

Blow It

Rozwell Kid

I'm out of patience to commit
I've got a shallow bag of tricks
And I don't know the first thing about what I'm doing
Enough amusement
Too many excuses
Write 'em down on a sheet to see
And throw it in the sea Pull me up, pull me down, pull me all around
Grabbing fresh by the neck, drag me underground
And you know if I blow it, I'll be running around
Telling everyone that I know that you kicked my ass
I've fallen, scraped my knees
I've ruined all my jeans
'Cause I can't make my feet work
The way they're supposed to
Enough illusions
Too many excuses
Write 'em down on a sheet to see
And throw it in the sea Pull me up, pull me down, pull me all around
Grabbing fresh by the neck, drag me underground
And you know if I blow it, I'll be running around
Telling everyone that I know that you kicked my ass
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Pull me up, pull me down, pull me all around You know if I blow it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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