

16 Horsepower, Dead Run

the devil's brand is on my bones
an' from inside the holy ghost groans
sure as shootin' the undertaker knows
he lays the headstones in endless rows
ye one an' all we croak like a raven
it's the dead an' the dyin' we're cravin'
ye one an' all
follow the man tall
hear his voice
an' drop to a dead crawl
hey boy
look straight at the sun
to the center you make a dead run
you're gonna hafta cut off both my hands
i got pride as big as dixie land
i wanna sit where the velvet is red yes an'
where can i lay this apple core?
i wanna drink of the blood that was shed girl
i can't breathe anymore
ye that's right she's waltzin' out the door
to dandy lions waitin'
ye that's right she wants more
she's my lady in waitin'