

Call Me By My Real Name

Holy Mother

I-I, Hold-Hold
Weathered by the storm
And you-you, won't feel- won't feel
You're wasted by the one
And now- and now, you know-you know
Your money's running low
Your last cigarette has got you
Choking on the bone

Down-Down, cold-cold
Hungry from the road
I need-I need
My better days
My whiskey cup is broke
So leave me alone
While my head is hummin' cold
I lost my mind on borrowed time
I can't find my way home

Call me by my real name
My bottle's runnin' dry
Call me by my real name
Your painted face is shy
My whiskey makes me feel things
My brother never lies

Time-time, now-now
Always played it cool
Every step I take I'm heading for the swimming pool
So feed me, believe me
My friends will never leave me
But one wrong look
And I'll close the book
I'll knock you on your ass

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