

16 Horsepower, Black Lung

walkin' up with winkin' eyes
seen that tight-lipped grin
i could tell from a mile away
boy you weren't my kin
you best put a bridle on bridle on that tongue
save your breath for breathin' buddy
an' run - run
who's that feller next to me
with the big house grin
speakin' from the left hand
an' jumpin' out his skin
well, maybe he's my old man
the one with the wooden eyes
you'd think after all this time
he'd find a better place to hide
cuttin' up with battin' eyes
i seen that paint on smile
aw girl i could see you comin'
for a country mile
you bes' put a bridle on bridle on that tongue
save your breath for breathin' girl
i'm talkin' from black lungs