

Milk Man

Rare Americans

Sometimes I drive and ignore the signs
Without a seconds thought
I'm not an asshole, but I don't care about getting caught
My friend the lawyer pads his time
I think the man behind the man has got his hands
In both your pockets laughing
Grinding, like the milkman

Pull the strings, the people dance
On a leash like sheep herd, cash advance
Put enough in your pocket, your life's a loan
Till you can't get straight, deep red, full blown
You got no one to turn to
And people you owe
You're a dope, head shakin', battered, broke
Life is tough man
We go on with the show
This life is tough, man
And everybody knows

I call it as I see it
I'm straight as shooters go
I might indulge a little
In this life you never know

I call it as I see it
I'm straight as shooters go
I might indulge a little
I said "fuck it" long ago

What is your play at the end of the day? (should I know?)
Will you stay down or will you find a way? (I'll find a way)
What is your play at the end of the day? (I think I know)
Will you stay down or will you find a way?
I'll find a way
I'll find a way

I call it as I see it
I'm straight as shooters go
I might indulge a little
In this life you never know

I call it as I see it
I'm straight as shooters go
I might indulge a little
I said "fuck it" long ago
I said "fuck it" let it go