

Belongings

Bear Hands

At the gentle age of nine, I bought my first forty-five
Oh I drink and I drink and I'm sticking to a flea
Oh I drink oh I drink and I smoke a little weed
No never say no to no fire skag
No never say no to the love in hand

Pocket full of cigarettes, pocket full of tea
Yeah momma always mad but she never mad at me
Schlep it to the sidewalk, sell a few things
I'm a joke when I'm bored I'm a hole I'm a leak
No never say no to no fire skag
No never say no to the love in hand

Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb
Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb

The half debt the razor said, the carpet is soaking in
I saw raw iron before you came, I kept myself from old south ma
in
No never say no to no fire skag
No never say no to the love in hand

Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb
Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb

Oh I cross him off, cross him off, cross him off (3x)

At the gentle age of nine, I bought my first forty-five
Oh I drink and I drink and I'm drinking in the trees
Oh I drink oh I drink I've been drinking for a week