

Dusty Shelves

Far From Finished

'Ya got 4 butts in the ashtray and a bottle in the kitchen sink
And you're passed out on your bedroom floor on 4 days worth of
stink

Your only dreams floating at the bottom of your glass

Your just wasting away just sitting on your ass

To the church upon the hill beg for forgiveness as for the will

It's a lonely walk back home to an empty room and a ringing pho
ne

[Chorus]

You're a fuck up and you're a drunk

But in your heart you know better

You were born and raised in a loving way

Now your brain has turned to shit

You're a poet and you're a liar

And it's all for your heart's desire

Your eyes are only seeing gray

And you'll drink the rest of your days away

Your secrets lie on dusty shelves and your ego may have just as
well

Taken over all your thoughts as your soul lies in your head to
rot

And I don't feel bad for you anymore

Your head got so big it couldn't fit through the fuckin' door

Headed down to purgatory armed with sins and tales of glory

A respectful boy ready and willing to take the blame

[Chorus]

You always said you were an honest man

You were forced into things that you never planned

But excuses only prove you're full of shit

[Chorus]