

Fastball, Are You Ready For The Fallout

I was wondering how you're feeling
I thought I saw you kneeling
And holding your gut last night
It looked like you were praying
But I heard someone saying
You had been in an awful fight
You get the worst of it everytime
Lashing out with no reason or rhyme
To lose all this rage, at so tender an age
Little baby growing up in a rat cage

Chorus 1:

Are you ready for the fallout?
Who you gonna call out?
When does it finally come to blows?
I think that you're forgetting
The blood that you'll be letting
Has a price on it, no one knows
You may be suffering in your sleep
You may be getting in way too deep
And you may not care for advice that I share
If you want it then I'll be there

Chorus 2:

Soon you will learn how to swallow a tear
So when you're old you can cry in your beer
Do you spit at the face staring back in the mirror?
Do you have any self respect?

Chorus 2

Well what the hell did you expect?

Chorus 1

Are you ready for the fallout?
Who you gonna call out?