

Soliloquy

Protest the Hero

You can reach for your service pistol
By the time you get it, I'm betting that this will be
Over and done with, leave your badge and your gun
You won't be coming home tonight

Because you're dealing with a man at the end of his rope
And I'll be swinging for the fences on a prayer and a hope
There'll be no celebrations, or banner, libations
Just your sad and lonely wife

You want the glory
Resplendent kill
You want the story of the ill-famed blood you spilled
'Cause there's a Midwest overcoat
And it's begging to be filled
And if I'm not caught wearing it, you will

You'll have to do better than that
You'll have to do better than that
'Cause it passed right through the abdomen of this same old lucky cat
Yeah, you'll have to do better than that
Fuck it

In 1916, at 7 years old, I shot a kid in the mug with a found pistol
First taste of the bracelets, first taste of the can
Gave him a taste of the grave before his life began
And all we know is all that we've been told

Reformed or refined, as if by design
By a prison system that's all but resigned
When the ideal prisoner should spend his life drifting back and forth
Back and forth
Back and forth
Back and forth

So swaddle me in a Native blanket
You know I can't stand being cold
Leave me out front of the bleeding church
To meet the head of the household

I sold my soul for a handful of kills and a bankroll
I sold my soul

Swaddle me in a Native blanket
You know I can't stand being cold
Leave me out front of the bleeding church
To meet the head of the household
I sold my soul

You want the glory
Resplendent kill
You want the story of the ill-famed blood you spilled
'Cause there's a Midwest overcoat
And it's begging to be filled
And if I'm not caught wearing it, you will

Drive, just drive

Get in the car, just drive away
Just drive
Get in the car, just drive away

You'll have to do better than that
You'll have to do better than that
'Cause it passed right through the abdomen of this same old lucky cat
Yeah, you'll have to do better than that

Oh, you'll have to do better than that
You'll have to do better than that
'Cause it passed right through the abdomen of this same old lucky cat
Yeah, you'll have to do better than that
(Fuck it)

Oh no
I think I'm bleeding out
You take the wheel, so take the wheel

Oh no (You'll have to do better)
I think I'm bleeding out (You'll have to do better than that)
You take the wheel, so take the wheel (You'll have to do better)
(You'll have to do better than that)