Low
"John Prine"

I verified the math

And double-checked the syntax

I tried to heal your body

But it just kept coming back

You never had a chance

I thought I was a poet

I had so much to say

But now I want to see the blood

I want to make them pay

Yeah, I can see the day

I made a place for children

They wanted all the answers

I gave them all my lectures

And now they're perfect dancers

'Cause I'm a perfect dancer

Sha la la la la

Sha la la la la