

The Gone Jackals "Barrel of Crabs"

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I was born there,
Before I knew better.
Went to school there,
But learned to avoid that.
Fell in love there,
But love couldn't thrive there.
Picked it up
And I left it behind, said -

Man, alive!
Get me out of this barrel of crabs.

Most our homes were
Depressed by division.
What passed for friendship
Was really protection .
Any work there
Dissolved into trouble.
Ate me up,
Livin' life on the bubble, said -

Man, alive!
Get me out of this barrel of crabs.

Everytime I'd gain some ground,
Another man's scheme would just pull me back down.
Everytime I spied the top.
The next poor sucker's there to give me the drop.

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