

Doomed from the Start

Deer Tick

Now the clouds, they box me in
No virgin light on my virgin skin
Another lie, another win
Reconsider your next of kin

All the people that you trust
Are they like me? They've all gone nuts

Now the rainbow has turned to dust
Paper trails have been turning up
Dogs will fight over mostly piss
But when they're hungry, it's mostly this

All the people I think they love you
Sue each other, the fault is on you

Looking past all the red tape
I can see your lives drift away

All God's children
Who throw around their weight
Like overgrown children
We're all bound to break

Now the moon, she seems so far
Like pawn shop walls and their guitars
Maybe dad makes me throw a punch
Maybe I have grown up enough

All the people who wanna claim blood
They can't sweep it under their rugs

All God's children
Who throw around their weight
Like overgrown children
We're all bound to break