

Joey Eppard, Lay Down The Law

This song is not about you
It's not about me
It's about the blood on the blade
Stabbed into the back of somebody

Somebody is someone who is stable
But still remains unable to really be himself
Cuz if he were here then she'd still be with somebody
And not someone else

Someone else.

This song is not about me
And the battles that I have won

It's about the warped kitchen floor from the water left on the run
And the pile of dirty dishes that are never done
And the ashes in the sink floating in the water
somebody doesn't wanna have to
but somebody oughta,

Lay down the law
Don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby, come on back for awhile
Lay down the law
Don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby, come on back for awhile

This song is a survey of scenes
Somebody sees masked with melodies
When there's no way to let go
No way to forget that there's no where to grow
Just the room to regret which she holds him back
Confined to his space but she holds somebody in the first place

Lay down the law
Don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby, come on back for awhile
Lay down the law
Don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby, come on back for awhile

For awhile

Somebody is stranded light years from home
On a planet where people are not like his own
Where they pay to be brainwashed, told what to see
And not many dare question authority

Where a sick television is coughing up blood
And it stains every life and it's starting to flood,
fills the holes in our brains as it pours from the screens,
and it stains the newspapers and magazines
The newspapers and the magazines

Lay down the law
Don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby, come on back for awhile
Lay down the law

Don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby, come on back for awhile
Lay down the law
Lay down the law
Don't change your style
Do not change
Lay down the law
Lay down the law
Lay down the law