

## Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson

### "Buriedfed"

Visit "[Buriedfed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

This is my last song about myself, about my friends  
Found something else to sing  
Try and patch it up with tape and twine  
Maybe I'll just break everything that's mine

They wheeled out my casket,  
They said, "Boy, lay down your head"  
I said, "Aw shit, man, I ain't even dead"  
I won't be buried for I'm...

My friend, who's a real yo-yo  
She's always crying, and no one knows why  
She's gonna be alright  
Lost her past in a fuzzy fire  
Wasn't even drunk, just a little tired last night

And they took her to the doctor  
To fix her heart, and heal her head  
She said, "Goddamn, I'm tired of being polite"  
Go save somebody else"

Friend of mine drank something fine,  
Choked to death before his time, last night  
He said, "I found that thing you really need"  
Come on, you can't breathe alright

Everyone'll be there at the burial in your head  
And a tear or two, they she'd  
Then they're gonna go digging in your hole  
And find someone else instead  
Make someone else feel dead instead

Oh, he didn't like people much at all  
Tasted better with alcohol  
You know how that one goes  
He realized he'd missed his whole life  
Kissed his dog and shot his wife last night

And they pulled him to a preacher  
He said, "Pray 'Our Father' prayers"  
He said, "Aw shit, man, I don't even care

Oh, I ain't did nothing"

Reckless ruin is killing high  
A great, fine victory we're still alive  
My, my, what a surprise  
I got home late, I don't care  
Better late than never, dear

They took her to the prison  
Sat across from him, and sighed  
She said, "Fuck you, I wanted just to die  
How come you, baby boy, you  
You can't do a damn thing right  
You can't do any damn thing right"

This is my last song I write inside  
Going out, find somewhere else to hide  
Late at night on an empty street  
Ain't anyone I know walking beside me

I ain't done a damn thing right  
But oh, I'll try, before I die  
How 'bout tonight

They wheeled out my casket,  
They said, "Boy, lay down your head"  
I said, "Believe me, I wish that I was dead"  
But as long as I've been running  
While this world exploded in this big hole in my head

But as long as I've been running  
Well, I might just keep it coming  
To someone else instead

Oh, you, baby boy, you  
You can't do a damn thing right  
You can't do any damn thing right

Visit [Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.