

# The Raconteurs, The Switch and the Spur

In the heat of the desert sun,  
on the blistering trail  
An appaloosa and,  
a wanted man sprung from jail  
Slow in motion and shadow-less  
The switch and the spurs  
Every living thing, with a fatal sting  
Bark and rattle this curse  
The rider hallucinates  
The snapping hooves on the sand  
Spits a venom dream, recalls a stranger scream  
And a broken hand...  
The saddle spotted with sweat and blood  
The poison pumps through his veins  
There's no stopping this, and now he's powerless  
Still holding the reigns...  
Any pour souls who trespass against us  
Whether it be beast or man  
Will suffer the bite or be stung dead on sight  
By those who inhabit this land  
For theirs is the power and this is their kingdom  
As sure as the sun does burn  
So enter this path, but heed these four words,  
You shall never return...  
Any pour souls who trespass against us  
Whether it be beast or man  
Will suffer the bite or be stung dead on sight  
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