Disgust

Tom Gabel

Im born to cry, I live and die
I search and find, I waste my time
I blame my loss when I drag my cross
I reach my parts, I see disgustI gotta hold on, I gotta hold on
I gotta hold on, I gotta hold on to my disgustI dig, I creep, I laugh and sleep
I roll and thunder, I steal and plunder
I twitch, I grow sometimes I wonder
My mind so slowI gotta hold on to my disgustYou should see it work, the politics and dirt
Give it to you inch by inch, raving in other style
Take it from you mile by mile as they winch them in
Well, so the south she cries, about the west they smileI gotta hold on, I gotta hold on
I gotta hold on, I gotta hold on
I gotta hold on, I gotta hold on
I gotta hold on, I gotta hold onI gotta hold on

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