

I just sit there, and let the thoughts flood  
And I remind myself it's all right, it's all good  
It's all love, it's not though  
Cuz there's a kink in the armor  
A pot hole I'm sinkin' in, the more I think of the  
drama  
So I stand up, I start to pace in my living room  
Set my eye to the highway, knowin' that I'll play  
chicken soon  
There's a vanity plate, wit my name on it  
There's a Davy Crocket hat with a masonic fat cat under  
it  
A musket rifel spittin' at my feet  
And want me to dance in the middle of the street  
And I respect my elders, so I do as I'm told  
But I've offset the bell curve when I do it with so  
losin' control  
Guilty feet do have rhythm  
They just dance to the wrong theme music to amuse the  
villian  
Instead of killin', I spare the raccoon  
And start fillin' sand bags as I stare at the moon  
And let the thoughts flood, blessed are those who are  
damned  
When the levy broke, how many choked on the steps of a  
slow dance  
A staircase to a hug with no hands  
Accountability hung out to dry on the line of command  
We let the thoughts flood, we remind ourselves it's all  
right, it's all good  
It's all love, it's not though  
Cuz there's a kink in the armor  
A pot hole I'm sinkin' in, sharing a drink with my  
father  
It's a family affair, the vanity we share  
The water line is rising and we do is stand there..  
  
The water line is rising and we do is stand there  
[repeat to fade]