

## Murder By Death

### "Until Morale Improves, The Beatings Will Continue"

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I walked the road  
from Tucson to San Antonio  
with the smell of blood on my breath.  
Ninety days of sweat and dirt  
feels like one night  
when you've got nothin left.

Till there's nothin left to do but die.  
Buckshot is my bread  
and I'll drink whiskey instead of water  
cause I can't stand to be sober in this place.  
Your hands on my face  
every step of the way  
trying to peel away the pain.

Well...  
Buckshot is my bread  
and I'll drink whiskey instead of water  
cause I can't stand to be sober in this place.  
Your hands on my face  
every step of the way  
trying to peel away the pain.

I'll drink whiskey instead of water  
I'll drink whiskey instead of water  
I'll drink whiskey instead of water  
I'll drink whiskey instead of water

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