

Jeff Finlin, Hammer Down

He flew in from Chicago on the 48
She picked him up like litter
For the childrens sake
No she never let them know
Oh the line she toed
Or the rust she chromed
For their happy home
Till one day her son passed his reflection by
And said ya know ma you been living a lie
You shoulda put the hammer down

His buzz word turned to back yards
And a face of clay
Oh for the salad days
No time to lose his way
When dreams he came true
He didnt see nothing else to find
Cept killing time inside the border lines
So instead of packing it down the interstate
He settled for a needle and an alleyway
He shoulda put the hammer down

On the other side of the coin
A face lurks of a wanna be
Who is afraid to speak
For fear of being seen
If only he would have just flipped it once
That was me ya know
Not too long ago
Meanwhile a cloud lurks strong out on the horizon there
Where Im going babe I really dont care
As long as them wheels roll and theres wind in hair
Might be going round in circles but hey Im going somewhere
Every time I put the hammer down