

Wrens

"Everyone Choose Sides"

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....13 grand

A year in the Meadowlands

Bored and rural-poor, lord, at 35, right?

I'm the best 17 year old ever

Worked these sands

I won't go back again

Quitter quitter one boy bitter - rough luck

Man to man hand to hand fight 40

We're losing sand!

A wrens' ditch battle plan

Record after record black and deckered tack! tack!

definition: hell and high water

fatty come a courtin' lord the money!

everyone choose sides

the whole to-do of what to do for money

Poorer or not this year and hell's the difference

Let's talk plans

And luck said, 'double damned

Were you give women worth winning or what?

A wasted share of shots at high-tide heaven'

Greener grasses fade from where you wind up

Everyone choose sides

I'm back! I'm back! So sing to raise the blind up

I've walked away from more than you imagine and I

sleep just fine

We fought and brought up more - the shovels high up

On the 10-ton line

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