

# Firewater

## The Premiers

Talkin' shit like shut up and listen to me  
Because cutting through the crap is my specialty  
Like a bomb I'm dropping yes a ton of lead  
You're trying to figure out the last thing I said  
I'm a redwood I love to be a tree yes I'm a druid  
My words are flowing out like a fluid  
Never give in never conform  
I'll be bustin' out rhymes in a triplet form  
Dead leaves on the trees in spring can't hear the birds sing  
A light powdered snow on the ground is glistening  
Vipers slither atop a colder ground they quiver  
A crack in the sky snow is falling and inside we shiver  
While I doze I suppose I could get lost  
With a brown skin friend claiming kin to crazy horse  
I stink of vino my greasy clothes are rancid but  
I tip the bottle back the spirits are in me kid  
Firewater call it liquid rapture  
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature  
Firewater the world's a mixture  
Of broken liquored people get the picture  
Firewater call it liquid rapture  
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature  
Firewater the world's a mixture  
Of broken liquored people get the picture  
Whiskey be spittle at the corners of my mouth  
I'm rather liquored light flickers, I got the shakes and jitters  
I roll I'm like raging bull bumrushin' the show  
Hand to my head sway in the fire I've waded into  
All alone except for the whiskey voices  
Whores laugh, neon signs flash other choices  
I stagger stumble to toast the past while I mumble  
Slur my song slow porno show marquee words crumble  
Firewater call it liquid rapture  
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature  
Firewater the world's a mixture  
Of broken liquored people get the picture  
Firewater call it liquid rapture  
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature  
Firewater the world's a mixture

Of broken liquored people get the picture  
You're hangin' around the house with all your friends  
Steady drinking smoking the green weed  
And head is sort of blinking you're going with the flow  
And everybody is getting plowed  
The voices and the music and the noise is getting loud  
You got a heavy buzz on when seven o'clock rolls around  
So you piule inside the clunker start heading downtown  
Only nineteen but you know where you can get it  
So you slide inside the bar and everything is hitting  
By about eleven o'clock your brain is near dead  
You really can't remember who was the one that said  
Let's go into the bathroom and meet this guy Chuck  
He's got a thirty dollar white powder pick me up  
Ten minutes later the whole vibe had changed  
You try for conversation but you know you're acting strange  
Your eyes are wide open but your smile is gone  
You just keep fiending 'til the fucking break of dawn  
Vipers slither atop a colder ground they quiver  
A crack in the sky snow is falling and inside we shiver  
While I doze I suppose

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