

# 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