

Face to Face

Brett Ryan Stewart

by the crossroads in town

while the unloved ones drown

and so

you will die with the side kick, always on the ropes by the fight

and the lake is dry but everyone is stuck on the ice

through the soup kitchen prize

and the forecast of lies

you were poorly advised

but if

there are pastures of plenty how can all the fortunate hide

what is rightfully mine. it oughta be considered a crime

but their money is power, and power doesn't serve any time

but a fistful of green

in a wall street wet dream

couldn't wipe your soul clean

now i

am inclined to remind you oil doesn't burn the same

when it's tainted and bloody it's up clogging my vehicle's veins

with the blank shotgun stares,

and the front line impaired,

are the pawn-pushers scared?

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