

Glassjaw

"Tip Your Bartender"

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Time for our men in uniform
(with a price upon their heads).
This is a WAR!
Sober up.
But call it what you want,
The color changes up in the sun.

Not throwing stones at you anymore.
Your name's in lights and I don't wonder
Anymore.

All my X's live with hexes.
This is why I hang
Myself with jealousy upon a fencepost half mast.
Fashion: war between
The guilty and the guilty and the guilty..
And the teen.

Not throwing stones at you anymore.

Your name's in lights and I don't wonder
Anymore.

[pause]

Oh yeah, I would like to..
Die like mice do.
I'm crying in the beer of a drunk man.
Crying.

Not throwing stones at you anymore.
Your name's in lights and I don't wonder
Anymore.

Oh yeah, I would like to..
Like to die, like fucking mice do.
I'm crying in the beer of a drunk man.
Crying.

Buy it, load it, shoot it.

