

Dispatch

here we go
leave it on the back burner
take it to the dry town

I got the mean time slippin' down
the slide some uptight right wing,
political homicide, do what you want,
take what you will, take it in like a
southpaw, flip it on the grill
bourgeoise, protocol
bottoms up boys this is the last call
happy hour doesn't last too long
you know it never does
so I sit here on a bar stool looking at
the sky got a buck and a quarter
and a bucket full or rye
don't step out of line you'll get time
in the brig don't yield to the mighty
you got your own dirt to dig

my and my flea bag friends we ran
to have our own feast of Crispan
Murphy was there with number 22
they were got caught in the middle
of a coup, you will
lose me if I don't lose you

we haven't chosen
anyone of you to condemn
so make your decision and chose you
side or let us begin

steeped in knowledge
I'll step from the board
down to the speak easy
with my double-edged sword
you know the deal
you got to spin the wheel
I heard the heavens are full of sevens
but as matter of fact

you know that cat suicide jack
he don't play like that
truth is he don't really play at all

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>