

So It Goes

The Menzingers

I've seen you on the side of the road,
Lined your pockets with pills,
But the powder bag, he can hold a grudge,
With your head, heart, stomach and lungs.

You had a dragon to chase,
Spread out, blood on your face,
And you're oh so ungratefully dead.

Your sister is crying, your mother looks cold,
You can follow your father to bed.

It goes on and on, I've never been here before,
Hail Jerry full of grace.

Please seat yourself usher of the times,
Won't recognise you.
Please seat yourself usher of the times,
Won't recognise you.

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Lined your pockets with pills,
But the powder bag, he can hold a grudge,
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So it goes...

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