

Live and Let Live

Love

Oh, the snot has caked against my pants
It has turned into crystal
There's a bluebird sitting on a branch
I guess I'll take my pistol
I've got it in my hand
Because he's on my land

And so the story ended
Do you know it oh so well
Well should you need I'll tell you
The end-end-end-end-end-end-end-end
And...

Yes I've seen you sitting on the couch
I recognize your artillery
I have seen you many times before
Once when I was an Indian
And I was on my land
Why can't you understand

And so the story ended
Do you know it oh so well
Well should you need I'll tell you
The end-end-end-end-end-end-end-end
And...

Served my time
Served it well
You made my soul

Write the rules
In the sky
But ask your leaders
Why Why

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