

Sam Kinison

"President Of What?"

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I Saw the Scene Unfold On a Rainy Sunday
Creases Indicating Fold That Kept Four Walls From
Caving In
I Took a Little More of What I Take For Granted
And Filled My Plate For Fear That Gears Would Turn
And Wheels Would Roll Away
Something's Got to Break You Down
Entered the Scene (I'm Told) On I Think It Was Monday
You Drove Straight Through and Mined That Quarry
For All It Could Bleed 'til Dry
I Took a Little More 'til I Got Taken For Granted
'cause Beautiful Boys Gave Chase
And When They Arch Your Backbone
It's Such a Dreadful Sight
I'll React When Faces Find You
With Jealous Fits That Gag and Bind You
'cause Nothing Hurts Like Nothing At All
When Imagination Takes Full Control

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