Slaughter Of Bruce

The Gits

I was working in a shithole one day
Some fool came up to me and said "You'd make a star with that b
and,"
I said, "it's not why we're doing this, why can't you fucking g
et it?"
'Cause all I've got to do is release through
These obstacles I've got to beat
Release from the man who manipulates me
By the breaking of my back,
With nothing left worth saving
All I gotta do is release through the
Obstacles I've yet to beat
Take us to a sturdy ship
Where we raise our glasses
No pints too dodgy here
We don't need our problems here
Away from all these people,
They're posing about, waiting for the next scheme
To tip them off and leave them drowning In what they think is r
eal
All that's ever been and all that's been said It's not to my re
gret, you gotta
Face the edge of yourself And they say if you got humor through
 it all
You'll find the will to survive what seems like hell
Take me to the water, launch me out to bloody sea
'Cause all you gotta do is release
Through these obstacles you've got to beat
Take us to the water Launch us out to sea
And may the drunken mad ones follow me