

The Menzingers

"Sir Yes Sir"

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Setting son you feel you've won, but your game is lost
for sure
Oblivious to the obvious man your kickin' down,
wreckin' the wrong door
Well I'm the same old son who forgot to hold on to
That which gave the power to let go
Too busy trying to crumble the laws of man
With your black lined lungs and your bread and cheese
The canary saves your life
And I've been there before, I'm wasting my time again.
As the scars turn into lessons boy you've been robbed
The bodies fell right through boy didn't you expect
them to
Molly is screaming 'Let me out!' as the boss blacks out
the window
Noises from the ground shake to the bone
Stimulants, excuses, bite the hand that wipes your ass,
And bitch until its time for me to go
Come on Prometheus take our fire
The Gods will rest unassured
The books are there for our consumption
Now the the ashes are scattered on the floor
Get up, get off your horse boy you're nothing special

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