Beto II

Fair to Midland

Reach. go on.Hands don't match,
Go and find the bars that make us hunger,
Maybe with knots and uniforms,
And if i may add,
Well i've got a big gun,
And i know just who i'm gonna use it on,
Maybe it'll make for the better.The beggar always has his strength,
His ambition is tapped,
Always occupied on the john,
While he's there let's take advantage.We are not the bringers of second chances gone within a moments notice,
And if it's genetic then i'll be fed through those same bars,
How appropriate.Days in march,
Go, leave us in debt and always hopeing,
Maybe in ten more years i'll know him,
And if i may add,
Well i've got a big serenge,
To show to all my close friends,
Maybe i'll upgrade near the kiddies.I'm still because i'm frozen.

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