

## Tenth of a Cent

Words and Music by David Tschoban  
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I came down here to plant my feet  
You uprooted them and took a seat  
I couldn't believe you'd betray me like that  
I had to take my head from my hat  
You said you'd always remember me now  
But you never did, you didn't know how  
The flowers I gave you, you told me had died  
I remember you never keeping me alive

I don't really care, I don't really think it's different  
I don't want to share, hit the road upon my Vincent  
I'll believe my wheels with my feet on the engine  
Selling at the roads  
Selling at the roads for a tenth of a cent

The bluesman seems to be my sign  
The guillotine's working overtime  
I just wanted to play guitar  
And sing with a voice that aims to scar  
In this land that's getting dim  
They'll choose a man, control and clone him  
They'll all follow, it's all a scheme  
Sometimes I think I'm inside a dream

### Chorus

You said that heaven would dehydrate  
If the sky don't start to cease to rain  
There's holes in ascension, there's holes in you  
A perfect place for rain to pass through  
Nothing made sense, so you broke it down  
You never understood what made that sound  
You told yourself that it was your god  
But believing that for me was too hard

### Chorus