

Jimmie's Chicken Shack, Let's Get Flat

To say that everything I knew was just a lie
A love a hope a dream
Well what was it to you

You can hold it in when you live
But it comes out when you die
The travesty of truth
The liberty of lies

I see three sides to a coin
As I flip it past my eye
Toss from hand to hand
You pick heads and I choose sides
And you screams tails fool... Tales
Well I've got a few that would pertain

It seems my love is much like a coin
It lives through many needless exchanges
Somehow it's shape I still sustain
Somehow this shape I still sustain

Let's get flat

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