

# Call Me By My Real Name

Holy Mother

I-I, Hold-Hold  
Weathered by the storm  
And you-you, won't feel- won't feel  
You're wasted by the one  
And now- and now, you know-you know  
Your money's running low  
Your last cigarette has got you  
Choking on the bone

Down-Down, cold-cold  
Hungry from the road  
I need-I need  
My better days  
My whiskey cup is broke  
So leave me alone  
While my head is hummin' cold  
I lost my mind on borrowed time  
I can't find my way home

Call me by my real name  
My bottle's runnin' dry  
Call me by my real name  
Your painted face is shy  
My whiskey makes me feel things  
My brother never lies

Time-time, now-now  
Always played it cool  
Every step I take I'm heading for the swimming pool  
So feed me, believe me  
My friends will never leave me  
But one wrong look  
And I'll close the book  
I'll knock you on your ass

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