

Pile of Crocodiles

I'll smoke to the indifference
in a pile of crocodiles
keep the rhythm of the apathy
in a fire ant pile
choke down a glass of cynicism
soaking up the style
and I'll smoke to the indifference
in a pile of crocodiles

You can poke me with your attitude
and punch me with your guile
I've got an easy disposition
and I'm awfully hard to rile
I can take a lot and still I've got
this altered, crooked smile
and I'll smoke to the indifference
in a pile of crocodiles

And I'll take it as it comes
and I won't turn and run
'cause I'm a whole lot tougher than I'm fast
I'll stand here, I'm a wall
like a soldier, proud and tall
'cause I can suffer, I've seen rougher and I'll last
'cause I'm tougher, been through rougher, I think I'll last

I'll smoke to the indifference
in a pile of crocodiles
I'll keep talking as I'm walking
every muddy mile
and I'll toast the big gators
with their 'I got mine' smiles
and I'll smoke to the indifference
in a pile of crocodiles

I'll smoke to the indifference
in a pile of crocodiles
keep laughing as I'm passing
every meaningless mile
and I'll toast those big gators
with their 'I got mine' smiles
and I'll smoke to the indifference
I'll smoke to the indifference
I'll smoke to the indifference
in a pile of crocodiles