

Straight From The Top

Lucky Boys Confusion

Straight from the top
Landed on the bottom
Names that you dropped
They've already caught 'em

Leave you for dead
Fending off the vultures
Don't think to tread
On a poultry counting culture

No, you don't even have control
Muscles are flexed
Your back is propaganda
Numbers and text
Had ulterior agenda

No, you don't even have control
Give me something real, or let me go

Running in place
Only makes me tired of this cage
Pointing me in every direction
At once

And every mistake
Lets you see me fall on my face
Save in some face
Walk it off
No, you don't even have control
Give me something real, or let me go
Just let me go
Yeah let me go