

Local H "What Would You Have Me Do?"

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Can you just go home defeated, take your pride and
eat it?

Crawl back beaten, sources are depleted

Can you take the final hit

And admit that you were wrong?

Don't even call it even, bleedin' is believin'

Former well being, we're closing for the season

Can you take the final hit

And admit that you don't belong?

Beatin' six ways till Sunday

Beatin' six ways till Sunday now

You're gonna have to leave it

You know you'll never need it

Wait till you see what we've planned for you

And it's heinous, so come on, come on, comeupance

You really are the star of the show right now

It's sad and strange but kinda strange

When cliches are true

Beatin' six ways till Sunday

Beatin' six ways till Sunday now

And I am sorry to enjoy this

But what would you have me do?

What would you have me do?

Can you just go home, hated, half intoxicated

Hopelessly outdated and not appreciated?

Can you take the final blow

And know that you fucked up?

Go state the overstated, keep it complicated

The over educated that hope you'll never make it

Can you take the final blow

And know, they won't be shutting up?

Beatin' six ways till Sunday

Beatin' six ways till Sunday now

You're gonna have to leave it

You know you'll never need it

Wait till you see what we've planned for you

And it's heinous, so come on, come on, comeupance
You really are the star of the show right now
It's sad and strange but kinda strange
When cliches are true

Beatin' six ways till Sunday
Beatin' six ways till Sunday now
And I am sorry to enjoy this
But what would you have me do?

Baby's outta town but I see the light on
What are you up to now?
Headin' for the gun, I can see rock bottom
No one will help you now

Beatin' six ways till Sunday
Beatin' six ways till Sunday now
Gonna have to leave it
You know you'll never need it
Everything has been cut and dried for you

And it's heinous, so come on, come on, comeupance
You really are the star of the show right now
It's sad and strange but kinda strange
When cliches are true, yeah

Beatin' six ways till Sunday
Beatin' six ways till Sunday now
And I am sorry to enjoy this
But what would you have me do?

What would you have me do?
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What would you have me do?

Beatin' six ways till Sunday
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Beatin' six ways till Sunday
Beatin' six ways till Sunday
Beatin' six ways till Sunday

Hold tight, it's New Year's Eve
It will be cold tonight, kill the heat
And shut out all the lights
Cut the phone line too

Alright, we don't need nothing but cyanide
Pulled out teeth won't be identified
What would you have me do?
You got it

Hold tight, it's New Year's Eve
It will be cold tonight, kill the heat
And shut out all the lights
Cut the phone line too
You got it

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