

Christiansen "Kentucky Goddamn"

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A million lives prepared to die
Is it a song? The battle's on
We take these drives and wonder why is it a song?
Music lives on
The taste of wine, piss on the rug, talk on the phone,
the election's on
True blue sessions black and white
Historic Harlem in the heat of the night
The funk galore of all that is right
Modern is my theme, you're broke Baroque
Remember when we flyered the streets and how we
would construct our own beats? And college came and
buried our dreams
But that's alright
Everything's changing
What am I doing with my life? At Xanadu or in the R.V.
I'm fast to sleep
Parents push for school but we're still drunk the record
runs till I'm hungover

Diversified harbors below teach us
The bleeding signs of nothing at all infect our minds
Keep it clean for more to enjoy
Shorten this cause they've had enough
Keep on talking and never shut up
Infect our minds
If man's the measure of all things
We need our brains to stay alive
Please shout at the world: I think I'll miss you
It's pensive response: It's alright, It's alright
Bliss ignorance dwells inside with bliss till the sound of
a gun, the leg of a duck
I need time to decide if what I'm doing is right

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