

## Coalesce

# "Counting Murders, Drinking Beers"

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I'm getting out  
While I can still count these murders  
On only one hand

I'm through looking after you  
Second guessing your next move  
Lock the doors, turn out the lights  
The wolves are out tonight  
Playing that shitty bass

So, you get your kicks  
Using my daughter and my wife  
As target practice?  
Well, how do you like  
That shaft straight up your ass?

And I'll damn you right in your tongue  
You have used that grinning 'no English' crap  
For the last time on me and since when  
A shot of paint elevate the classes?

You run around real cute with your rainbows  
Like we don't know, like we care  
So, look away when you see me, just look away  
It never ends for me

Like it the fourth never ending  
Yeah, you're real brave roughing this  
Until you have children of your own  
There is no pride in these chances

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