

Clay Kevin, Shutdown

Today I got a little look at life. Drove by the mother of my ex-wife. She took my stuff and traded it for hash. She's so rich now, she's smokin' cash. 31 days and she became a Pigg. I heard he's related or knows Butch Vig. I know my day is comin' round soon. But for now I drive a Ford and she a BMW. I'm so shot down. Playin' guitar, sittin' in my van. Don't have a real job, I'm a pizza man. She don't have to work, she just sits home and plays. My clothes all smell like cigarettes, beer and mayonnaise. I'm so shot down. And I know it's me. I'm so shot down. You know I never get to see my son. I know someday I'll have another one. I hope I'll see him someday somehow. But he's so brainwashed and I...I'm so shot down. I'm so shot down, and I know it's me. I'm so shot down. I'm not saying she's the only one. If you want to fight, I guess I'll get my gun. I was just driving through her part of town. I hanked and waved and said, "hi," but i got shot down. I'm so shot down. And I know it's me.

it for me to love? for me to fear? Is it chasing me?
Or am I chasing it? Is it out of grasp? Within my reach? I'm never at a loss for humanness. I'll be the devil. Is it ending? Or is it just beginning? Am I out of time? I'm out of touch. There's never enough, or too much. I'll be the devil, if you'll be God. You always set my soul on fire. And now it burns an endless flame. You always set my spirit higher. Now it lingers just the same. I'll be the devil. I'll be the devil. If you'll be God.