Gits, Slaughter Of Bruce

I was working in a shithole one day
some fool came up to me and said
"you'd make a star with that band,"
I said, "it's not why we're doing this,
why can't you f**king get it?"
'Cause all I've got to do is release through
these obstacles I've got to beat
Release from the man who manipulates me
by the breaking of my back,
with nothing left worth saving
All I gotta do is release through the
obstacles I've yet to beat
Take us to a sturdy ship
where we raise our glasses
No pints too dodgy here
We don't need our problems here
Away from all these people,
they're posing about, waiting for the next scheme
to tip them off and leave them drowning
in what they think is real
All that's ever been and all that's been said
it's not to my regret, you gotta
face the edge of yourself
And they say if you got humor through it all
you'll find the will to survive what seems like hell
Take me to the water, launch me out to bloody sea
'Cause all you gotta do is release
through these obstacles you've got to beat
Take us to the water
Launch us out to sea
And may the drunken mad ones follow me