

Horse Feathers, Dustbowl

Viscious are the mouthes she tastes.
Wicked are the vowes she breaks.
Leaving all her luck to haste.
Leaving all her luck to waste.
All these things in a box,
where she goes she lays.
Leaving all these men tonight,
leaving all these boys to fight.
Leaving all her luck to haste.
Leaving all her lust to waste.
All these things in a box,
where she goes she stops.
Hell to all these moneymakers.
Lives they won't mistake.
Oh, you knew I loved to hate her.
Eyes that won't debate.