Jewels and Bullets

You Am I

Every word they sling you
Hits like your folks have never been kind
And the jewels on your apron
Could use some calamine
Ugly girls and pit-faced boys
All hunch and join in the lineGot the shoe that you lived in
And the towel that you dried in
And there's a drink you can drown in
So choose a blanket to die inSpill a drink on his front and salsa on the plans
For a mall and high rise
'Cause there's only so much of string
That patrons can pull and unwindYou're the shoe that they lived in
And you're the towel that they dried in
And there's a drink you can drown in
They got the blanket you'll die in

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