

The Fighter, the Rube, the Asshole

The Falcon

Depressed and he sings about whiskey
deranged and he's covered in flies
The girls get their bindles delivered from boys on their bikes
And i don't believe in anyone
And you're not as hard as you say
You aren't dying or soaking your soul
Boy, you don't know shit about shame You are a beautiful man with guitar covered in glory and love
You've never shaken and barfed in your bed even once I don't believe you're a fighter
I don't believe you're a rube.
I don't believe in nothing you're trying to prove
I'm up here dying with headfulls of pills,
fingers of rubber a heartful of chills.
Oh? I'm up here dying with headfulls of pills,
fingers of rubber a heartful of chills.
Oh? Somewhere something's on fire and somewhere a boy's 'bout to die
Somewhere down in a rathole, they're praying to come up alive But this is the part where the pretty ones laugh
while they're pretending to cry But this is the part where the pretty ones laugh while they're pretending to cry So
bang on your drum and raise up your arms to the only god you've ever known.
But stay the fuck out of my alley. (This is my home.)
Stay the fuck out of my alley
Stay the fuck out of my alley
This is my home.
You ain't nothing but an asshole
You ain't nothing but an asshole
You ain't nothing but an asshole
(ASSHOLE)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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