

Judgement

Half Moon Run

You gotta believe me, I'm doing my best
I apologize for all the flack I caught for dropping out
Yeh you kicked up a storm, but the winds have died down
I got a lot of bottles on account of this around

I'm sorry I'm not him
The poet's right hand
The artistic little suffering son-of-a-working-man
You work yourself in, but it spits you right out
Why is it so hard?

I should've run you out of town!

If it looks like it is, then it probably ain't
The more than you talk the more my interest goes away
You work yourself in, but it spits you right out
Why is it so hard?

I should've run you out of town!