Blessed Act

Jack Stauber

Gutter, bet he's feeling
Better off than stealing
Cutter off maker
Pissy handshaker

There comes a time
In every man's life
Where the fat seem useless
And the stars near dawn

Think, he'll call her
Think, he'll call her
Think, he'll call her
Think, he'll call her

Think, he'll call her
Think, he'll call her
He will call her

Dollar treats and the botched directions
Take it down, there's no protection
Dollar treats and the botched directions
Take it down, there's no protection

Take it down, there's no protection

Oh...
Oh...
Oh...
Oh...
Oh...
Oh...
Oh...

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