

## Belongings

Bear Hands

At the gentle age of nine, I bought my first forty-five  
Oh I drink and I drink and I'm sticking to a flea  
Oh I drink oh I drink and I smoke a little weed  
No never say no to no fire skag  
No never say no to the love in hand

Pocket full of cigarettes, pocket full of tea  
Yeah momma always mad but she never mad at me  
Schlep it to the sidewalk, sell a few things  
I'm a joke when I'm bored I'm a hole I'm a leak  
No never say no to no fire skag  
No never say no to the love in hand

Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room  
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb  
Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room  
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb

The half debt the razor said, the carpet is soaking in  
I saw raw iron before you came, I kept myself from old south ma  
in  
No never say no to no fire skag  
No never say no to the love in hand

Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room  
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb  
Oh Satan build a wall, dividing up the room  
And I hope it falls, trouble at the tomb

Oh I cross him off, cross him off, cross him off (3x)

At the gentle age of nine, I bought my first forty-five  
Oh I drink and I drink and I'm drinking in the trees  
Oh I drink oh I drink I've been drinking for a week