

Don't look back and,  
He's your soldier  
That sheet metal sound next door,  
Is keeping me awake  
Janie's eyes are open,  
And my feet are killing me  
If this isn't the truth,  
Don't look down  
And he's your shoulder,  
That cheap little loud mouth whore  
Is keeping me awake,  
The baby's eyes are open  
And this heat is killing me,  
If this isn't the truth  
Clap my hands,  
Slap my legs  
I can't find it,  
But that sweet little bastard boy  
Is breaking me a leg,  
Maybe mine is broken,  
I don't mind it