

# Down By Law, Post Office Lament

waking so damn early well  
this jobs become a living hell  
more letters than the eye can see  
I fell this pressure inside of me  
got my bullets got my gun I got my rifle  
supervisor stares me down  
but he'll be begging when I come around  
all the coworkers that I hate  
they're gonna suffer the same damned fate  
everyone thinks that i'm the quiet guy  
boy are they in for a big surprise  
and if we all go down in a hail of lead  
well, this job sucks we're better off dead