

Prize Fighter Inferno, The "Accidents"

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Oh, come now father dear
and turn this blood to choice
You know I think these young are spent & have seen
their day

My back bares the scars of work
while my sweat has cut the cost
If my word to God isn't bond then I'll be damned to say,

This
cant be so bad,
Only I sure did love the way she danced,

Oh come now Preacher
to where this flesh begins to spoil,
You know I think these young are done & have seen
their day,
So could I remove their tounge of curse and cast
away?

Oh these dirty games I play,

Long-Arm you liar!
Go run home to Mama!
A good boy never gets to dance,
Long-Arm you liar!
Go run home to Mama!
These good boysnever get a chance.

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