

Sam Kinison "Title Track"

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Left uninspired by the crust of railroad earth
That touched the lead to the pages of your manuscript.
I took my thumb off the concrete and saved up all my
strength
To hammer pillars for a picket fence.
It wasn't quite what it seemed,
A lack of pleasantries.
My able body isn't what it used to be.
I must admit I was charmed by your advances,
Your advantage left me helplessly into you.

Talking how the group had begun to splinter,
And I could taste your lipstick on the filter.

I tried my best to keep my distance from your dress,
But call-response overturns convictions every time.
My memory cannot recall (a wave of alcohol)
We shared a cigarette and shaved the hours off.

Talking how the group had begun to splinter,
And I could taste your lipstick on the filter.

Lushing with the hallway congregation,
My best judgement signed it's resignation.

I rushed this.
We moved too fast,
Trips into the guest room.
I rushed this.
We moved too fast,
Trips into the guest room.

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