

Poor Pete

Viza

When I was ten a way back when I planned and hiked my great escape.

Out through the woods a neighborhood of carnivores I looked the bait.

I came across an elder man to which he had only one tooth,
He held a flask and dared to ask where the hell you running young nephew,

And he said...

Woah I feel really bad for you!

Around eleven I went to heaven and made a deal for their mistake.

All drenched in blood I felt a tug and someone asking for my name.

My name is Pete what's with this sheet and who the hell are all of you?

You cracked your head and should be dead but here's a check from us to you,

And they said...

Woah I feel really bad for you!

It's alright!

Poor Pete we're sorry we hurt you!

Poor Pete we promise you that one day we'll walk in your shoes.

Woah I feel really bad for you!