

16 Horsepower "Ruthie Lingle"

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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 doy 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
Red Neck Reel
Prison Shoe Romp
are ya listenin' boy the man he hung see
you've heard it said that's what he done for me
did ya hear that girl -- the man he calls your name
you best go to him it's he not me can loose your chains
then we'll commence to walk sometime in prison shoes
we'll walk an walk an walk away our blues
ida done better
from cradle to coffin
in between there's just too much walkin'
i ain't no odd man out -- junk hiding junk
i ain't nothin' to speak of
just put it in the back an leave it off the rack
no i ain't what you're used to
did ya taste that boy
that blood is as sweet as wine
yeh i got it on me all the time
we'll do some runnin' too
you me an ruby-lu
spin black blades an i'll unwind
just let me go to sleep the lord my soul to keep
don't talk just keep it on your mind
can't you see that sun shinin' in your face has the same
he came an took your place

but you don't give a rip an down to hell you slip
you squack and squack boy you lost your grip

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