

Your words they tell like teeth through the rotten show
You say the moneys on the table
The moneys on the table
Well I don't think I'll be able to fetch the cash this time
No this time I think I'll walk away
Then I just might to be able I might be able
Think I might be able to respect myself this time

Because its part of me its economics
I do it well enough to get by I don't even have to try
Its not my whole life you are buying with every copper coin
No my friend I'm not for sale anymore

No this time I think I'll walk away
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