

## **Raconteurs, The**

### **"The Switch and the Spur"**

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In the heat of the desert sun  
on the blistering trail  
An appaloosa and a wanted man sprung from jail

Slow in motion and shadowless  
The switch and the spurs  
Every living thing  
With a fatal sting  
Bark and rattle this curse

The rider hallucinates  
The snapping hooves on the sand  
Spits a venom dream  
Recalls the strangest dream  
and a broken hand

The saddle's spotted with sweat and blood  
The poison pumps thru his veins  
There's no stopping this  
And now he's powerless  
Still holding the reins.

Any poor souls who trespass against us  
Whether it be beast or man  
Will suffer the bite or be stung dead on sight  
By those who inhabit this land  
For their's is the power  
And this is their kingdom as sure as the sun does burn  
So enter this path but heed these four words  
You shall never return  
Any poor souls who trespass against us  
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