

# Straight From The Jacket

## No Use For A Name

So sorry son, you're worrying your mother  
No explanation's gonna make it seem all right  
Young boy, listen to your father  
It's more than just your life, it's more than suicide  
How does it feel?  
When you're looking down the barrel of a loaded gun  
Tell me how it feels  
Did you see your life flash right before your eyes?  
Stop playing games and get yourself up off the floor  
Young boy, we're gonna send you to the lions  
The men all dressed in white, when you became undone  
How does it feel when I might have brought you up  
But you are not my son  
So many times I tried to bring you up, you brought me down  
I won't consider you again, stop looking at me like you care  
I worked my fingers to the bone  
I'm not your father or a friend  
You might have lived here once, but this is not your home  
Tell me how it feels  
You don't mean much to me, I didn't plant the seed  
I'm not your father 'cause you didn't turn out right  
Young boy, we're gonna feed you to the fire  
It's more than just your life, it's more than suicide  
How does it feel?  
How does it feel?  
How does it feel?  
When you're looking down a barrel of a loaded gun...

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Lyrics provided by

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