Atticus Cobain

Dispatch

I never been to London
You never been to Spain
I never been to war,
You never been to prison
But we never been the sameAfter all is said and done
There was so much more to relate
Now the world will never know just what it lost that dayGive me some hotdamn,
Give me some birdman
Give me some Proud Mary
The one with Claudia Lennear
Give me that mixtape,
Give me those school days,
Give me some hard cider
The one we did not mean to make
I was never beaten down like you were
I got to grow up in your wake
Momma always protected you
And dad was my ticket awayAnd after all that was said and done
There was so much more to relate
Now the world will never know
Just what it lost that dayGive me some hotdamn
Give me some birdman
Give me some Proud Mary
The one with Claudia Lennear
Give me that mixtape,
Give me those school days
Give me some hard cider
The one we did not mean to make
In prison there was more drugs than I ever seen
And they let me stay out all night and trip the starlight til my soul was clean
And when I got out, I began my journey to the east
As they were filling you up with pillsGive me some hotdamn,
Give me some birdman,
Give me some Proud Mary
The one with Claudia Lennear
Give me that mix tape,
Give me those school days
Give me some hard cider
the one we did not mean to makeGive me that long skate, give me that heartache

Give me some Proud Mary
The one with Claudia Lennear
Give me that penalty kill
Give me some big chill
Oh, you be Dignan Redding and I'll be Atticus Cobain
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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