

Down, Dog Tired

In the morning, it takes me quite a while to clear my head
And as the day moves on, I find it hard to smile at something said
So I took control, priority number one, and that's me
Then I cut the dragon's head off, and put away my gun, so let it be
So let it be

I'm dying prematurely, I'm wasting my life for sure
I'm trying to kill what's happening to me

A ghost along the Mississippi

I never thought before, a life could be so strange, but it is

And I guess my one a day, became ten or twelve or more, and more

But I've got a gift, it's something called my friends or love

With them and I combined, I'll beat an early end, it's been done before

No time of passing away, of losing just one more day

I'm trying to kill what's happening to me

A ghost along the Mississippi

Can't happen to me

Won't do it to me

Can't happen to me

Won't do it to me

Can't happen to me

Won't do it to me

Destroying what's got ahold of me

No more the ghost of Mississippi