

# Wrens, Everyone Choose Sides

....13 grand  
A year in the Meadowlands  
Bored and rural-poor, lord, at 35, right?  
I'm the best 17 year old ever

Worked these sands  
I won't go back again  
Quitter quitter one boy bitter - rough luck  
Man to man hand to hand fight 40  
We're losing sand!  
A wrens' ditch battle plan  
Record after record black and deckered tack! tack!  
definition: hell and high water  
fatty come a courtin' lord the money!

everyone choose sides  
the whole to-do of what to do for money  
Poorer or not this year and hell's the difference

Let's talk plans  
And luck said, 'double damned  
Were you give women worth winning or what?  
A wasted share of shots at high-tide heaven'  
Greener grasses fade from where you wind up

Everyone choose sides  
I'm back! I'm back! So sing to raise the blind up  
I've walked away from more than you imagine and I sleep just fine  
We fought and brought up more - the shovels high up  
On the 10-ton line