

Sawed Off Shotgun

The Glorious Sons

Mother I don't wanna take my medicine
24 years in the gutter again, I'm losing it
I'm losing it Everybody's acting like they're all alright
I can barely get myself to sleep at night, I'm sick of it
Yeah, I'm sick of it Yeah, they sent the taxman
I lost my job, and
You got hooked on oxycodone
They shut the lights off
They took the car, and
I bought a sawed-off shotgun
Yeah, they sent the taxman
I lost my job, and
You got hooked on oxycodone
They shut the lights off
They took the car, and
I bought a sawed-off shotgun
I'd rather be crazy than to take these pills
I'm sick of being okay against my will
I'm losing it, I'm losing it Ain't a thing in this world that I'm gonna miss
It's all fake smiles and leather jackets
We're full of it, yeah we're full of shit I don't know who to trust Yeah, they sent the taxman
I lost my job, and
You got hooked on oxycodone
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They took the car, and
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I'm losing it
I bought a sawed-off shotgun
I'm losing it
I bought a sawed-off shotgun I don't know who to trust
Maybe people like us Yeah, they sent the taxman
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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