

16 Horsepower, Pure Clob Road

are you weary my friends
of my comin' 'round
draggin' my chains 'cross your floor
you once had a stained glass look in your eye
well, not any more
the train moves fast
as i walk this track
carryin' sin in my sack
same in the front as it is in the rear
he's taken our stripes on his back
on down to here
i cannot walk if you did not walk
i cannot breathe if you did not breathe
sin in my marrow
well this road is so narrow
no i cannot walk
this road is pure clob
on down to here
i figured that i would fall
ye well i left it all
sin in my marrow
ye well this road is so narrow
i cannot walk
my lord this road is pure clob