

## 16 Horsepower "American Wheeze"

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i've grown tired, of the words of the single man  
hangin' lifeless on his every word -- o man  
you don't understand dear man  
the little angel held out her hand  
sayin' father, father i love you  
o praise jesus i got her  
ok yeah billygoat an we'll play farm  
i didn't mean to spirit stiff you

nor to do you no harm  
you say you've got a bone to pick  
well, there's plenty showin' on me  
come on up yeah bring your temper boy  
we'll see, we'll see  
yeah you may be the only one come on son  
bring your blade and your gun  
and if i die by your hand  
i've gotta home in glory land

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