

Cruiserweight, Cautionary Tale

no more picking leaves off our winter trees
it never worked before
it sure as hell won't anymore
and you associated mildly back then
but now you're guilty by action

today you're a hotshot
but tomorrow you'll be a cautionary tale
we come correct, we keep it clean
and thanks for everything

you took your sweet precious time
to let the ball drop and where are you now
i'll keep on pointing my finger
'til it's down your throat and you're choking on it

your pure luck reeks of manipulation
you're a cautionary tale

we all know just how big you think you are
but you're only a cautionary tale
and you let me down in the worst way
does this all mean as much to you now