

Straight from the Jacket

No Use for a Name

So sorry son you're worrying your mother
No explanation's gonna make it seem alright
Young boy, listen to your father
It's more than just your life, it's more than suicide

How does it feel? When you're looking down the barrel
Of a loaded gun...Tell me how it feels
Did you see your life flash right before your eyes?
Stop playing games and get yourself up off the floor

Young boy we're going to send you to the lions
The men all dressed in white, when you became undone
How does it feel when I might have brought you up
But you are not my son

So many times I tried to bring you up you brought me down
I won't consider you again stop looking at me like you care
I worked my fingers to the bone
I'm not your father or a friend

You might have lived here once but this is not your home
Tell me how it feels
You didn't mean much to me I didn't plant the seed
I'm not your father cause you didn't turn out right

Young boy we're gonna feed you to the fire
How does it feel?
When you're looking down the barrel of the loaded gun...