

Gourds, Boil My Strings

Living down here they throw me down and count me

I'm making this up, it keeps my feathers clean

And the black boys they kick my ass and tell me

That the women their ruby lips are dry.

I get angry and I get sad

And I lose this sweetness that I used to have

And I boil my strings

To get them back to gold

Sleeping in here they give me plenty to eat

Don't make trouble, make something with the concrete

So I fill my pipes with it to break them black boys heads

Lord, but I wish I had a gun.