

# 16 Horsepower, Prison Shoe Romp

are ya listenin' boy the man he hung see  
you've heard it said that's what he done for me  
did ya hear that girl -- the man he calls your name  
you best go to him it's he not me can loose your chains  
then we'll commence to walk sometime in prison shoes  
we'll walk an walk an walk away our blues

ida done better  
from cradle to coffin  
in between there's just too much walkin'  
i ain't no odd man out -- junk hiding junk  
i ain't nothin' to speak of  
just put it in the back an leave it off the rack  
no i ain't what you're used to

did ya taste that boy  
that blood is as sweet as wine  
yeh i got it on me all the time  
we'll do some runnin' too  
you me an ruby-lu  
spin black blades an i'll unwind  
just let me go to sleep the lord my soul to keep  
don't talk just keep it on your mind

can't you see that sun shinin' in your face has the same  
he came an took your place  
but you don't give a rip an down to hell you slip  
you squack and squack boy you lost your grip