

My Defense

The Briggs

But of course I'll say nothing of the sort
Don't let me have control of my art
Honesty and an empty bank account
Are my gun and hand full of rounds

But we've said it all along
The president was wrong
The only thing left is a hope that now is gone

And I want someone to say
That they'd listened to me
And if I learned one thing today
Is that you'd probably sue me for honesty

The floor is open we'll be taking questions now
Ask how to lose your mind I'll try to show you how
You left me tattered up and torn
You've been digging graves
Since the day that you were born

But we're frightened and alone
A place that I call home
The way to my heart is a knife through the bone

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