

Piecing It Together

Born Ruffians

Piecing it together in a highway town
Another store-front cemetery

(2nd verse same as the first)

Piecing it together in a highway town
Another store-front cemetery
What we know for sure is going down
Read the papers, the obituaries
Straight gin, a sin and rolling one
He'll be in the obituaries
Throw the empty bottle and then run
Broke the window of that store-front cemetery

He's dressing up
He's going blind
He's throwing up
Just to unwind
He's dressing up
He's going blind
He's throwing up
Just to unwind
He's dressing up
He's going blind
He's throwing up
Just to unwind
He's dressing up
He's going blind
He's throwing up
Just to unwind

We wore that shirt
Got called a fag
It didn't hurt
No, not today
We wore that shirt
Got called a fag
It didn't hurt
No, not today
We wore that shirt
Got called a fag
It didn't hurt
No, not today
We wore that shirt
Got called a fag
It didn't hurt
No, not today

Another pointless song comes out of the pen
Read it back and cry
Fact is, we'll die and never live again
We'll just wonder why.