

## **Born Ruffians**

# **"Piecing It Together"**

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Piecing it together in a highway town  
Another store-front cemetery

(2nd verse same as the first)

Piecing it together in a highway town  
Another store-front cemetery  
What we know for sure is going down  
Read the papers, the obituaries  
Straight gin, a sin and rolling one  
He'll be in the obituaries  
Throw the empty bottle and then run  
Broke the window of that store-front cemetery

He's dressing up  
He's going blind  
He's throwing up  
Just to unwind  
He's dressing up  
He's going blind  
He's throwing up  
Just to unwind  
He's dressing up  
He's going blind  
He's throwing up  
Just to unwind  
He's dressing up  
He's going blind  
He's throwing up  
Just to unwind

We wore that shirt  
Got called a fag  
It didn't hurt  
No, not today  
We wore that shirt  
Got called a fag  
It didn't hurt  
No, not today  
We wore that shirt  
Got called a fag  
It didn't hurt

No, not today  
We wore that shirt  
Got called a fag  
It didn't hurt  
No, not today

Another pointless song comes out of the pen  
Read it back and cry  
Fact is, we'll die and never live again  
We'll just wonder why.

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