

Walkabouts, Bones Of Contention

Well the fires are tended
And my blood it just boils
(Hey there pass your hat)
And the fruits of hard labor
Have been drowned in snake oil
(Hey there pass your hat)

The dead are thin
Their houses fat
Once you steal you can't give back
From the scaffold greed explodes
Down to nothing
Down where nothing brings you down

Well we've all been to heaven
And we've all been to hell
(Hey there pass your hat)
And the door-to-door salesmen there
Have nothing left to sell
(Hey there pass your hat)

And the poison you choose
Is the source of my confusion
And I spend all my time
Trying to figure what you're using

Well the bones of contention
Are at the top of your stairs
(Hey there pass your hat)
And they'll shake and they'll rattle
'Til somebody cares
(Hey there pass your hat)

The dead are thin
Their houses fat
Once you steal you can't give back
From the scaffold greed explodes
Down to nothing
Down where nothing brings you down

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Is the source of my confusion
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Please pass your hat X5
Won't you pass your hat