

Born Again Idiot

Anthrax

Why do I explain myself when everyone's
An idiot but me
I think some people need
Killing for stupidity and I'll be born again
Kicking and screaming
And dragged back into a life
Like Ten pounds in a nine pound bag
Still I come back to give you something
That you never had.
Idiot rules
I never fight I only win
And I don't make em
I never bend I only break them
Finish my smoke, down my drink, wipe my mouth
And I just walk away
What's the chance of finding something
Real and make it last
For that I'd carry all my bags and leave
Them in the past
Because I spend my life fixing mistakes
That left me scarred
And when I stand and meet my maker
I'll be born again hard Don't judge me by my sins

Songwriters

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