

# Judgement

## Half Moon Run

You gotta believe me, I'm doing my best  
I apologize for all the flack I caught for dropping out  
Yeh you kicked up a storm, but the winds have died down  
I got a lot of bottles on account of this around

I'm sorry I'm not him  
The poet's right hand  
The artistic little suffering son-of-a-working-man  
You work yourself in, but it spits you right out  
Why is it so hard?

I should've run you out of town!

If it looks like it is, then it probably ain't  
The more than you talk the more my interest goes away  
You work yourself in, but it spits you right out  
Why is it so hard?

I should've run you out of town!