

Josh Canova

"The Boy's In Trouble"

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The boy's in trouble the boy's in trouble again
Son of a working man but the man he holds things in
Monday's quiet the boys got hope and doubt
There may be god on Sunday but the man he lets
things out

And if a day like this can beat down on my door
Without a signal of what it was intended for
I'll need a night like this to drive the voices out of range
And my ordinary life might change

Someone calls in a fog but I don't know what's mine
He's talking in circles but he means it this time
Full of wisdom full of culture full of shit and so
Kiss me on the forehead you can let your concience go

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