

Comrade

The Whiskey Gentry

Like I didn't know it
Choking on the pulp of it
Semper fi
You kept me on your long line
Tugging in the whole time
Keep shining on And that silent head grip
Can't do it no more The honey bin
The bunny's in
Is telling you there's a countdown
Oh, damn your eyes To add that one a long time
Sitting on a strip line
Said it will be a tall climb Said that we could go back
Said that we could go find
Terra-forming!
Said that you were coke blind
Drinking in dramnesic
Tore out at the comrade That's a comrade, making a comrade offer That Ticonderoga's shit
Made my mind and my heart all split up over
The floor of the jackpot
There's a floor to the jackpot
Where'd you rise? You don't even lie to me no more They say you ain't a comrade
Still, I'd know you'd come back
For a folly-ridden Romeo, you break down a fortress now
Standing out in public
Stained with your conscience I know that you love me
You are just lawless, son Give it another fortnight
Eye to eye the culprit
Just rid the fucking pulpit
I ain't giving you another full ride
Underneath the combine
Said it didn't bump you right
Habitual falling right?

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