

You Am I, Jewels And Bullets

Every word they sling you hits like your folks have never been kind
And the jewels on your apron could use some calomine
Ugly girls and pit faced boys all hunch and join in the line
Got the shoe that you lived in
And the towel that you dried in
There's a drink you can drown in
Choose a blanket to die in

Spill a drink on his front and salsa on the plans for a mall and high rise
'Cause there's only so much of string that patron can pull and unwind

Got the shoe that you lived in
And the towel that you dried in
There's a drink you can drown in
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Check out the towel you can die in