

Slobberbone

"Find The Out"

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Working hands and a gentle heart
Beacon-like to those in the dark
His wife and family headed home, a flash of chrome
A pothole's teeth makes tires slide
To shoulders too thin to abide
A sleeping driver, wayward truck, now he's stuck

Knotted heart, he cracks and curls
His bedroom becomes his world
Idle curtains block the sun, now he's done
His remaining daughter will suggest
That shutting down is not what's best
Who's to say until you go, I don't know

Still you must concede
That there is still a need, it's true
When you can't find the out like most do

Jamie Jeffries has a plan
And a mother who's his biggest fan
She wants it all for him so much, but she's out of touch
Persuasive friends, a gang of four, the convenience of
convenience stores
A borrowed gun was his best bet, and now he's set

Still you must concede
That there is still a need, it's true
When you can't find the out like most do
And still you must confess
That things are still a mess, for sure
When you're less in her eyes than before

So you've wrung your eyes of all their tears
And you caught them in a glass
To save them for some day next year, when you're
waxing over your past
And should you ever begin to believe
That the good part was worth all the waste
Find your glass of last year's tears and you take a taste

Still you must concede

That there is still a need, it's true
When you can't find the out like most do
And still you must confess
That things are still a mess, for sure
When you're less in her eyes than before

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