

## **Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "27 Guys Named Steve"**

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I've got to get off my back  
And put my words into action.  
I have laid motionless for much too long now.  
The dream is not dead.  
It's just laid dormant in my head.  
Eating away at the back of my mind.  
Feeding on my inhibitions.  
I wanna sever the bonds that have tied me down,  
And tied my tongue.  
Wage war with the lesser self.  
Be a better man.  
Let's celebrate the blood that courses.  
Feeding life to every cell.  
Giving thanks for the air that fills these lungs.  
Giving us voice, and giving us song.  
"where are all the good men dead?  
In the heart, or in the head?"

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