

Black Label Society, 13 Years Of Grief

You're so fuckin' tough, so motherfuckin' bad
13 years of grief is all your folks ever had
Just an ignorant cunt, talkin' such shit
Tryin to act like a man, you little fuckin' punk kid
Yeah
Son, look at you now
Yeah
Son, look at you now
Day of court, day of fear, in walks the judge
Half a year nothing less, no he wouldn't budge
Hand over your belongings and your motherfuckin' soul
That's the joy of life, six months in the hole
Yeah
Son, look at you now
Yeah
Son, look at you now
You raped your mother, yeah you beat her down
Jesus can't protect you when your brain is unfound
Once so fuckin' tough, so motherfuckin' bad
13 years of grief is all your folks ever had
Yeah
Son, look at you now
Yeah
Son, look at you now