

# Hand Me Down Buick, Carnivals And Rough Town

Has what he dont in this life been enough  
He carries caskets of his best friends  
And hopes hes above

These gashes on my knees  
Are not your fault so by all means  
Throw me where you please  
Come push to shove we will still breath

And now its obviouse to us  
We must put up or shut up

Chorus

And If I was a bullet  
In A gun aimed towords your head  
Id lodge myself in your brain  
To see all your thoughts unsaid  
Atleast for the few minutes your alive in your death bed

Ill see what never  
Passed Your Lips

Chrous

You can let go  
So Ill never know