

Good Ol' Boys

Electric President

Don't, don't walk out your door
Wait a minute, peel the paint
From the walls, they go home
Lay down in it and please wait
Wait, wait for the gun
Shoot the apple from my head
Tie a rope, do a comic
Build a tip around your bed

Let's talk, talk is cheap
What's the point
If it's pointless, change your mind
If it's sacred advertise
Past expense, swollen feet
Pinch your belly, nice and clean
Save a little earn a lot
Change the world or leave it be

Watching while the good old boys swallow a bullet
Wondering when I should've been quit
I heard them say that there's nothing left worth fighting for
But I say that that's a crack of...

I'm in the dark with a wet pack of matches
Retracing footsteps to see where I went wrong
And light shines through the keyhole
And pokes me in the eye
If I ask myself the question
I'll probably tell a lie

Music in my head never sounded right on paper
I'll write myself a note and turn the note into a song
If you've never done that
You won't appreciate you've got it
You've always done the thought
You learned to take what you can get

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