

Until Morale Improves The Beating Will Continue

Murder By Death

I walked the road from Tucson to San Antonio with the smell of blood on my breath
ninety days of sweat and dirt feels like one night when you've got nothing left
till there's nothing left to do but die
buckshot is my bread and I'll drink whiskey instead of water cause I can't
stand to be sober in this place
your hands on my face every step of the way tryin' to peel away the pain
well
buckshot is my bread and I'll drink whiskey instead of water cause I can't stand to be sober in this place
your
hands on my face every step of the way tryin' to peel away the pain
I'll drink whiskey instead of water
I'll drink whiskey instead of water
I'll drink whiskey instead of water

Songwriters

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