

I wear my father's leather on the inside of my skin
I'm a tried and weathered woman, but I won't be tried again
Don't think that you can come for me without your Sunday best
You had better call your priest and hope the devil gets the rest before I do
Oh, and I will do...

I have worn the jester's bells and I have banished with the fools
I have worshiped at the altar of the puppet master's rules
I have held my tongue too many scenes before the final act
With my children in the cheap seats and a zipper on my back, thanks to you
No thanks to you...

Tethered in wide open spaces, and fields that lead for miles
Right into the barrel of a gun
Mendin' up your fences with my horses runnin' wild
Only broken horses know to run

I have ever so politely treaded softly for your grace
I have whispered through the tears and pleaded sweetly to your face
It is time to spit you out like lukewarm water from my mouth
I will always taste the apathy, but I won't pass it down, it dies with you
You...

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[Solo]

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