

## The Hand We're Dealt

Lower Class Brats

Now we're growing up, my old friend  
Never bothering to right our wrongs  
All we've ever known was youth  
Getting drunk and singing songs

[Chorus]

But I'm the only one to blame  
All my friends changed but I stayed the same  
The hand we're dealt is often hard  
I got stuck with the joker card  
Never trust anyone over 30  
Now how can we trust ourselves  
Should we trade it all it all for a suit  
And put the rest of it on the shelf

[Chorus]

All the doors that were open to you  
They all got shut in my face  
When I go back and try the knob  
They're all locked firmly in place  
Now I work a dead end job  
Hey little rich boy take a look at me  
I know I'm not living in paradise  
But there's no place that I'd rather be

[Chorus]