

Thirty Days In The Hole

The Tossers

Well I busted up a sailer and ran out on my jailor.
And I turned around in me shoes and scaled over the fence
They picked me on Thomas having dreams of kept their promise.
And slammed me thirty days in the hole!

There's a hole in the ground!
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There's a hole in the ground and it makes a man go mad!

I got crap up in detox I found my life in clorox
Assholes bugging 'round me, thank God they haven't found me
Kicked us in the shitter, they'll never know what hit 'er.
Code blue and then they strapped my ass to bed.

Well I finally earned my key chain it's a fine line in my brain
A week now I've been sober I'm bound to keel over
Busted out the window in the group room with a candle
And ran my ass ragged till I dropped!