

Self, Cinderblocks For Shoes

Bad news is that there's nothing good to say
The minty flavor's been chewed to nothing
That I can taste
Harsh reality just set in today
That my limbs were drying quickly in concrete and clay

I made my peace with Jesus
We wrote a letter to heaven
Saying "Will you be there to greet us
Or just show us the back door?"

Jumping from a bridge
With one hand tied to the railing
I am thinking of you
With cinderblocks for shoes

And with a touchtone phone I listen
To the problems of a city
Life is like a Hello Kitty
Voice inside of me that's all gone wrong

When before the door was open
Like the window I've broken
I can't help if I'm spacin'
My messiah's freebasing
My blood is boiling and racing
As I crumble at the core

Jumping from a bridge
With one hand tied to the railing
I am thinking of you
With cinderblocks for shoes