

Old Pine Box

Those Poor Bastards

I don't want you coming around to see me
Go back into town, I want to think
I don't want to talk about tomorrow
I'm tired of your god-fearing sink
Rain is always leaking through the windows
No one's always knocking on the door
Never had a name, they called me "trouble"
And I don't want to live here anymore

Throw me in an old pine box
And nail that lid on top

We inherit the sins of our fathers
My daddy was an evil, evil man
I'm proud to say I never really knew him
But I can feel this awful presence in my skin
Who's that young one crouching in the corner?
Why, sir, are you hanging from that tree?
What's that thing scratching beneath the floorboards?
This town, it just don't feel the same to me

Throw me in an old pine box
And nail that lid on top

Brother, I have never not been lost
The apples on the tree have turned to rot
And all around I feel the Lord's eyes watching
If you think I'm gonna whimper, well I'm not
What you gonna do come Sunday morning
When everything you see is turned to dust
Well, I just don't believe the shit you're preaching
Forgive me Holy Father, if you must

And throw me in an old pine box
And nail that lid on top

I can't afford to pay for heat this Winter
Ice is crawling up and down the walls
If any one should ever stop to wonder
Just tell them no one lives here anymore

Throw me in an old pine box
And nail that lid on top
Yeah, throw me in an old pine box
And nail that lid on top