

Allison Moorer, I'll Break Before I Bend

It wears on my patience when I talk to those deejays
At the corporation station they slather on false praise
Even though I'm slow I know no radio will give my record spins
Lean on me all you want to, I'll break before I bend

Way up in those ivory towers with gold records on the walls
All the big wigs got the power but they ain't got the balls
The desk bound clowns that run this town
Have watered down the sound just like their gin
Lean on me all you want to, I'll break before I bend

Hell yeah I'd love to make it but I suck at playing games
I'd rather starve than fake it for a little taste of fame
It's wrong to be a doggone pawn singing songs that make
You yawn for payments on a long mercedes benz
Lean on me all you want to, I'll break before I bend