

# 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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