

Down in This Hole

The Builders and The Butchers

Nothing lasts forever in a God forsaken town
The pocket books are empty 'cause the priest is back in town
He's givin' all his dollars to the girls who work the square
Who never get a dime and then there's murder in the air
Never get a dime and then there's murder in the air
The cops all know who did it but they don't even care
They'll never lift a finger
They'll never spend a dime
They laughed at twenty strangers who they fingered for the crimeWay down
Way down in this holeWay down
Way down in this hole
Nothing lasts forever in a God forsaken town
The kid's are smokin' soon as they can walk across the ground
They all meet up at midnight takin' rides into the well
And dancin' while the devil taps his dirty finger nail
Dancin' while the devil taps his dirty finger nail
The innocent and kind are rounded up and thrown in jail
You never find a hero just dirty souvenir
For the old and broken angels are the ones that buy you hereWay down
Way down in this holeWay down
Way down in this holeWell you can cut your teeth on the sixteen former years
And the blood it just rolled down your cheeks like tears
You can hang your head when your death letter nears
And the blood it just rolled down your cheeks like tears
Nothing lasts forever in a God forsaken town
The judges all been put away
The criminals been crowned
Thousand guilty innocents that fill the prison walls
The chorus and the voices when they echo down the hall
Singing:Way down
Way down in this hole
Way down
Way down in this hole
Way down
Way down in this hole
Way down
Way down in this hole

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

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