

Counting Murders, Drinking Beers (the \$46,000 Escape)

Coalesce

I'm getting out while I can still count these murders on only one hand.
I'm through looking after you, second guessing your next move.
Lock the doors, turn out the lights.
The Wolves are out tonight.
Playing that shitty bass.
So, you get your kicks using my daughter and my wife as target practice?
Well, how do you like that shaft straight up your ass?
And I'll damn you right in your tongue.
You have used that grinning "no english" crap for the last time on me.
And, since when a shot of paint elevate the classes?
You run around real cute with your rainbows, like we don't know.
Like we care.
So, look away when you see me, just look away.
It never ends for me.
Like it the fourth neverending.
Yeah, you're real brave roughing this.
Until you have children of your own.
There is no pride in these chances.