

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 redded 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
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