

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Man Of No Account"

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Behold my eyes
While I cut down the tree
Through my spine
A rush of doubt choking me
Choking me hard

Just once to be a man of no account

No frames to keep me down
No fences and walls
No sacred crown
Can make me yield my ground

What you say
What you will be
Remains to you

Behold my eyes
While I cut down the tree
Through my spine
A rush of doubt choking me
Choking me hard

Hard to be a man in misery
A privilege to own
My sunken cheeks and tired eyes
Got time to tell you so
Who I am
What I will be
Remains to me

You're like a splinter to my mind
Like a nail to my wrist
A dagger to my heart
Like needles through my soul

No bricks and steel
No concrete fields
No smothers and lies
No bullshit and flies
No backbone and guts

No stabs and cuts
Can take what I'm yearning for

All our lifes (sic)
Washed away instantly
I take my time
Your hands choking me
Choking me hard

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