

# Shelby Lynne, Tarpoleon Napoleon

Wisdom abundant  
Outlets are few  
Driving like crazy  
Can't break through  
Your body's a brick  
The demons are calling  
You must be  
Tarpoleon Napoleon  
So full of mystery  
Open as a wound  
Didn't know the world  
Could be so cruel  
Seeing the image  
The mirror is holding  
You're the real deal  
Tarpoleon Napoleon  
Strongest arms  
That God gave a man  
Embrace all the empty  
Do what you can  
Your heads in flames  
Your brains are smoldering  
You know it all my friend  
Tarpoleon Napoleon  
You keep on stepping up  
Can't get ahead  
Rise in the early  
Collapse out of bed  
Hoping you'll pick it up  
The pace that you dread  
Speed just ain't fast enough  
Blood that you bled