

# Reese

## Big Red Machine

What you shoulda been  
What you woulda been  
Well it ain't no problem now  
What's your middle name?  
Are you often blamed?  
Do you care about the cost?

Where's the middle again?  
Can I get back there?  
Well I won't let 'em talk  
Well it's at it again  
And it heads to its home  
On the north end of reded woe  
Well I won't be ready to go  
I'll deny

A little bit older now  
Out in the wilderness  
With some valedictorian  
You had wagered up your torch  
And then you lost your paraffin  
Off the dead, stump up the trees  
Oh, your head, it spilt the crease  
And the ghosts you may never know  
You will never mend

I will never end  
And I went off then  
To the meadowlands  
Where your Mama can't  
That's a boundary, pass on it

What you woulda been  
What you shoulda been died

Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more

Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more

Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more

Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more than that  
Well I'm more, here we go

What's that supposed to be mean?  
It is over me

All before 11:30  
And by noon I'll be, I'll be  
Dreading everything

I won't belabor points but I will hit you on the head  
I won't belabor points but I will hit it on the head  
I won't belabor points but I will hit you on the head  
I won't belabor points but I will hit it on the head