

Clutch, Opossum Minister

I met a lady down in Prathertown, two rocking chairs.
She said take a seat boy and I'll treat you fair.
Snake charmers cold infidels, get a running start.
Pick up the pieces in the graveyard and unbury my heart.

The wolf howls at midnight, the rooster at the dawn
Opossum minister where you been so long?

Montgomery Village kids, you just look like the type.
You sure you want to know the mysteries? You're but a trifling height.

Families in their den, staring at the box
Opossum minister hen done killed the fox.

Eyes like clouds know you stare.
Count the minutes by the rocking of chairs.

Prathertown unincorporated,
May you stay far unrelated to the wicked ways of Montgomery Village.
There's a darkness deep in their eyes, as if the sun don't rise.
Those poor afflicted people of Montgomery Village

Fake farmers, straight jezebels, you know the score.
Pick up the pieces in the graveyard and leave 'em at the door.

The master-plan unfolds, silent sinister
Is there any hope left Opossum Minister?

Eyes like clouds know you stare.
Count the minutes by the rocking of chairs.

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