

Sam Broussard

"My Former Shell"

Visit "[My Former Shell](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hello, I'm not home.
I am far from the phone.
Leave a message, better yet, leave me alone.
If I'm sounding thin or hollow,
you're hearing just an echo
due to lower levels of the male hormone.
I was sick, I'm getting well.
I'll be happy, y'all can stay in hell.
Soon I'm gonna be a shell of my former shell.

I'm in a frozen hunting lodge
with a tumbler full of scotch
while my other lawyer friends are making moose
extinct.
I'd like to shoot those guys
draw a bead on big white eyes
but they're not worth me having to set down my drink.

I was sick ...

Could this be my future ex-wife calling?
Darling I can hear your nails drying.
Your attorney's good with small details.
You're a perfect match, with his teeth and your nails.

My killer instinct's gone.
Shot down like a dog.
Injected lethally, electrocuted, fried.
I made it walk the plank.
I hung it by its neck.
It kicked and screamed and hollered but it never cried,
and that's the difference between it and I.

I was sick

Visit [Sam Broussard](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.