

Stumblin'

Slobberbone

So I picked a fight with Jesus Christ
Now I'm thinkin' I was wrong
When you pick a fight with the Prince of Peace
You won't last for long

It's a one-lane highway straight to Hell
And I've driven it so many times
You can bet I know it well

He said, "Trust in me, I'm the King of kings
And you, my friend, are in a rut"
But what I was looking for was the king of beers
So I said, "Won't you be my bud"

It's a back-slide spiral, I'm drownin' fast
But if this is my last drownin' chance
You can bet, I'll make it last, can't you see?

I once called you my friend, now I'm stumblin' once again
I'm slurrin' words and I'm bustin' bottles over the heads of saints
And I know it's been so long, but I still see you when you're gone
I still feel the weight of that look upon your face almost every day

Now I'm stumblin' like some drunken preacher
Drooling on his vest
I'm mumblin' like some old proud bum
Who swears he knew him best

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God knows it's true and so do you
That something's got to change
But if change is really all around me
I think I'll stay the same

What's the point in change when nothing lasts?
I once could keep myself afloat
But now I'm sinkin' fast, can't you see?

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