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 staringat the ceiling When are we leaving

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