

Who'se on trial?
The state says it's me
Or is it the lawyer I handsomely paid to go free
Or maybe the judge with the yellowing teeth
And the fuck you smile

Or how about the bailiff
who stinks of a longstanding battle of him and the drink
Or candidate #4 the zombified whore who types what you think

I'm not lying
I'm not clean
I'm not buying
What that means

How the fuck can we say
that we won for the criminal sum you were paid
Then try and convince me I'm free as can be
You just sold me out and got nothing in trade
I know I'm not the smartest guy in the world
But I'm just not stupid enough to be thinking
that having a record for filling my lungs
Is as good as it gets

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I'm not clean
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What that means

Life on a razor die as a story

5 more years of pissing in little jars
So someone can say he's high as a kite
He's probably right
Let's put him away without further delay
There's no complaints since I'm not a saint or in jail
But if I should fail with a piss that has drugs on the forbidden list
Then they'll be coming to take you away

I'm not lying
I'm not clean
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What that means

Live on a razor
Death could be glory