

## **Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "If You've Got Soul"**

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Skinny wrists and feeble fists clinched in rage,  
Aimed at every evil that's in range.  
Gutless mangy mutts that masquerade as dainty  
ladies  
Waisting daises on shallow graves.  
A clever cover to a book with no pages hung out  
To dry before they even had time to grow.

[Chorus:]

If you've got soul, then you're bound to be walked on.  
Just don't get caught under the heels of misery.  
Who feel the need for company.

Skin gets tricked into thickening when the king pits the  
queen for your loyalty.  
One shares the spoils, the other the sense of royalty.  
So if hell is boiling beneath the clock is ticking.  
"It's time to think again"

[Chorus]

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