

For the Four

Off With Their Heads

I'm not tired, I'm exhausted.
I think this time I've finally lost it.
If anything ever happened to you,
I don't know what the fuck I'd do.
When you get better maybe we can move away,
Out of this neighborhood to somewhere safe
Where the kids can go outside and play.
There's got to be a better way.

I don't wanna be sick anymore.
Can't breathe, passed out on the floor.
I'm not walking through hospital doors today.

Let's put the petty shit all behind.
Remember when we used to laugh all the time?
It makes me wonder why we bend over backwards,
Scraping up nickels and dimes.

What can end the constant struggle?
Is there a light at the end of the tunnel anyway?