

# Cannon Fodder

Benjamin Tod

Bloodstains on my collar powders on my dollars  
Filthy haze and something strange stuck beneath my skin  
I miss the past and your sweet laugh ringing from the holler  
Oh but what a waste to dream and chase for we are cannon fodder

Oh how we all pretend  
Although we know not a soul will be there in the end  
It's funny how a bottle feels closer than a friend  
Never holds back and always gives in

Who you are now is a warm and distant feeling  
Keeps my ears ringing like a gunshot on the porch  
In our prime we both may find something to believe in  
But it's curing time and my last dime's gonna  
Put me through the ceiling

Oh how we all pretend  
Although we know not a soul will be there in the end  
It's funny how a bottle feels closer than a friend  
Never holds back and always gives in