

# Hot Water Music, Rock Singer

let it go son you're not a violent one  
you're speaking words that are speaking like you're ten foot tall  
i don't blame you what else have you to do  
when your life exists of covering up your own self truths  
it's down to nothing so come around to my front door  
and face me  
you're at a loss for words rock singer  
if it fills you up bring it on  
how do you sleep with yourself  
do you feel the hatred open up some  
you'll find the difference from mouthing off  
and shooting off your guns that are filled with blanks  
why do you scrape this you're digging without a tool  
you wish you had a line cover up your lack of truth  
you said it  
feel that it's authority think it's a priority