

Even Adam Kevin Helen

Into It. Over It.

If I stood Sin City on its side
A towering right-hook of lights about 10 miles high
And you can fear not
Cause my entire face hurts
A swollen jaw and blood on my shirt

From the fat-lip that this dry air provides
But, who is taking sides?
A one-hundred-and-twenty hour alcohol party
In a blur of business cards and catalogs
Getting started

And no one's been pronouncing my name right
No one's been saying my name right
Making my waiting more urgent for a new home
And a four hour red-eye flight

No one's been saying my name right
No one's been saying my name right
No one's been saying my name right
No one's been pronouncing my name right