

## **Options** - © Jon Davis 2019

Dear Family - All I ever did was love you  
I defended you even when you were wrong  
When they read our parents' will and testament  
All I was left with was this song

And now I'm out of options  
Except which way to go  
Revolver, rohypnol, rooftop or rope;  
I guess in time we'll know

Dear Lover - All I ever did was love you too  
And look what I got in return  
I just wanted you to love me back  
Hmph ... some people never learn

Now I'm out of options  
Except which way to go  
Revolver, rohypnol, rooftop or rope;  
I guess in time we'll know

### BRIDGE

Do gooders mean well but they just prolong my pain  
I'm in so deep that it's simply inhumane  
While there may have once been a reason for my birth  
There is now no place left for me on this Earth

Dear Mr Tax Man - You can't possibly be serious  
All I ever did was work and pay  
Welfare bludgers get everything free  
While I can't survive another day

And now I'm out of options  
Except which way to go  
Revolver, rohypnol, rooftop or rope;  
I guess in time we'll know

Now I'm out of options...