

Buzzards

Bryan Martin

Oh, black buzzards sittin' on a tree
They keep on circlin' with their eyes on me
My face is pale and my lips are blue
They don't know the trouble that they're gettin' into

'Cause I ain't gonna run
Sure ain't gonna hide
And that mean old sun
Still ain't left the sky

'Cause I've had that cold, still cold love
Pressed against my head
In this fight, I got a second chance
Still ain't killed me dead
I've had my heart broken in million pieces
By the people I still love
And damn, it really hard but it still ain't hard enough
So if you wanna get the best of me
It's gonna take more
Than some buzzards in a tree

Well, I can hear 'em laugh, I can hear 'em crow
But this son of a bitch sure dies slow
On my way up there, I'm lookin' thin
They don't know yet, but I fooled 'em all again

'Cause I ain't gonna run
Sure ain't gonna hide
Mr. Sun
Still burnin' up the sky

'Cause I've had that cold, still cold love
Pressed against my head
In this fight, I got a second chance
Still ain't killed me dead
I've had my heart broken in million pieces
By the people I still love
And damn, it really hard but it still ain't hard enough
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Four black buzzards, now there's three
One killed, the other one waitin' on me
Three black buzzards, soon to be two
Devil knows which one's about to lose