

Chuck Prophet

"Open Up And Wail"

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Downright hopelessness
When the wrath of consequence comes knocking on
that old front door
And we count the ways, the seconds have fallen into
place with the emptiness
Don't hold the phone

I know some are counting on God above or methadone
To kill way and to take away the pain
I feel for the lost and empathize the cost for calamity
For what I've seen

Open up and wail, open up and cry
We are not the type for young to die
In a rattle cage, heads against the wall
Through dangerous nights
No more lullabies
Open up and wail

We've got what it takes
Everything that needs to make a fighting chance
At carrying the load
Of fallen day to day
Of gruesome cold reality, square in the nose
Bleeding to the toes

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We are not the type for young to die
In a rattle cage, heads against the wall
Through dangerous nights
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