

Badlees, Spending My Inheritance

I was just a young boy, barely 17
A regular poster child for the American dream
I spent some time in college, tried to learn that system well
Left a problem drinker and cynical as hell

CHORUS

They say there's two kinds of people
Those who have and those who don't
Some of us will benefit
And there's some of us that won't

Some people spend a lifetime
Trying to get over that fence
But I'm just on the corner
Spending my inheritance

I guess Old Father Time's put on one hell of a show
'Cause the older that I get it seems the less I know
I found the road to riches was just a private drive
Owned by politicians waving from inside

CHORUS

There's nothing wrong with me still I have to wonder why
Another day, another family tree lifts it's branches to the sky

Dined on good intentions, nearly starved to death
I gave the world my last two cents and now I live on what is left
There's never any medals, there isn't much reward
You gotta find your peace of mind in what you can afford

CHORUS

Well I'm back where I started, spending my inheritance