

Shannon Wright, William's Alabama

He's a man of the grain
Wears his robe of burly pain
Bowls the town for alcohol
Chewed up his name and he sold it all
Perched it up for sale
He turned the light out
He turned the sign down farewell goodnight
The awning falls flat and the clocks are spinning
Bowl the town for alcohol you are what i need
He resides in a carnival turns the pages
And mocks it all he's a martyr with a wide rope
Turns his head to watch it fall
Hacked his hand through the toil
He's a product of failed love