

Post Office Lament

Down By Law

Waking so damn early well
This jobs become a living hell
More letters than the eye can see
I fell this pressure inside of meGot my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifleSupervisor stares me down
But he'll be begging when I come around
All the coworkers that I hate
They're gonna suffer the same damned fateGot my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifleEveryone thinks that I'm the quiet guy
Boy are they in for a big surprise
And if we all go down in a hail of lead
Well, this job sucks we're better off dead[Incomprehensible]Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifleGot my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle[Incomprehensible]
You're dead

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