

David

Noah Gundersen

I keep kicking at the curb with my worn out shoes
and I keep running into stranger's that say I know you
and I don't wanna be a proud man just wanna be a man.
A little less like my father and more like my dad.
I wanna hunt like David,
I wanna kill me a giant man,
I wanna slay my demons,
But I got lots of them, I got lots of them.

I try to keep my conscience clean.
I try to keep myself out of your bad dreams.
I try to wash my hands for you every night,
oh, lest you find my strangling fingers
wrapped around tight.
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