

They Only Take The Backroads

Look Mexico

Born in FLA
That monster doesn't release
Raised against the wind
Then moved on up through the state

Twenty five miles away
From the closest bait
I'm drying out if I stay
I'm drying out if I stay

Six years today
Still in the same state
Right here in FLA

No, I am not ashamed
Of the places I've blamed
Cause I'm a prodigal
I've been addicted to change
Yes, I've moved through the states
Taken cuts from my graves
And bury them right above
The me I'm learning to hate
The me I'm learning to hate
The one addicted to shame