

Paul Kersey to Jack Kimball

P.O.S.

And it's a cold winter.

And it's cold when you're told he's got a tag on his toe
Nuh-uh, no (nuh-uh)nuh-uh don't let it go
Get the call from your mama/tears/drama
Didn't go peacefully, see, he was murdered in cold
Blood on the windshield, move like it's nothin
See motherf**kers are tough but could give a f**k about nothin
Ever changes around here, stand like an ape
And you swear you're so sorry but didn't hit the brakes
You're a killer,
And I don't mean it like you mean it, you piece of rat-shit
I hope you burn for this
And I ain't talkin about fire and brimstone
Hope your murder weapon crashes into a close
There it goes, so it's you all alone
As you go, and it's real when you peel
Your f**kin face off the wheel
And I can see my own breath
It gets colder when thrown a cold shoulder

See, we don't throw our hands up like we don't care any more,
We throw our hands up like we don't care anymore,
Cuz we don't, and how could we,
Nothing ever goes how it should, we...
I give it all to the bone,
My people are not alone

(You are not alone)

See we're cold to the sirens,
Bow violens as we stroll hella silent
Like seeking asylum
While sneakin insida a
Box in the closet, was locked til he got it,
Cocked and he shot it,
Amazed by the weight and the way,
It made his most famous display,
By all of his favorites he prayed
Practiced at sayin his name
And okay (okay,)They shootin,
Made you look at yourself, what you say,
And it's wrong (it's wrong)
What you gonna do when your son's gone,
To a better place, caught a hot line in the face,
Displaced anger, Lay your flowers down and stand strong,
And I can see my own breath,
It gets colder when thrown a cold shoulder,
You ever feel like

There ain't nothin left