

Patrick Park, Sons Of Guns

Hopeless sons of guns, and tired city wives.
Will get used to the abuse when the devil tans their hides.
Our thin skinned angels have permanent blinders on their eyes.
They can't pull the weight, because it's heavy as sin,
And they can't see the trouble we're in.

That angry fool wind
Is going to blow again,
So hang on with all your might.
That hard stabbing pain,
Will always feel the same,
There's nothing you can do to fight.

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