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Johnny Hollow "Bag Of Snow"

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I'm sorry if I'm low and dirty And mean and cold. God told me to, it's all for you. For what it's worth This is my bag of snow.

Just let me show you
It's not brave to be unkind.
I can't speak the truth
That is lacking in this
Ornate corporate Christmas tree.
The fire starts to seethe.
I won't take the blame
for these rude desires;
this lack of shame.

Theme parks and hallmarks
And sermons and pop songs.
Impotent and innocent;
Just make me angry.
I'm sorry if I'm low and dirty.
I'm sorry if I sit too high.
We all gotta get by.

I don't need another age
To tell me the words.

"It's not right.

It's not right."

Let's be honest,

this bullshit doesn't make you high.

It's time to fly.

Don't you know how to fly?

Don't you know how to fly? (Don't you know how to fly?)

Don't you know how to fly? (fly)

Fly.. fly.

Fly.. fly.

Formulas and divas

And holiness and hollowness

And empty campaigns

just make me angry.

Theme parks and hallmarks
And sermons and pop songs.
Impotent and innocent;
Just make me angry.
Don't you know how to fly? (Don't you know how to fly?)
Don't you know how to fly?
Fly.. fly.
Fly.. fly.

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