

Badlees, Laugh To Keep From Cryin'

Badlees

Unfortunate Result Of Spare Time

Laugh To Keep From Cryin'

sunday morning the kids are playing in the street
lookin' for pennies in the cracks of the concrete
and i'm looking down at them while i'm sittin' on the roof
prayin' to a bottle of 86 proof
well, the sun she came a risin' so strong and proud
took one look down upon this town and hid behind the clouds
i don't need no reasons or excuses for myself
i laugh to keep from cryin' like everybody else
i lost my job but i don't like to think about it
i get enough money to drink enough to forget about it
i ain't no beggar but they say i got the symptoms
they break a man's legs and then they blame him for limpin'
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