

Spite That Itch *words by Wendy Hudson*

Music by YourSongmaker

I remember us talking, you passed a long sigh
Tough issues in your life, felt you couldn't survive
You had paid your taxes, yet where were your rights
The cards were stacked against you and you couldn't fight

The sexton doesn't have a way
to bring you back from the grave, he just prays

I told you to live, to spite that itch
You're no genie in a bottle, don't grant that wish
Trying times do pass, live to win another day
You have one life to slay, don't throw it away

People crashed your palace and gave you some whoa
Your dreams were disappearing, you heard, no!
Told to "take it to the street," if you wanted to fight
Your penny landed tails up; luck was not right

The sexton doesn't have a way

to bring you back from the grave, he just prays

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You're no genie in a bottle, don't grant that wish

Trying times do pass, live to win another day

You have one life to slay, don't throw it away

Left with painful memories, toys no longer played

You shut the door and counted; deal had been made

You were aware you'd pay in your life, or death

You weighed the outcome, calculated what was left

You made choices; some were wrong and some were right

You're not alone in guilt, no innocents in sight

You were strangled, in a nightmare of brutality

Your dreams were shattered, you became a casualty

I told you to live, to spite that itch

You're no genie in a bottle, don't grant that wish

Trying times do pass, live to win another day

You have one life to slay, don't throw it away

I can't bring you back from the grave

No one can bring you back, Sextons dig one way

