

The Salesman, The Husband, The Lover

The Receiving End of Sirens

Baby boy had a big ol' heart,
Large enough to tear apart
And split evenly in two
Evenly in two

Mom and Dad had a rocky start
Too much head to little heart
Soon one turned into two
One two

Dirty hands made separate beds
And folded sheets in which they slept
Oh what's a boy to do?
What's a boy to do?

When daddy finds ten dollar whores
And liquor stores
Can offer more
Than his family
More than his friends
More than a woman that he needed

"O no. What a shameful seed I've sown."

Then one day daddy walked away
From his wife and child they had made
It must have been too much
It must have been too much

Mommy tried her best to pay
The bills so that her son could stay
In this house that he was raised
The sons fight the father's war

You shadow, you ghost
Look how crooked I've grown
What a shameful seed you've sown
What a seed you've sown

The place where love grew too old
Too old and broken to appraise

Court ordered visits meant weekends with his Dad
Where he had learned his share of lessons on how to drink like his old man

Back home his mother packed her bags and their dreams
that she watched down
For a single room apartment in the seedy part of town

Baby boy became the dad
His family had always lacked
A spitting image of the man
Down to the way he turned his back

He inherited his cheating; an heir to his drunken breath
His father willed him arrogance and passed down his empty chest

"Be a lightbulb"
I'm a wishbone
"Be a rifle; a telephone"
I'm Just here for you yo use
I've got nothing left to loose
I'm the wardship battle
I'm the remains of precious metals that weigh you down
both down
We are so heavied o' so heavy
We are heavied o' so heavy