

Straight from the Jacket

No Use for a Name

So sorry son, you're worrying your mother
No explanation's gonna make it seem all right
Young boy, listen to your father
It's more than just your life, it's more than suicide
How does it feel?
When you're looking down the barrel of a loaded gun
Tell me how it feels
Did you see your life flash right before your eyes?
Stop playing games and get yourself up off the floor
Young boy, we're gonna send you to the lions
The men all dressed in white, when you became undone
How does it feel when I might have brought you up
But you are not my son
So many times I tried to bring you up, you brought me down
I won't consider you again, stop looking at me like you care
I worked my fingers to the bone
I'm not your father or a friend
You might have lived here once, but this is not your home
Tell me how it feels
You don't mean much to me, I didn't plant the seed
I'm not your father 'cause you didn't turn out right
Young boy, we're gonna feed you to the fire
It's more than just your life, it's more than suicide
How does it feel?
How does it feel?
How does it feel?
When you're looking down a barrel of a loaded gun...

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