

Far From Finished, Dusty Shelves

'Ya got 4 butts in the ashtray and a bottle in the kitchen sink
And you're passed out on your bedroom floor on 4 days worth of stink
Your only dreams floating at the bottom of your glass
Your just wasting away just sitting on your ass
To the church upon the hill beg for forgiveness as for the will
It's a lonely walk back home to an empty room and a ringing phone

[Chorus]

You're a fuck up and you're a drunk
But in your heart you know better
You were born and raised in a loving way
Now your brain has turned to shit
You're a poet and you're a liar
And it's all for your heart's desire
Your eyes are only seeing gray
And you'll drink the rest of your days away

Your secrets lie on dusty shelves and your ego may have just as well
Taken over all your thoughts as your soul lies in your head to rot
And I don't feel bad for you anymore
Your head got so big it couldn't fit through the fuckin' door
Headed down to purgatory armed with sins and tales of glory
A respectful boy ready and willing to take the blame

[Chorus]

You always said you were an honest man
You were forced into things that you never planned
But excuses only prove you're full of shit

[Chorus]