

## David

Noah Gundersen

I keep kicking at the curb with my worn out shoes  
and I keep running into stranger's that say I know you  
and I don't wanna be a proud man just wanna be a man.  
A little less like my father and more like my dad.  
I wanna hunt like David,  
I wanna kill me a giant man,  
I wanna slay my demons,  
But I got lots of them, I got lots of them.

I try to keep my conscience clean.  
I try to keep myself out of your bad dreams.  
I try to wash my hands for you every night,  
oh, lest you find my strangling fingers  
wrapped around tight.  
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