

## 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  
So if you wanna get the best of me  
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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