

Hand Me the Downs

U.S. Bombs

Too much pressure, gonna self explode
The baggage keeps on pilin' up
My future dangles from the end of a rope
No coat tails to sew on my coat This is just a fame, it's just a game
Good God above take me out now, now
Somebody help me now, now, now
Lift me up to hand me the downs The night life here's the worst it's ever been
Where's my jar of glue to put away my brains
This old body's been through the mill
My first memory was hate, so take the blame

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