

Honeydogs, Sour Grapes

Twenty-eight, Twenty-six
a three alarm at five o'clock
sirens getting louder
Saw you in your K car
T-boned by the road star
Walkin' off with out a stratch

It's easy to break
It's the waiting that kills you
It's hard to say
I think we're going down soon---

Sour Grapes
Yeah, we've got them
Don't need rain
Just a glass of water
Yeah, It's lonely at the bottom
It takes everything I've got
From sinking like a stone

Grease is covering up the lense
It's hard to see
Sitting in the nose bleeds
Found your bag of fishing lures
Never found the ones that got away
Are you missing what you never have

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Did you have a good time there
Did you settle the lines there
Did you finally find what you need

Never knew there were two
Ten o'clocks in the same day
Lying on your back
you're tired of staring at the ceiling
When are we leaving

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