

One Dead Three Wounded "We're Broke Till Payday"

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Sometimes it seems, kids like you and me learn failure
at too young of an age
Before the blue blood leaks red from our veins.
I got some advice for your runaway types for you
lifelong escapists.
Jesus Christ won't save us.

My feet ache from an eight hour day of servitude
slavery.
I got filthy blood in my veins and this dirt poor DNA.
Digging ditches from our graves on a working man's
wage.

If I was born to be you, if I was born to fit your shoes.
I'll count my blessings after I count what I lose.
We're broke till payday.

I spent my last few bucks on a tank of gas and coffee.
I hope it keeps us up.
We'll drive until we're empty till things ain't quite so
bad.
I hope that these miles medicate our heads.

Don't carry the blame, we only disconnect to stay sane.
Kids like us run away to stay sane.
If it wasn't so cold outside and Philadelphia wasn't
quite so wide, I might just run away from my fate.
Watch as my legs break in the chase.

So tell me tales of your ambitious plans,
But break them down for a simple man
Cause kids like us won't see those lands.
Someday we'll be something, someday we'll be
something more.

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