all of up in my face with that step off or taste fist,  
struggles knuckles always have been known to graze lips,  
freedom stood there, tension peeling off the paint chips,  
I ducked as struggle swung for a brain cyst,  
I know struggle and all the move he came with,  
so as big as he seemed. he is wasn't all that dangerous,  
I almost kicked knowledge, he was out of range,  
I'm kinda glad missed because it showed me I was aimless,  
the hommie reason knocked struggle out,  
music came back on and freedom stopped hung around

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Temptation, looking for the crown,  
gets by when the guards looking at the ground,  
just waiting,Â looking at me now,  
with a pistol to put up to my brow, pow pow.  
he shoots, I duck n' run, whistling while they ricochet,  
weaving between entry wounds, giddy up in my get away

temptation, telling me to give in,  
and he won't let me remember to forget him,  
he gotta trigger finger with a bullet in the chamber,  
and an enemy symptom POW POW  
pressure on the trigger, its Triggering the pressure,  
his gestures getting bigger, I'm still figuring its measures

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Temptation gotta gun, that'll make my head explode,  
I can't hide stop or run, he knows my genetic code,  
I don't think this party's fun, its time they be heading home,  
but there's one of me and a lot of em, and a grave is the only thing set in stone,  
its a party over here fuck you over there.. better take a mental note

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(Chorus)

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Lyrics submitted by kimberley.

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