

Strawman

Billy Woods

Show was a Bar & Lounge
Root canal, false crown
Roll through dust bowl town, windows down
True Grit, water for ground
So woke, still got a chew stick
Good Hair Party was True Whig
Didn't see any faces, darkies was too quick
Susan Smith swimming out the whip
Endless pools, Australian Rules
Genghis Wept, summer so cruel
Secrets kept, carried like drug mules
Gave everything, needle still ain't move
Pray to your gods or curse them
Buildings with grand, chipped, facades
Lefty so the grip was odd
Came up on the car feeling like Ahmadinejad

The walls talk, don't make it last
All's lost, won't make it back
You're fading fast into darkness
Responses, darkness, locked and ready
Responses are heartless, but ya locked and ready
But ya locked and ready
The walls talk, don't make it last
All's lost, won't make it back
You're fading fast into darkness
Responses, darkness, locked and ready
Responses are heartless, but ya locked and ready
But ya locked and ready

I'm a strawman argument
I'm a posthumous pardon
A dusty box of video game cartridges
Sitting in an empty apartment
Sparking like the wiring in a black church
Arson sky darken with black birds

Skies black as the iris
You can divide it
Information or silence
None the wiser, come to find
That'll be ya pitfall
Better pull that ripcord
It's all gusto
There's only few people I could trust
And trust you're all gusto
Trust, it's all gusto
Like I'm supposed to
I'm supposed to be
Well I suppose
Supposedly
I'm not supposed to
I'm not supposed to be
Yet never let it take control
I'm told

Ponder the lobster in a pot of warming water

Silver Elantra, marijuana sauna
Telling the woman about how there's no dogs in Rwanda
Stingers to Unita, coca paste to Contras
Gravediggin' fittin' to build me a monster
Lean sippin' slipping in and out of vision
Still steer the Oldsmobile game like Brazil
He wouldn't be proud but I'm being real
Live at the BBQ, Pernil on the grill
Sore losers detailing how they feel
Winners quick to run off the field like count it
Violate airspace, I'm a down it
Street teams of 90's heads running around frowning
Do a DVD talking wise outside
Your former public housing

I'm supposed to
I'm supposed to be
Well I suppose
Supposedly
I'm not supposed to
I'm not supposed to be
Yet never let it take control
I'm told that
I'm supposed to
I'm supposed to be
Well I suppose
Supposedly
I'm not supposed to
I'm not supposed to be
Yet never let it take control
I'm told

The walls talk, don't make it last
All's lost, won't make it back
You're fading fast into darkness
Responses, darkness, locked and ready (it's all gusto)
Responses are heartless, but ya locked and ready (it's all gusto)
But ya locked and ready (it's all gusto)