

Roll With the Punches

The Harpoonist and The Axe Murderer

I got a bottle of pills
I got nicotine
I got television, bad drinks I got alimony
I got two stiff drinks
I got enough to cover the criminal record
I got takes I try to roll with the punches,
but the punches keep rolling me I got a new guitar, but I got no strings
I got a microphone, but no song sang
I got vocabulary, but nothing to say
I got an open road, I know where to go,
but nowhere to stay I try to roll with the punches,
but the punches keep rolling me I got a checkered tust
I got checkered teeth
I got a bleeding hip from sleeping in the steep I try to roll with the punches,
but the punches keep rolling me Yeah the punches keep rolling on me
Yeah the punches keep rolling

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