

You shouldn't inhale so deep man
Feel the grip poking a lung
You're stressing, the hearts jumping
Your beat starts winding down
Your blood pressure is rising fast now
You clutch your broken arm

Grey skies
The pigeons and the doves
The trees are blue
Nice cartoon

You flipped your new Camaro
Impaled a wall upside down
With just a twelve pack of Bud
And a short ride home
You shouldn't tell that story
Or relent popular fun

Bad justice
I'm behind bars
You can't even
Read or write
You should have
Let it slide

Resin

Brown hair, burned eyes
Discreet, my face
Ball peen, red blood
Won't stop my friends

You leaped from the car
Get up and go to the store
A pack of smokes bring em' home
For the kids they're all alone

Jet fuel black lung
Inhale black smoke
Cocaine scares me
Pale skin frightened

You've slept on a bed
Of safety pins they keep you warm
The holes absorb the kerosene
Your Daddy cheers for you football team

Exhale