

# Dillinger Four, Folk Song

It's like picking up the pieces is a daily chore  
Thinking of your time card forms a habit  
Watching rick folks on T.V.'s like picking a sore  
Fuck it all, they can have it  
And now I'm loaded like a gun again  
Like a plague of locusts heaven sent  
Just a ball of dissension with a death perception  
I won't sweat the definition of content

They said "better safe than sorry" and "look out for #1"  
I heard "only play the cards your shown";  
Fuck what they say  
It doesn't matter anyway  
Only in your grave are you alone

Like grown men staring with little boy's eyes  
And actresses speaking with conviction  
These people should demand a pulitzer prize  
For various works of fiction

"Judge a book by it's cover"  
And "keep one eye on your back";  
I heard "only play the cards your shown";  
I say fuck what they say  
It doesn't matter anyway  
Only in your grave are you alone

So many people with so much to show  
Rotting away in their own little holes  
One can only wonder why  
I'll celebrate my home  
But know that I'm not alone  
Only fools are "along for the ride";  
In think of the size  
Of the world that's right outside  
Please don't waste it trying to hide