

16 Horsepower "Horse Head"

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come to my house an we'll pick bones
there hands outside ready with stones
come to my yard
i got whiskey an chirs
we'll sit on the porch
as the good men stare
you ain't never spoke true
i shake an angry fist at you
you are not needed here

to help me feel low down
i'm doin' it fine all on my own
i her you cryin' from cradle to coffin
an for you there'll be no stoppin'
i see you lyin' in a pine box with bitter words
that's how the boy talks

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