

16 Horsepower, Horse Head

come to my house an we'll pick bones
there hands outside ready with stones
come to my yard
i got whiskey an chirs
we'll sit on the porch
as the good men stare

you ain't never spoke true
i shake an angry fist at you
you are not needed here
to help me feel low down
i'm doin' it fine all on my own

i her you cryin' from cradle to coffin
an for you there'll be no stoppin'
i see you lyin' in a pine box with bitter words
that's how the boy talks