

# Slow Down

## Boilermaker

Pull back my lip while I watch my step  
Spitting words hurts me  
Facing backwards might cause you to slip  
To slow down  
Watch your step take a little trip down  
Who knows where to land  
Your broken hand scratch my back

Mend me now  
My chance to move on who's to know  
But the outer side  
The outside might glimpse  
A glimpse gather my sense  
Sit back and mend myself  
Take a walk outside too bored to sleep  
Not enough time to get anything halfway done

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