

Drunk or Dead

The New Amsterdams

Well little did I know it then
Our pictures on the heads of pins
They're easier to live in this
They're easier to watch you die
Lost what little luck was left
It's not enough to pay the rent
Not enough to force repentance
Not enough to make you pray

And don't tell me
About the sins of Man
I've felt the sting of God's right hand

I find him after school in bed
I don't know if he's drunk or dead
A slow but steady breath means
He'll live to wreck another day
It's terrible to cross my mind
That I should do him in this time
Then I could find a better life
Become a burden on the state

You can't run
When it's all you know
You just have to wait to go

And you can't hurt me, 'cause
I've been true
Your horrid life caught up to you
I've got bruises you can't see
If there's a God,
Take him from me