

James Lynn Strait

"Tecato"

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Growin' up in broken homes
You find yourself at ten years old
Runnin' drag and startin' fights
But minors hide behind their rights

Start slow with beer and pot
But soon you're bored with what you've got
Try some dope at first, for kicks
You'd promised that you'd never fix

Fade away from the path you choose
You stuck your arm, started to lose
Surround yourself with pain and strife
A downward spiral is your life
Some years later, your life's a shell
Still locked inside this living hell

Only to cope, you leave your house
Now meet the cops, your luck's run out
You got no love, end up in jail
A few more beefs, a five year tail
Prison term before too long

Your number's up
And now you are gone
(and thrown away the key)
Jails, institutions and death
(Think I'm fucking kidding?)

Now it feels just like a dream
But it's not what it seems
Gotta block out the screams

I'm too tired to defend, bring my life to an end
This I can't comprehend, but it's coming
Now the needle's in my neck
I know that mine is not the only life I've wrecked

Now that I know the battle can't be won
Selfishness weighs a ton, lookin' out for number one
As if my life was so pretty, now things look shitty
And there's no one to save me from fuckin' pain

It burns hot from the inside out
Now there ain't no doubt
How this bout started out
Now they've finally brought me down
Sympathy can't be found
Locking doors, the only sound

I've screwed over all who care
Now it's only fair
They've stripped my soul bare
I can't take it
Now it starts to come on strong

The long arm of the law coming down on my head
It's been so long since I have felt the sun beating down
from above
Without the bars on my cage reminding me
That I got screwed up and I've got no love

From a truck, what the fuck?
I'll keep truckin' down
I'm locked in this cell
Kickin' it in hell

Ain't no joke
The straight dope started out
(Locking doors the only sound)
Jails, institutions and death
(Think you can take your pick?)

Kickin' dope in a jail cell
You wanna die, it feels like hell
Muscles ache, you cannot sleep
Stomach ache, you cannot eat

Do your time and make parole
Now you're free, out of this hole
Think you'd learn and start to cope
But from the gate, you score some dope
Nothing changes, you start to regress
You're all strung out, life is a mess once again

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