

When It Comes Down To You

Against All Authority

She stands a target behind the counter.
And she burns alittle more from every encounter.
Spit on, again and again, till her eyes are bloodshot.
Now, its slowly sunken in.
"Theres gotta be more to life than this."
She whispers under her breathe as she pulls another double shift.
Shes 21, a single mother of two.
This fuckin dead end job, it barley buys enough food.

Its slowly killin me, I gotta go.
Cause I feel my blood pumpin like a stereo.
Ive kept it bottled up inside, but now its gonna blow.
What are you gonna do, when it comes to you?
Its slowly killin me, I gotta go.
Back in the van, back on the road.
Another town, another fucking show.
What are you gonna do when it comes to you?

10 years of fuckin fast food.
Ive been shot at twice and always talked down to.
Unappericated, misunderstood, overwork, underpaid, dodging bullets in the hood.
One thing I know is this lifes not for me.
I can never be a funcitonal member of society.
Only thing thats been keepin me sane, is playin these songs, cause it eases the pain.

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