

King Shiv

Man Man

Woke up feeling lucky put some lotion in the basket
Can you even recall the times?
Before your fairer monster
Took your common sense hostage and left you in the wrecking to dry?

And if you'd ever even gotten everything you ever wanted?
Wouldn't that really be some King Shiv?

Well as a case of habit
You certainly haven't
You've been handing out the never-step of it

All the old timers in the neighborhood swear
That you're cursed with a face people hate
But every single one of them's an endless variation of
Popeye raised on lead paint

And all the woulda coulda shoulda
Didn't cause my butt is over
Get to it when this here is done

Repeated time and time again
It grows into a second skin
I can't believe that there even could be

A secret life between your eyes that I don't seem to see
Are you satisfied with waiting here for heaven forever?

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Waiting for your schemes on the weekends all the seams
All the seams that you spun in the dark
And who wants the weak desires' weight forming in the wings
After years of leathering your scars

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