

# Riverboat Gamblers, Don't Bury Me...I'm Still Not

To all the given ups, the special needs crew.  
To all those who were told "we didn't need you."  
To all the people who are eating all alone,  
you know something fucked that kid up good.  
To all those who wake up at dawn,  
underpaid and then shit upon.  
To all my friends who never had a chance.  
To those who closed their eyes,  
thinking they'd be better off...for now.  
To those who felt that the gods kept them from getting out,  
this town.

To spite as a reason.  
To clothes out of season.  
To those stuck in caskets as nails hammer in.  
Just keep screaming out...I'm still not dead.

To the ugly ones with the bad teeth,  
staring at the pretty people that they can't meet.  
Staring at the magazines on the endcaps,  
that fuck your head up good.  
To all those buried in the ground,  
God knows I wish you were around,  
to laugh and cuss about what's going down.  
To those who stand watching the last bus as it drives away...again.  
Those those who see that by not playing and not giving in...they win.

To have no good reason,  
To no cuts and lesions.  
And to the confusion of our enemies.  
Just keep screaming out...I'm still not dead.  
Don't bury me yet.