

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