

Everyone Choose Sides

Wrens

....13 grand
A year in the Meadowlands
Bored and rural-poor, lord, at 35, right?
I'm the best 17 year old everWorked these sands
I won't go back again
Quitter quitter one boy bitter - rough luck
Man to man hand to hand fight 40
We're losing sand!
A wrens' ditch battle plan
Record after record black and deckered tack! tack!
definition: hell and high water
fatty come a courtin' lord the money!everyone choose sides
the whole to-do of what to do for money
Poorer or not this year and hell's the differenceLet's talk plans
And luck said, 'double damned
Were you give women worth winning or what?
A wasted share of shots at high-tide heaven'
Greener grasses fade from where you wind up

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