

Big D And The Kids Table, Wailing Paddle

[written by The Rudiments]

breakin' out the old wailing paddle
pull the splinters out of your skin
ice your knuckle, vow revenge
corporal rule, teach it cruel
hard times, you missed a grand time

ingrained acceptance, invisible scars
take your whippin' like a man and you'll be a winner yeah
don't you wanna shine like the stars
good boys do good girls don't
double standards feeding off the rusty remains of the past

the things we learn from consequence
we're all just figures messed up in coincidence
you live your life by foolishness
the things we least require take priority

who listens to the punk rockers anymore?
spit the fire like before, just like Mark Twain

play the roles away

driving past the billboards with the legs that sell
get yourself a new car & a bottle & the babes will follow you
it's all just fun you see, no one gets hurt
why should we question what is commonplace

the things we learn from consequence
we're all just figures messed up in coincidence
you live your life by foolishness
the things we least require take priority

play the roles away

...in the classroom, in the back row, some old lecture
...in the locker room, there's an asshole yellin' at your mom
...on the bar stool, tryin' not to be, but it's hard to change
...but in the end, who do you think created all the roles that we play?