

02 Kick

John Byron Shank

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You got a dime size wart on your nose,
You're not the tragic genius, you suppose,
Nothing to expect now, but your next overdose;
When you smile in your sleep and you give up the ghost...
 you – give up – the ghost...

You say my words offend your dignity,
Not what you do to yourself or your family.
We're supposed to only give you our sympathy.
You say, "you can't show me," you say, "you can't teach me,"
 you say, "you can't - tell me..."

You got your reasons; you don't want to hear mine.
Got no time for me, till you want my time.
You ask me to believe you but you know that you lie.
Because you're busy workin' on your next new alibi,
 your next – new – alibi...

You say, "have faith in me" you're gonna change,
You got a new plan, but it's always the same.
Won't listen to reason, won't be nobody's slave.
But your secret is out, you're still dragin' chain,
 you're - still dragin' - chain...

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 smile – in your sleep – and you give up the ghost...