

Jimmy Bartlett's Teeth

The Taxpayers

There was this kid I used to know and he was born with the
Wrong name and I would walk with him to school every day
On a cold October morning, he was jumped by a gang of local high school kids with pipes and rusty chains
When the ambulance arrived all his teeth were broken out and Jimmy Bartlett never walked quite the same
Turns out the house that he grew up in had been stolen by a man
100 years before who shared his last name

And while we're talking about houses we grew up in, lemme
Tell you about mine: it was an honest little one story place
But when my mother died it became abandoned for a while, and
Was quickly repossessed by the bank
But then in 1985 a couple neighborhood kids broke into the house through the back door
When the fire trucks arrived, it was burnt to the ground
There ain't a sign of that house there any more

But that's alright. But that's alright
But that's alright. But that's alright
But that's alright. But that's alright
But that's alright. But that's alright
That's alright. that's alright. right. right. right. right.

When I was nine years old I watched a kid get his legs broken
Because of his last name
17 years later, an arson fire burned down the house where I was
born. There ain't no moral to any of that and there ain't nobody to blame
It was just one of those things