J. Smith

Travis

There's a man on the street,
And he looks at his feet form his window.
And he swears at the sun,
And he curses the moon for its shadow.

Take a leaf from his book
Take a thread from his suite
He's a new man

And he prays to his god
That he reaps his reward
For his new plan

Oh, the mold has been cast
The radio's in the bath
Yeah yeah yeah

Labor tuus nunc ad terminum
Sed per deos, vade retro
Nomen nusquan video
Carbo in culo in aeternitatem
Placet satanae te vedere

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