

# Hours Eastly, The Shakedown

Lay it down on the eight track  
Picket fence  
Grass grows green  
But the money's pretty thin around here  
Always wonder if you're coming home  
Don't know, never mind  
Never want to see you with him around here

It's a shakedown  
Came in heavy and I don't play anyhow  
It's a shakedown  
Get the goddamn money out

Days fly south with the birds now  
Get the word out  
Drop a kite and you wont wake up again  
Take the back streets  
Bend the corner, slow down  
Pull your piece out  
Make the bricks kick up again

Put your name on a postcard  
Girl you are so far  
Eight bars  
Whistle in the prison yard  
See the moon in the night sky  
Rhythm of the high tide  
Fire fly  
Try to keep your eyes dry