

# No Peace Of Mind To Rest

Gregor Barnett

Panic divides petrified minds  
As I stare through the slotted blinds  
Between finger and thumb  
I search for someone  
'Cause I heard a noise in the night  
Was it leaves in the breeze  
Or crucified thieves  
Or was it the secret police?  
Who's trying to mess with me?

A weary world leans on its crutch  
Walking down Main Street all boarded up  
Line up for liquor, need to feel numb  
Woke up this morning wanting to buy a gun  
Something small and discreet  
Something I can tuck in my jeans  
When I go out in the streets

The finite future is choosing the losers  
So who is it gonna be? You or me?  
(You or me)

I got no peace of mind to rest  
No peace of mind to rest  
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No peace of mind to rest

Breaking bread with your empty chair  
My superstitious side is saying prayers  
Oh, depression's a deadly weapon  
I wish I could believe in the clouds of heaven  
'Cause then I'd know you're okay  
And I'd no longer have to worry  
If the ground is cold at night  
Or if the grave digger left on a light

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