

## That's What You Get

Freedy Johnston

Too bad about your place  
Well that's how the cellophane curls  
I will walk back tonight  
Kick through the ashes of your guitar

In a long black coat, broken shoes  
I was right there and you didn't know

Too bad about your place  
Well that's what you get for being hungry  
I will walk back tonight  
With all my beautiful friends

Too bad you can't lay down  
Well that's what you get for standing up  
I will walk back tonight  
Kick through the ashes of your guitar

In long black coat that looks like hell  
With a ring I found by the biker bar  
Where the smoke is trying to get away  
I was right there and you didn't know