

Hunters & Collectors, Curse

Good evening friends
Better come gather round here on this sabbath Sunday
Come on and slap your hands
There's a hot wind and it's blowing through our town
After the storm, after the fire
Don't teach your boys to kill
And when is the storm?
When is the fire?
When all your women are still
I say when all your women are still
Curse it hard, curse it good
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood
I say curse it hard, curse it good
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood
Neighbourhood
And I took a blanket
And I wrapped it around her, around her sweet old head
Down in the river, that's where I found her
Now pretty soon now she's going to be dead
So after the storm, after the fire
Don't teach your boys to kill
Hear me, when is the storm?
When is the fire?
When all your women are still
I say when all your women are still
So curse it hard, curse it good
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood
Curse it hard, curse it good
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood
Hear me, neighbourhood
Neighbourhood
Good evening friends
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Come on and slap your hands
There's a hot wind and it's blowing through our town
After the storm, after the fire
Don't teach your boys to kill
When is the storm?
When is the fire?
When all your women are still
So curse it hard, curse it good
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood
Hear me spank it hard, spank it good
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood
I say neighbourhood
In my neighbourhood
Neighbourhood