

The Black League, Ain't No Friend o' Mine

Dog-gone soul is better off dead now
Hear my words and hang your heads down
Flames are growin' higher, higher...
We're caught down in a ring of fire...

Goin' down, goin' down...

I do it once
Or maybe twice
Then leave you begging like a good dog

Flames are growin' higher, higher...
We're caught down in a ring of fire

Just like I told you before
And now you know it's for real
A little thing you should now:
Is that you ain't no friend of mine

Burn your house and steal your car
Kick your dog and take your pretty wife
Flames are growin'...

Stalk your kids and poison your cat
Tell your papa you're a faggot
Flames are growin'