

Stolen Babies, A Year Of Judges

It could be a deadbeat, a smooching kiss of death
Going on the defense, binding to bitterness
Throw it off, throw it off
Got your name, got your face, got a record of your mistakes
Its too easy to end up sneering
Its been too long now
Yes it was tough, now free yourself, cut it off
You could age so quickly in a year of judges
And if you stand there dwelling,
Youre no better than your grudges
Oh how it burns, oh how it burns
Its too easy to end up sneering
Its been too long now
Yes it was tough, now free yourself, cut it off
Dont let it stop, no, free yourself, cut it off
It could be better, free yourself, cut it off
Yes it was tough, now free yourself, cut it off
You could age so quickly in a year of judges
They see you fall on your face
Cut yourself off from the smudges
Oh how it burns, oh how it burns