

# Judgement

## Half Moon Run

You gotta believe me  
I'm doing my best  
I apologize for all the flack I caused for dropping out  
Yeah I kicked up a storm  
But the winds have died down  
I've got a lot of bottles on the counter this time round  
The story in my head  
To the poets fly of (?)  
Well they ought to stick a little suffering  
Son of a working man  
Well your work is so thin  
But it spits you right out  
Why is it so hard?  
I should have run you out of town  
And if it looks like it is  
Then it probably ain't  
The more that you talk  
The more that my interest goes away  
Yeah your work is so thin  
But it spits you right out  
Why is it so hard?  
I should have run you out of town  
I should have run you out of town

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