

## Cinderblocks For Shoes

Self

Bad news is that there's nothing good to say  
the minty flavors been chewed to nothing  
that i can taste  
harsh reality just set in today  
that my limbs were drying quickly in concrete and clay  
i made my peace with jesus  
we wrote a letter to heaven  
saying "will you be there to greet us?  
or just show us the back door?"

Jumping from a bridge  
with one hand tied to the railing  
i am thinking of you  
with cinderblocks for shoes  
(2x)

And with a touchtone phone i listen  
to the problems of a city  
life is like a hello kitty  
voice inside of me thats all gone wrong  
when before the door was open  
like the window i've broken  
i can't help if i'm spacin'  
my messiah's freebasing  
my blood is boiling and racing  
as i crumble at the core