

Welcome To The Fold

Filter

You take my money
You think you're great
You think it's funny
And I hate your face You got your Jesus
And I got my space
You got your reasons
And I got my case Just gotta sit yourself down
To contemplate
You get yourself a nice cold beer
And drink yourself away You're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okay
You're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okay You think you're precious
And I think you're shit
And I'd kill your father
To destroy his seed Oh nothing will ever
Destroy your greed You just gotta sit yourself down
To contemplate
Get yourself a nice cold beer
And drink yourself away You're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okay
You're celebrating nothing
And you feel a-okay Now when you break yourself down
Go to this place
You give yourself the reason
To get off your case And when you break it down yeah
And see through this shit
You give yourself the reason
To live through this Mama, give me my medicine
Mama, give me my medicine
Mama, give me my medicine
The one that makes me feel taller Mama, give me my medicine
Mama, give me my medicine
The one that makes me feel so tall, tall
Like a tall tree Mama, give me my medicine
That makes me feel like a tall tree
Mama, give me my medicine
That makes me feel like a tall tree Mama, give me my medicine
That makes me feel like a tall tree You're celebrating nothing

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

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