

Weak (Nick Tibbs/Buddy Mondlock)

Weak
Nobody wants to look weak
For death shall inherit the meek
And I am the meanest ground pounder
Downtowner
Town downer
Weak

Sixteen weeks and sixteen days
From boot camp to a pink haze
Where the staff sergeant used to be
As he waved us back from an IED

Where a mortar's just a random act
Like a haircut or a joke you crack
Now I'm the one who kicks down doors
You kids there, get down on the floor

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And then they just rotate you home
You muster out, you're all alone
Your buddy bought it in Iraq
And you're guilty cause you made it back

But the VA's gonna fix you up
Just swallow these pills in this cup
Back from the land of us and them
Giving Oxy out like M&Ms

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So is this a problem? Nah, man, no
I can handle it I'm in control
I'm either high or I'm sick
Either way I'm out of it

And if the Oxy's getting thin
I can score some heroin
Then some cop kicks down the door
And I'm the one who's on the floor

(INSTRUMENTAL BREAK)

Three days in then out on bail
Re-arrested back in jail
There's a program if you plead
There's what you want or what you need

Now I speak
I sit in this circle and speak
Where nobody thinks I'm a freak
'Cause I'm not the only wall climber
Less blinder
Day at a timer
I speak
I speak

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