

Judgement

Half Moon Run

You gotta believe me
I'm doing my best
I apologize for all the flack I caused for dropping out
Yeah I kicked up a storm
But the winds have died down
I've got a lot of bottles on the counter this time round
The story in my head
To the poets fly of (?)
Well they ought to stick a little suffering
Son of a working man
Well your work is so thin
But it spits you right out
Why is it so hard?
I should have run you out of town
And if it looks like it is
Then it probably ain't
The more that you talk
The more that my interest goes away
Yeah your work is so thin
But it spits you right out
Why is it so hard?
I should have run you out of town
I should have run you out of town

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>