

Eron Falbo

"Sacagawea's Son"

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You know I'm walking down the street,
Just trying to make ends meet.
For so long time I've tried to find
To finally just realise It's true,
I'm the one who's a fool.
But I will pick a fight with you
In a thousand avenues.
So meet me at noon,
Beneath the devil's scorching sun.
Yes, I am the buffoon,
But still you better bring your gun.

Sacagawea's Son
Sacagawea,
Sacagawea's
Son

Sixshooter in my belt
With the cards that I was dealt
Well I could be bluffing, but there's nothing
That could stand in my way
'Cause, I could draw a straight
And in a derelict ship
I can still enjoy the trip.
Like a woman's slip
Before corruption by her dress,
The master's whip
Without his slave would have nothing to suppress.

Sacagawea's Son
Sacagawea, Sacagawea's Son

Just do whatever you want,
And you can do it with flaunt.
Think you can't afford the price,
But if only you expand your mind,
You'll find that no one really minds.
That though the boss don't say,
There's more than just one way,
For you to pay
The price of your well-earned autonomy

And that'll be the day!
Say all the mice, whose vices need astrology.

Sacagawea's Son
Sacagawea, Sacagawea's Son

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