

Settling Son

Less Than Jake

Son, take it from me it's in the little victory's that keep you shaking hands with defeat,
Son I tell you reality isn't all its cracked up to be
but the years go lightening fast that i can't help but see we believed
its ok to leave the words caught in your throat
but you know that you're getting old,
you always do what your told,
going up in smoke and you're a ghost you know in the end you'll be walking the tight rope.
Son take it from me life's more than the floors of this factory and working fourty hours every esingle week.

Son I tell you reality isn't living down on your knees
but my life's gone in a flash and I just can't help but see
we believe its ok to leave the words caught in your throat
but you know that you're growing old,
you always do what you're told,
going up in smoke and you're a ghost you know in the end you'll be walking the tight rope.
Mouth full of rotting dynamite, you call this living a normal life, we're not living a normal life

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