

Dry Bristles

InMemory

it's more clever when you're young
just ask my brothers who will agree with me
your empty hand's my idle tongue
i hope the audience is listening i love my heroes cause they're not famous
this just might be my last chance
to let you know my name
before my chances pass away
so lend me your ear
i'll sing you passion
or point out every flaw you possess
don't question what you hear
the stories i tell are sincere is it over?
i'm not done with
this can't be it i'm not satisfied with being anonymous anymore
i'll make you scream my name my friends are family
my family comes first
wine tastes better vintage
our wishing wells are water holes
and pretty girls are best left alone
my music's precious
and art's a blessing
alcohol leads to empty words
i'm ready to cash out
tell them i sent you if in doubt it's not over
i'm not done with
this can't be it i'm not satisfied with being anonymous anymore
i'll make you scream my name bury me with my mistakes
i got my dreams i'll be just fine

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