

## **Electric President "Good Ol' Boys"**

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Don't, don't walk out your door  
Wait a minute, peel the paint  
From the walls, they go home  
Lay down in it and please wait  
Wait, wait for the gun  
Shoot the apple from my head  
Tie a rope, do a comic  
Build a tip around your bed

Let's talk, talk is cheap  
What's the point  
If it's pointless, change your mind  
If it's sacred advertise  
Past expense, swollen feet  
Pinch your belly, nice and clean  
Save a little earn a lot  
Change the world or leave it be

Watching while the good old boys swallow a bullet  
Wondering when I should've been quit  
I heard them say that there's nothing left worth fighting  
for  
But I say that that's a crack of...

I'm in the dark with a wet pack of matches  
Retracing footsteps to see where I went wrong  
And light shines through the keyhole  
And pokes me in the eye  
If I ask myself the question  
I'll probably tell a lie

Music in my head never sounded right on paper  
I'll write myself a note and turn the note into a song  
If you've never done that  
You won't appreciate you've got it  
You've always done the thought  
You learned to take what you can get

Watching while the good old boys swallow a bullet  
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But I say that that's a crack of...

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