

Gourds, Meat Off The Bone

I've been waitin' on a cold front to trample this sun
I've been callin' my mama on the telephone
I've been cookin' lots of chicken on the kitchen stove
And pulin' a'meat right off the bone

I've been sendin' letters of sorrow home
I've been hurtin' daily and sleepin' long
I've been eatin' lots of chicken and getting' mighty stoned
And pullin' meat right off the bone.

(Bridge)

Ain't asked myself, how did it get this way
But when I ask myself, I ain't got much to say
I'm just a'cookin' chicken and eatin' crow
And pullin' meat right off the bone.

(Instrumental break)

We have no preacher to marry our son
Our daughters have no faith in a Christian home
How shall we live now that God is gone?
just pullin' meat right off the bone.

(Bridge)

Ain't asked myself, how did it get this way
But when I ask myself, I ain't got much to say
I'm just a'cookin' chicken and eatin' crow
And pullin' meat right off the bone.

I'm pullin' meat right off the bone.