

Until Morale Improves, The Beatings Will Continue

Murder by Death

I walked the road from Tucson to San Antonio with the smell of
blood on my breath

ninety days of sweat and dirt feels like one night when you've
got nothing left
till there's nothing left to do but die

buckshot is my bread and I'll drink whiskey instead of water ca
use I can't stand to be sober in this place

your hands on my face every step of the way tryin' to peel away
the pain

well buckshot is my bread and I'll drink whiskey instead of wat
er cause I can't stand to be sober in this place

your hands on my face every step of the way tryin' to peel away
the pain

I'll drink whiskey instead of water
I'll drink whiskey instead of water
I'll drink whiskey instead of water
I'll drink whiskey instead of water