

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