

My Dakota

Goodbye Elliott

"Mad Dog" Tannen had
a foul notion,
that guns and murder weapons meant living beside the ocean,
paid to make an honest wage i know,
your paid to make an honest wage i know,
(but) donâ€™t say that

cause you keep making my dakota feel like,
he can say no words, no words at all,
you keep making my dakota feel like,
he can say no words, no words at all,

and jokes became that
as we studied as acting scholars,
and i went and shot you in the back,
over a matter of 80 dollars
but your paid to make an honest wage i know,
your paid in gold, while i remain yellow,
so don't say that

cause you keep making my dakota feel like,
he can say no words, no words at all,
you keep making my dakota feel like,
he a free fall down the Clayton Ravine so quit making his world so small,
and say no words at all.

Lyrics submitted by Amanda Peters.

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