

Spring Heeled Jack USA, Big Stone Cowboy

There's a man who comes from night
Never born to see the light
Uses shadows as his bed
As he walks among the dead
Father reared him as a child
Never feared he be so wild
He always thought he'd use his sense
But tough love has consequence

In the streets he is the king
Settles disputes in the ring
One by one he takes them
Give him a chance - it won't matter
he won't try - he won't get any better
I don't care what the papers say
The big stone cowboy rules the day

His old man he taught him well
The glory never reached his head
In front of TV and the crowd
He fought and made his old man proud
Oh but careful he was not
He started messin' with the pot
He did some blow and swung some caine
Now he's in a shallow grave

In the streets he is the king
Settles disputes in the ring
One by one he takes them
It's about time he gets his head back on
Straightened up living clean trying to get in the ring
Big Stone