

The Hand We're Dealt

Lower Class Brats

Now we're growing up, my old friend
Never bothering to right our wrongs
All we've ever known was youth
Getting drunk and singing songs

[Chorus]

But I'm the only one to blame
All my friends changed but I stayed the same
The hand we're dealt is often hard
I got stuck with the joker card
Never trust anyone over 30
Now how can we trust ourselves
Should we trade it all it all for a suit
And put the rest of it on the shelf

[Chorus]

All the doors that were open to you
They all got shut in my face
When I go back and try the knob
They're all locked firmly in place
Now I work a dead end job
Hey little rich boy take a look at me
I know I'm not living in paradise
But there's no place that I'd rather be

[Chorus]