

# Piebald, It's Going To Get Worse Before It Gets B

I'm coughing up a lung or two  
Just so you know I'm breathing well, in front of you  
I'm holding out a knife or two  
Just so you know I'm standing, next to you  
And you can't be always be down or out  
But if you try  
You won't be found  
And you can't always get what you want  
That's for sure

I'm sending out a note or two  
That says were all going to the same place  
So it doesn't matter where you are in line  
I'm holding one hand or two  
Depending if we're walking or dancing  
Either way I'm feeling fine  
You can't always be down or out  
But if you try  
You won't be found  
And you can't always get, what you want

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But if you try  
You won't be found  
And you can't always get what you want  
That's for sure  
Yeah, that's for sure  
Yeah, that's for sure  
Yeah, that's for sure