

16 Horsepower, American Wheeze

i've grown tired, of the words of the single man
hangin' lifeless on his every word -- o man
you don't understand dear man
the little angel held out her hand
sayin' father, father i love you
o praise jesus i got her

ok yeah billygoat an we'll play farm
i didn't mean to spirit stiff you
nor to doy you no harm
you say you've got a bone to pick
well, there's plenty showin' on me
come on up yeah bring your temper boy
we'll see, we'll see

yeah you may be the only one come on son
bring your blade and your gun
and if i die by your hand
i've gotta home in glory land