Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Kick It Out

I'm just a lonely boy
Drinking to much liquor
Writing songs that no one wants to hear
I scratch my pictures from the wall and I paint them black
I close my eyes to see clear

I take my guitar and I kick it out of the window
I hope that the wind blows
And I'll never get it back

I buy myself a liquor store for my own
And then I drink it all alone
Baby, if you wanna follow me
You gotta know
That I never will let you go