

Look Mexico

"I'm Not Guilty, But I'm Used To It"

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Pour me another drink, won't you please.
'Cause I'm here and there's nothing else to look for.
I can read and I can breathe.
And my cup is half a quart more full than you.

It's so easy, yeah, so simple
To let someone fill your grave up with sand.
With your arms still and your lips dry,
What would you give to live a life under the sea?

I'll call it. It's raining anyway.
Just promise that you'll never do it again.
I guess the question is, 'How long do I struggle for air?'
Not, 'Why do I want it more as I'm getting pulled down?'

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