

Breaking The Fourth Wall

"The City's No Place For A Cowboy"

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The widow has hungry eyes
Watch out for the wolves
Sheep skin, skin deep
It's Thursday night and this place is full
Depravity's the new black
With a drink in hand
Every town has debaucheries finest

The doctors here but he forgot the disease
We take the prostitutes council for our moral dilemma's
As we feed our children to the lions
And the old have been forgotten

The devil's got us in the palm of his hand

(This compass) is broken, we're way off track
Slowly going but whose to know
Three lines to tell time
We've been here so many times before
But I can't say that I know you

New Orleans is drowning
But we'll all be dead soon
Don't believe the headlines

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