

Down By Law **"Post Office Lament"**

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Waking so damn early well
This jobs become a living hell
More letters than the eye can see
I fell this pressure inside of me

Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle

Supervisor stares me down
But he'll be begging when I come around
All the coworkers that I hate
They're gonna suffer the same damned fate

Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle

Everyone thinks that I'm the quiet guy
Boy are they in for a big surprise
And if we all go down in a hail of lead
Well, this job sucks we're better off dead

[Incomprehensible]

Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle

Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle
Got my bullets, got my gun, I got my rifle

[Incomprehensible]
You're dead

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