

How It's Going To Be

The Parlor Mob

I can't help picking up these bones
I'm just a sucker for the pain
When I see them lying there alone
I just can't leave them in the rain

We need a different way to speak
So I might never use my tongue
I know the comforts that you seek
And I see what you'll become
I'm going to cut you like a tree
So be ready for it

If this is how it's going to be, then I will never be someone,
But it doesn't matter to me
If this is how it's going to be, then I will never be someone,
But it doesn't matter, no, it doesn't matter to me

I'm going to shoot you if you run
They'll find you in a shallow grave
And when the day and deed is done
The attention that you crave
Will not seem so very fun
So prepare for it

I'm going to shoot you if you run
And I'm going to cut you like a tree
And I'll be your savior with a gun
If this is how it's going to be