

Eight Fingers Down, Cowboy Streets And Indian

Monday morning same old story
Would you care if I changed it?
Waking up to cries and bad news
Glycerin on the tissues
Cobwebs spotless art of the hopeless
Shooting bullets at depression
But not this time
Complaining today
This time you're going to do things right
Wasting away
Day in and day out of your life
Don't be afraid
Walk through the dark without a light
Complaining today
This time you're going to do things right
The bullet's headed right to my misfortunes
Wounds of freedom
I'm starting to bring back time
The letters spelling out a dire story
Read the fine lines
I'm running, I did my time
Complaining today
This time you're going to do things right
Wasting away
Day in and day out of your life
Don't be afraid
Walk through the dark without a light
Complaining today
This time you're going to do things right