

# The No-Hit Wonder

Cory Branan

Years of living  
Blood your string  
Years of living  
Hand to mouth  
Years just getting  
Kicked again  
East to west  
North to south  
He coulda been making a killing  
Peddling a dream  
But if you found him at all  
You found him just scraping a living bloody string  
Sing a song for the no-hit wonder  
Though it isn't one of his  
He'd sing Shovel Me Under  
Boys, it is what it  
It is what it is He broke free from the way they raised him  
He knows a heart is hell enough  
And never full  
He never sang, the music would save him He knows never trust an Evangelical  
He say you wanna know what true love feels like  
It's the next best thing to death  
It feels like after an elbowed windpipe  
Just before the next breath  
Just before the next breath  
So where's your next breath  
Sing a song for the no-hit wonder  
Though it isn't one of his  
He'd sing Shovel Me Under  
Boys, it is what it  
It is what it is But at night he can hear the fireworks  
From his tunnel underground  
And he carved himself a little crawlspace  
Just lay his body down  
Just to hide from the sound  
To the thunder under town So sing a song for the no-hit wonder  
Though it isn't one of his  
He'd sing Shovel Me Under  
Boys, it is what it

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

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