

# King Shiv

Man Man

Woke up feeling lucky put some lotion in the basket  
Can you even recall the times?  
Before your fairer monster  
Took your common sense hostage and left you in the wrecking to dry?

And if you'd ever even gotten everything you ever wanted?  
Wouldn't that really be some King Shiv?

Well as a case of habit  
You certainly haven't  
You've been handing out the never-step of it

All the old timers in the neighborhood swear  
That you're cursed with a face people hate  
But every single one of them's an endless variation of  
Popeye raised on lead paint

And all the woulda coulda shoulda  
Didn't cause my butt is over  
Get to it when this here is done

Repeated time and time again  
It grows into a second skin  
I can't believe that there even could be

A secret life between your eyes that I don't seem to see  
Are you satisfied with waiting here for heaven forever?

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Waiting for your schemes on the weekends all the seams  
All the seams that you spun in the dark  
And who wants the weak desires' weight forming in the wings  
After years of leathering your scars

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