

Murder By Death, Until Morale Improves, The Beatings Will Continue

I walked the road
from Tucson to San Antonio
with the smell of blood
on my breath
ninety days of sweat and dirt
feels like one night
when you've got nothing left
till there's nothing left to do
but die

buckshot is my bread
and I'll drink whiskey instead of water
cause I can't stand
to be sober in this place
your hands
on my face
every step of the way
tryin' to peel away the pain

I'll drink whiskey instead of water.