Redneck

Washington Dead Cats

So goddamn easy to write this
You make it spill on the page
So drunk on your self, self-righteous
The laughing stock of your own fucking stage
But I ain't one to call names
Or throw stones in a house of glass
You try me
This is a motherfucking invitation
The only one you could ever need
This is a motherfucking invitation
You try me
Just one time, you got a reason
Heard you had nothing to lose
A blind preacher for the pin-eyed congregation
It must be easy to lose
But I ain't one to call names
Or throw stones in a house of glass
You try me
This is a motherfucking invitation
The only one you could ever need
This is a motherfucking invitation
You try me
You can tell the same lie a thousand times
But it never gets any more true
So close your eyes once more and once more believe
That they all still believe in you, just one time
This is a motherfucking invitation
The only one you could ever need
This is a motherfucking invitation
Just one time
This is a motherfucking invitation
You try me
Just one time, you try me
Just one time, you try me
You try me

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