

Twice as Mean

Wolfsbane

There's a Bible by my hotel bed,
Inside it somewhere,
Is a story, a story that said,
Somebody cares,
But we've got to be twice as mean,
Just to get around,
They're kicking you and me,
While we're on the ground.

Down fall the good guys, one by one,
They never say what they mean,
Each day is harder when you trust no one,
I'm a prisoner of dreams.

But we've got to be twice as mean,
Just to get around,
They're kicking you and me,
While we're on the ground.
I know that only angels have wings.

A straight answer is like a kiss on the lips,
But there are none it seems,
No kisses, just angles and tricks,
It's a tragedy.

That we've got to be twice as mean,
Just to get around,
They're kicking you and me,
While we're on the ground.

I know that only angels have wings