

# Tammany Hall NYC, Something 'Bout Some People

Theres something bout some people some of the time  
and I know them cause they are like me  
And every now and then theyre losing touch  
They are waiting on some train that never comes and getting angry  
Cause the tunnels falling back  
And the heat hangs on the rise  
The swarm is a closing pack  
And the station shrinks in size  
And they dont like it (shouldnt have to)  
but their life they just cant undo,  
so theyll touch whatever comes through.  
Theres something bout some people some of the time  
and I know them cause they are like me  
And every now and then they take a hit  
And question why theyre taking it  
Blowing dreams and reaping envy  
And they look for something more, but their tracks are still the same  
And the questions from before digging tunnels in their brain  
And they dont like it (shouldnt have to)  
but their life they just cant undo,  
so they take whatever comes through  
Theres something bout some people some of the time  
and I know them cause they are like me  
And every now and then they catch a break  
Every hit they ever took at stake  
And for a moment, they could be happy  
Cause their train is coming in  
and their touch is back for sure,  
but the pain of when you win  
"isnt winning" anymore  
And they dont like it (shouldnt have to)  
but their life they just cant undo,  
and their train, they are attached to.