

Whoa Is Me

Grieves

I don't wanna talk about it,
or get it off my back.
I don't wanna dance around the subject,
you and I both know better than that.
I tried to make the best of it,
but in the end it didn't really mean much.
Leave me with a fiddle, sitting by the piano,
breathing in the dust.

My dog died.
"When you were six!"
Really? I guess I've never gotten over it.
Dark cloud constantly hovering over me.
I've been a bad seed ever since the ovaries.
Momma looked at me and told me what it was,
said boy's got a shadow big enough to block the sun.
When it's all said and done, I'm comfortable and numb
to the fact that I'm constantly sweating under the gun.
But it's worth it, ain't it? My friends think I'm famous.
My manager wants to put his foot inside of my anus.
Haven't got a decent night's sleep now in ages
and all I got to show is empty loose-leaf pages.
It piles up but that's the life that I'm used to,
pressing up against the knife with a loose screw.
Sing the blues and everybody assumes you could use
a little old-fashioned, down home talking to.

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My truck broke.
"You ride the bus!"
Well it never showed up and it really sucked.
Storm water constantly filling my cup.
Been a hot mess ever since I was just a pup.
Papa looked at me and told me what it is,
said boy's got a weight on his shoulders no one can lift.
Tried a couple times and honestly I admit it's a bitch,
but I kind of appreciate what it did cause it's worth it.
Yeah? The world gets a laugh but my girl's telling me I
could benefit from a quack.
Haven't got a moment in forever-and-a-half,
and they wonder why I'm drinking like a pirate in a crashed ship.
That's it, no more no less.
You should learn to be as comfortable with your mess.
Sing the blues and everybody expects they could be the one to save you from
the depths.

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