

Lower Class Brats

"The Hand We're Dealt"

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Now we're growing up, my old friend
Never bothering to right our wrongs
All we've ever known was youth
Getting drunk and singing songs
[Chorus]
But I'm the only one to blame
All my friends changed but I stayed the same
The hand we're dealt is often hard
I got stuck with the joker card
Never trust anyone over 30
Now how can we trust ourselves
Should we trade it all it all for a suit
And put the rest of it on the shelf
[Chorus]
All the doors that were open to you

They all got shut in my face
When I go back and try the knob
They're all locked firmly in place
Now I work a dead end job
Hey little rich boy take a look at me
I know I'm not living in paradise
But there's no place that I'd rather be

[Chorus]

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