

Conflict-resolution and it's damn sure not specialty  
I want to thank everyone for listening to the album that they just listen to  
Please don't take out your lighters though it's kinda sad

I'm from the meth-lab city of broken dreams and cracked out dope of means  
Where everybody is lookin for an ocean scene  
Where pac and biggie are pass'e  
Cause back home we speak in terms of mac dre and fat tone  
I'm from a city where there's actually people that  
Are bother by the thought of homosexual marriage  
The bible belt friendly smiles and christian steeples  
And names like bobby sue jenkins and belinda peoples  
This town is so erie when it snows all the trees look like  
Ghost appearing from the road  
The crows flew south of heaven and found the elixir  
The echo of silence whisper from the mouth of the river  
To say yah the city could be great one day but the first step  
Is getting out of our own way  
I've been to bigger cities they produce bigger frowns  
All dying right here in this town

And I know there's something beautiful within my grasp  
And I know I think I'm satisfy but it won't last  
And I know to lace my boots up and pick my path  
I'll find another rain storm to fill my glass  
(2x)

To quote my life is written by anonymous fuck it  
I think I'll keep the liquid courage and the broken promises  
So if your comin' over bring the bottle and a cup  
There's a war goin on outside and I don't give a fuck  
I can never win the fight for me  
I could only minimize the details of my life story  
I was born late july 1981 skip a bunch  
Bullshit until now and then stories done  
But I'm a write the chapters later in my life  
In a nursing home with a sweet lady for a wife  
Both of us in wheel chairs we quietly hold hands  
It's strange but one day I'm gonna be an old man  
I hope to be happy on that day because  
I finally stood up and moved the hell outta my own way  
I need to move the hell outta my own way  
(note to self) so do you

And I know there's something beautiful within my grasp  
And I know I think I'm satisfy but it won't last  
And I know to lace my boots up and pick my path  
I'll find another rain storm to fill my glass  
(4x)

No no no  
Don't get your lighters out this isn't ben harper  
Thank you southern thank you opus and thank you kansas city  
Goodnight