

Severe Tire Damage "What I Do"

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By: Steve Rubin

The heat was on the pavement
He peaked out through the blinds
His friends forgot his number
He'd left them all behind
If he had another chance
Could think the whole thing through
He'd do the same dumb thing again
And crow "that's what I do"
"Free will," it's some kind of joke
You know your choices well
It always ends up just the same
The path that leads to Hell
The petty politician
He smiles and kisses kids
No one thought he'd go this far
He wins each race he bids
So now they're yelling at him
The country's in a stew
But he just keeps on smiling, 'cause
He says "that's what I do"
"Free will," it's some kind of joke
You know your choices well
It always ends up just the same
The path that leads to Hell
{Bridge:}
I've tried, I've tried, old dog

I've tried, I've tried, old dog
{Guitar}
That pile of rags is living
Some flesh, a sign, a bowl
He's skinny and unshaven
The years have took a toll
But I won't stop to help him
He'll spend it all on brew
And I don't want to talk to him
'Cause that's not what I do
"Free will," it's some kind of joke
You know your choices well
It always ends up just the same
The path that leads to Hell

You know I love you, baby
I really do try hard
But sometimes, jeez, I'm such a jerk
You make me walk the yard
Now everybody knows this
It really must be true
Please try to love me as I am
'Cause this is what I do
"Free will," it's some kind of joke
You know your choices well
It always ends up just the same
The path that leads to Hell

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