

Recoil, Prey

Deep down in Louisiana
Said way down by the 'cane
Lived a Mambo, named of Queenie
She sure deal out some pain
Like the deep ole' Atchafalaya
Her soul was dark as mud
Suck your life out just like quicksand
Leave you choking on your blood

You better pray boy, pray
Because you're prey boy, prey
You better pray boy, pray
Get down on your knees

Old Sonnier got a shotgun
Mad as he could be
Goin' to shoot young Queenie
The girl would not let him be
No chance to pull the trigger
She had him on his knees
Too late to beg for mercy
Time for him to bleed

You better pray boy, pray
Because you're prey boy, prey
You better pray boy, pray
Gotta get down on your knees