

Street Corner Gospel

Whiskey Rebels

Fuck the world, that's your motto
Like an outlaw desperado
Now with nothing left to lose
so I drown my pain in booze
But I turn to the rock of ages
Cause one sin is contagious
Any more is just outrageous
But I live life how I chose

and I said I
I ain't got nothing left to lose
And I said I
sit on my porch and think of you
and I ask why
Why I keep singing this same old song
cause in my life
They keep me hanging on

24 k marathon riot
I'm living my life on a hate fueled diet
Black and milds in one hand and a bottle of jack
Fighting life every day until the heart attack
I'm the 13th apostle
With a street corner gospel
And put my best foot forward
Still end up sounding hostile

and I said I
I ain't got nothing left to lose
And I said I
sit on my porch and think of you
and I ask why
Why I keep singing this same old song
cause in my life
They keep me hanging on

And now not even god can save us
cause these demons they enslave us
And I still got the same problems
that I had yesterday
Wake up in the morning
Rub my eyes and I'm still yawning
Is it the bible or the bottle
Guess I'll find out tomorrow