

# Bill Ward, Snakes And Ladders

I want to stop, but I'm feeling go.  
When I'm saying, "Yes," I mean, "No, no, no."  
Mercy, mercy, can this mean  
I've got a taste of what you'd rather have me be?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh.

Patience, patience wearing thin.  
Don't guide me through where you ain't been.  
It takes a whole damn lot to wear me down, down, down  
And right now friend, I'm about to stand my ground  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh.

Sit in your chair, let down your hair, don't be so afraid.  
Take in the view, it's only you, don't be so afraid.  
Stay in the sun and leave the gun, don't be so afraid.  
Get out your way, you'll maybe stay, don't be so afraid.

Is this the way it has to be,  
While I'm still here making out with me.  
All components stamped with pride,  
I've got the makings of another suicide.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh.

Push or pull, just get me out of here.  
Consider this a warning and I hope I'm clear.  
I don't know how I'll make it while I own the ace.  
I'd like to give it back before I pin it to your face.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh.

I want to look, so I turn away,  
Then I slip and slide when it's time to pray.  
Quiet faith, don't scream and shout,  
I haven't died enough to find the guts to let you out.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh.

(Repeat Chorus)