

## Straight From The Top

## Lucky Boys Confusion

Straight from the top  
Landed on the bottom  
Names that you dropped  
They've already caught 'em

Leave you for dead  
Fending off the vultures  
Don't think to tread  
On a poultry counting culture

No, you don't even have control  
Muscles are flexed  
Your back is propaganda  
Numbers and text  
Had ulterior agenda

No, you don't even have control  
Give me something real, or let me go

Running in place  
Only makes me tired of this cage  
Pointing me in every direction  
At once

And every mistake  
Lets you see me fall on my face  
Save in some face  
Walk it off  
No, you don't even have control  
Give me something real, or let me go  
Just let me go  
Yeah let me go