

# Macbeth

Max McNown

Thousands of miles are adding up inside his heart  
He's still playing the game, but he's running out of cards  
His queen of hearts is holding on to that sunset  
As the joker's riding off chasing gold out in the west

The road to hell is paved with good intentions like they said  
Our protagonist is just a modern-day Macbeth  
No one chooses death but the grave's a guarantee  
Who would start a journey headed for a tragedy?

Lynchburg, Tennessee, well, it's known for making fire  
Mix it with some lonely and you're bound to walk a wire  
He had no idea it'd kill him when the whiskey hit his lips  
One more shot of Daniels was that dying boy's last wish

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Pretty little lies flashing by before her eyes  
She stares at them all day wishing that could be her life  
Little did they know she would always say "I'm fine"  
Hiding all the heartache up until her last goodbye

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Headed for a tragedy