State Champion "Come See What I Have Done"

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Loaded gun why don't you come up here and see what I have done?

And I shall prove myself to thee When I was young my mama said "Son don't you fall in love with the first one that you see"

But I was always one to run outside and nod my head Without having heard a word that the woman said Now I'm crying toward the termites in my floor Now I'm sighing toward the moonlight in my drawer

'Cause I found a bottle in my dresser yes sir it was cruel to me

Now there's a woman in my yester I confess that the fool was me

She tried to leave and since I let her lesser I have proved to be

Now I've tattooed the words "forget her" where my feathers used to be

Because my wings were never of too much use to me

Loaded gun some ol' strange things you have done Could you even prove yourself to me? You've taken good ones and a couple bad ones with good names

There ain't a lesson or a medicine that is free

Except for the water none but the water

So why not the water with her silver hair and cane? Why not the whisky with his ancient and wry charm? Why not the time that told the water when to drain? Why not the needle shining in my neighbor's arm?

Why not the way the whole world waltzes
When she's dolled up blue and green?
Drunk in the astral ballroom how we spin so stupidly
Wish I could stay afloat in one place and never have to
move my feet

To see that girl again just one day that way she would move to me

And she'd say "Sorry" and I'd say "Yea I'm sorry"
And she'd say "Yea how sorry?" and I'd say "Hardly"

'Cause these things are never of too much use to me No these things are never of too much use to me And though lesser I confess I have proved I believe That lesser I would ever choose to be Then to deal with all those things you do to me

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