

Seven Mary Three, Times Like These

A Young girl give me a good luck charm
Put a snake on my neck and a bird on my arm
Got one good leg 'cause the other went south
Got a brand new crutch and a brand new mile
Ouch

I got a sheriff's name branded where i should of kept clean
If you get to close your gonna know what i mean
And i know when im older the only running gonna come
Away from my lips and the fork of my tonuge
Huh-uuh

It only gets to me, in times like these
and times like these are getting to me
He-eee

Put your hand in the oven theres A heaven in side
And it burns straight through but the devil dont mind
'Cause it takes what it wants and it find whats you hide
And it'll buy you a place on the lowery side
Child

I rolled a number last night and walked in my sleep
And i can feel all the nerves in the tips of my teeth
As they crumbled into dust and washed into the sea
i finally shut my mouth so i can here my self think
Sing

It only gets to me, in times like these
It only gets to me, in times like these
It only gets to me, in times like these
And times like these are getting to me
He-ee