Welcome to the Fold

Filter

You take my money
You think you're great
You think it's funny
And I hate your faceYou got your Jesus
And I got my space
You got your reasons
And I got my caseJust gotta sit yourself down
To contemplate
You get yourself a nice cold beer
And drink yourself awayYou're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okay
You're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okayYou think you're precious
And I think you're shit
And I'd kill your father
To destroy his seedOh nothing will ever
Destroy your greedYou just gotta sit yourself down
To contemplate
Get yourself a nice cold beer
And drink yourself awayYou're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okay
You're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okayNow when you break yourself down
Go to this place
You give yourself the reason
To get off your caseAnd when you break it down yeah
And see through this shit
You give yourself the reason
To live through thisMama, give me my medicine
Mama, give me my medicine
Mama, give me my medicine
The one that makes me feel tallerMama, give me my medicine
Mama, give me my medicine
The one that makes me feel so tall, tall
Like a tall treeMama, give me my medicine
That makes me feel like a tall tree
Mama, give me my medicine
That makes me feel like a tall treeMama, give me my medicine
That makes me feel like a tall treeYou're celebrating nothing

And you feel a-okay
You're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-kay

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