

Low Light Low Life

P.O.S.

Yeah, uh...

Barrel full of powder, ship full of tea
Closer by the hour, bringing sick to the seas
Bellies full of barder, think with the thieves
Once they hit the harbor it's a wick in the breeze
There goes another one (whoa!), right out from under 'em
Different seashore, same thirty stores
There goes another one (whoa!), right out from under 'em
Worldwide mining town, steal it up, sell it down
And not too long ago, mom and pop owned a shop
Prognosis progress, the Dow owns the block
Here to sell 'em salvation or elevation sort of
Signal disorder, it's celebration Florida
They got the medicine to fix your mood
Till you learn to mind your place and eat that Sysco food
You crave the arrogance the rich folk ooze
Take life, waste life just to get those jewels
Uh huh, uh huh, heads will roll
Low light low life, recite that untold
Keep with the goals, rehearse for the eleventh hour
It will be arrow after arrow after bullet after sunflower
Uh huh, uh huh, heads will roll
Low light low life, recite that untold
Keep with the goals, rehearse for the eleventh hour
It will be barrel after barrel after barrel of that gunpowder
It seems we've fallen out of favor, the era ended on us
Now the money's just paper, the houses all haunted
We had a hell of a run before it caught up
For all the corners cut we got an avalanche of sawdust
Life of the party, we're death of the novel
The glass is half-empty so pass the next bottle
It's flight of the salesman, death of the bumblebee
Nothing left for the attorneys and the tumbleweeds
They say that God's on the right, so goes the rhetoric
But I think that cross is like a kite that left a skeleton
And I think that Russell was right, but that's irrelevant friend
For all I know there'll be nothing left to defend tomorrow
Sugar in the gas tank, nothing in the cashbox
Thought that we were so sick, looking like it's smallpox
The bullets are still on the shelves
But when the armory empties, we're melting down the bells
It's the end of law and order, Dick Wolf
Aware in America, rocking a cheap sheep suit
Pulled wool, weave through
Stay on course till pulled over by that pulled pork
Cops keeping the peace/piece... cocked
Catch and release like a sportsman, see 'em in the court then
Piss poor paying them a portion, huh
Funny how they distort extortion
Never better, P.O.S. dance to the rhetoric
Lean to the left, call me terrorish, rock with it
Dance fever got 'em peeping out the prints on the floor
True believers keep they eyes on the horizon
Catch me sizing up the silent, check the crooked grind
Watch me 50/50, keep the balance between the coping and the feeble mind
I hope the broken folk rewind
Nothing left for token jokers here, skate off, we doing fine

[Chorus]