

# Clutch, Eight Times Over Miss October

Once again I'm denied my choice.

Once around the stump, then twice across the ceiling,  
now eight times over Miss October is out for me.  
Believe me when I tell you she's all about destruction.  
It's just about enough to make a grown man cry.

Good God Almighty we was panning for gold  
down at the banks of mighty Colorado,  
when all of a sudden came an awful sound;  
ten thousand buffalo were running us down.

Once again I'm denied my joy.  
Sieves and peas, oh Lord, oh Lord!

Thunder and lightning at a feverish pitch.  
Must be the workings of the Old West Witch.  
I crossed her once when I was just a youth.  
Been scared stiff ever since, to tell you the truth.

Once again I'm denied my joy.  
Sieves and peas, oh Lord, oh Lord!

She went once around the stump, then twice across the ceiling,  
now eight times over Miss October is out for me.  
Believe me when I tell you she's all about the voodoo.  
and all the things I'm losing when I pay no mind.

Get off on the good foot and start another day.  
Maybe head for Hazel, California.  
Oh, but sooner or later she'll go to town  
sure as the Earth runs around and around.

Again I'm denied my joy.  
Sieves and peas, oh Lord!

At the side of the road  
a bundle of twine,  
and on it I found a note.  
It read, "You'll be running until the end of time."

She went once around the stump, then twice across the ceiling,  
now eight times over Miss October is out for me.  
Believe me when I tell you she's all about destruction.  
It's just about enough to make a grown man cry.