Blow By Blow

T.S.O.L.

I've played the game with the fatman in the city
I've seen the lies become the truth
I've learned the name of the game is have no pity
I've learned it's all inside of you

You've got to throw away those sympathy feelings
Stick to your guns and make a stand
You've got to throw away those cards that they are dealing
You've got to take it while you can

When it rains you know it's gonna pour
The storm outside is knocking at my door
The pain it brings something you'll never know
All the time it's coming blow by blow
All youe wicked nightmares you say that you don't know
All the time it's coming blow by blow
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Blow by blow

Sometimes I wonder what is going wrong
Where my next heartache is coming from
I hear the thunder I know it wont be long
Before I see the night take down the sun

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