

Darren Geffre

"Crab"

Visit "[Crab](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I went down to reservation town
I saw my friend, he was drinking
Bloodshot eyes, the kind I recognize
I said, You gotta quit cause you're sinking down
He got in my face, said, "man you're outta place"
"You look like some kind of apple"
But I could tell he was on the edge of hell
And he could never get higher

I am my father's son
I am my daughter's father
Get red blood and white blood
And they run together
I was thrown in the mix
Take the good with the bad
And I am just another Crab
In the bucket

She grew up on Blackfeet ways
My mother living on nothing
Left up home, South Dakota all alone
Cause poverty got her thinking hard
I don't want my kids to live like we did
And maybe they'll have a future
She sacrificed the way she lived her life
Helped me become what I am

I am my father's son
I am my daughter's father
Get red blood and white blood
And they run together
I was thrown in the mix
Take the good with the bad
And I am just another Crab
In the bucket

(Musical Break)

I am my father's son
I am my daughter's father
Get red blood and white blood

And they run together
I was thrown in the mix
Take the good with the bad
And I am just another Crab
In the bucket

In the bucket
Just another Crab
In the bucket

Visit [Darren Geffre](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.