

Revival Mode

Every Time I Die

Thanks lord, but I don't need anymore poor advice, poor advice.

I caught in the cannon with a one way ticket.
Four riders in a town with one horse.
I wagered a sure thing,
Against what was behind the first door.
Stack the chips, ready to ride.
Out of sight, out of mind.
It's fool-proof and it won't do,
To make safe bets while I'm towing the line.

Thanks lord, but I don't need anymore poor advice, poor advice.

I had a lock on a dirty little secret,
A raging bull who was fixed to fall down.
I've been waiting at ringside my whole life but still swinging
on.

I got debts piling high.
I got addictions and ex-wives
But I've stayed true, so I thank you
For bearing witness while I waste my fucking life.

I'm ready to pay the judge, to pay the judge, to pay the judge
now
I need to tip the scales, some sort of bribery, I'm not waiting
this out.
I'm ready to pay the judge, to pay the judge, to pay the judge.
I need to grease a palm, some sort of certainty, I'm sick of wa
iting this out.

I should have learned a more noble craft,
Out of the library into the lab.
And "Will the machine gunner please step forth?"
There's only room on the rescue boat,
For butchers and bakers and men with hope.
And And will machine gunners please step forth?
Will machine gunners please step forth.