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