

Drown In The River

Those Poor Bastards

You and me friend, we sure get along
we got the same feelings
yeah, we got the same thoughts
I remember last August, you wrote me that letter
At first I felt sick, but then I got better

And I slept for forty days,
and forty nights in the rain
when I finally awoke, I didn't feel quite the same

The wind was blowing, a frost was coming
And then poor Matt Judd, he drown in the river
And then my own Grandpa, he withered from cancer
There's so many ways to lose your life
That you gotta be careful where your walkin' at night

And I slept for forty days
and forty nights in the rain
when I finally awoke I didn't feel quite the same

Each day that passes it moves a little faster
No matter where you are, no matter what your after
I didn't used to know much, but I learned a lot lately
Did I mention my sister?
She's about to have a bastard baby

Yeah, we're sailing this ship right the bottom
sailing this ship right to the bottom
sailing this ship right to the bottom
sailing this ship right to the bottom