

Abbott Hayes, Just As Well

Crime, it only comes in waves
I keep one side in distress, the other side of me saved
Times, why do they always change?
I keep one foot in the grass, the other foot in the grave
The other foot in the grave
So take what you want and more
As I'm giving myself away
I don't care what you use it for
It's of no use to me, of no use to me
For so long I've been forlorn
And I guess it's just as well
My body and mind are worn
Send me right back down
Back down to hell
Rhythms in almost every phrase
One line leads to the next until I choose to refrain
My mind, why does it always change?
I keep one side of it stressed, the other side of it sane
The other side of it sane