

Placemat Blues

Slobberbone

Get up from the table and just walk away
There's nothing for me anyway
No reason that I should stay
Where's the place at the table for folks like me?
There's not one that I can see
Not one I can see
Used to be nothing sweeter than the signals it could
send
The musical hand it could lend
Could be a lonely man's best friend
Where's the place at the table for folks like them?
Do you not want what they can spend?
Where's your place for them?
Now don't tell me that you don't see these things all
sideways
I wish that you might one day see things my way
I know what you say, you say you serve the youth

You serve them Bizkits and Korn with a spoon
But I think you just serve you
Where's the place at the table for folks like us
When there's no one that we can trust?
Where's the place for us?
Now don't tell me that you don't see these things all
sideways
I hope that you might one day see these things my way
That's my rant, I bet it don't make a dent
I waste all these little laments
And wait for accidents
So go on buy it all, buy it all and sell it off
The towers, the meters, the speakers, the knobs
Send it back to God
Just don't tell me that you don't see these things all
sideways
And don't tell me that I might one day see things your
way
We should kick your ass from here to Friday
Then maybe you might one day see these things my way