

Off That

Tom MacDonald

This is downtown music

If you aren't livin' on the edge then you have too much space
Every liar that I know has a real honest face
Ah, I realized that we are after now, and give it to the free like a garbage
bag of hand-me-downs
This isn't any of your business like a pocket dial
Feed you and your alligator boots to the crocodiles
I won't finish 'til my nails and my prophets filed
Suicide doors, Lamborghini foster child
Ah, been doin' research for a long time
I'm down to the single file, but it's the wrong line
Yeah, the limelight is bright and it shines through my window while I'm tryn
a sleep at night, oh

Don't fuckin' look me in the eyes
If anything you say is a lie that's some bullshit
Come off that shit
They told me go and kill it so I left and brought his skull back
I'm off that
I'm off that
I'm off that
I'm off that
I used to want it all, now I got that shit

You can pay for what it's worth or you can take it for granted
Or take it to the grave and be the only one who has it for-ever
Scrapbook shit I'll never read
Times that I forgot about on purpose to be free
I'm doin' twelve shots, one for every time I really broke a heart
And two or three extra ones for people that are broke apart
I don't wait for what awaits me
I'm needed in the waiting room, I'll kill what I see
They tell me where it's at, I just say tell me when and I'll be there
The hardest part about it is deciding on what shirt to wear
No one put me in my place but I'm sure I'm there
And I'm never done, like a surfers hair
Yeah, y'all are close to the start and I swam trough the bullshit
We oceans apart now
And I'm 'a go until it's dark out
The sun comes up and the moon come back down

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Heard people always tell they friends that they saw it coming
And if that's true then they're dumb as hell for not doing something
They're being snotty but they say they're only being blunt
Well that's perfect because I have a smoking gun
The light's bright, how's the view from the bleachers?

You couldn't substitute me if I was a math teacher
Don't convince me, convince yourself
That you're better than you've ever been, don't need anybody's help
But you will
Unless you sit on this bench
And have a uniform that matches all the rest of my men
White Peaks not a team, it's a league and we're out of yours
You really got the dirt, you just got muddy floors
Queens cry when kings die on the throne
Life or death question and I guess he should've known the answer
Put your life in their hands and they'll kill you for a thousand because life is grand, ah

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Downtown music on the beat