

Gourds, Pair Of Goats

Had some mojo I don't know
Bit her hand and charged
Wipe her life source from my chin
And my red guileful grin
That belies all the fire that flies
From my nostrils when I cry
Get the to a nunnery get the to a nunnery

Oh she's a fright in the morning
Scare me

But morning maybe being
The opposite of night it's just that very fright
That'll make me goatlike or weepy

So come on down you tremble
Yer wound pretty tight
Score it with x's and shove it my way
And when you bite me back
To even it up now there's a pair
Of goat's that's livin right