

folk song.

Dillinger Four

It's like picking up the pieces is a daily chore
Thinking of your time card forms a habit
Watching rick folks on T.V.'s like picking a sore
Fuck it all, they can have it
And now I'm loaded like a gun again
Like a plague of locusts heaven sent
Just a ball of dissension with a death perception
I won't sweat the definition of content They said "better safe than sorry" and "look out for #1"
I heard "only play the cards your shown"
Fuck what they say
It doesn't matter anyway
Only in your grave are you alone Like grown men staring with little boy's eyes
And actresses speaking with conviction
These people should demand a pulitzer prize
For various works of fiction "Judge a book by it's cover"
And "keep one eye on your back"
I heard "only play the cards your shown"
I say fuck what they say
It doesn't matter anyway
Only in your grave are you alone So many people with so much to show
Rotting away in their own little holes
One can only wonder why
I'll celebrate my home
But know that I'm not alone
Only fools are "along for the ride"
In think of the size Of the world that's right outside
Please don't waste it trying to hide

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