Discomfort Inn

Tony Sly

A poor man with a rich man's habit is a dead man
Like a gun is nothing until in some ones hand
A funeral is party without a corpse
And a wedding is two strangers then divorce
A need a smaller pen so I can write
Because the devil has my idle hands within his sight
And I just want to say something true
It's a lie that you love me too
A murder is a cold body without police
And a bird with no wings is a rat to me
If you're able to go on another day
Consider yourself lucky, don't change
A bible is just paper without the words
With two ends and no content in the middle verse
And no chorus but I thank you for the guitar
I wouldn't have made it this far
When I say that I am talking about the years
My two daughters and my right hand that wipes the tears
Not from god's hand I let the sunlight shine through
All the darkness the ends with you

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