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## Casket Salesmen "Peace Monger"

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Show me where to lay my head So I can hear you breathing. It's been so long since I've seen anyone except for the medicine man.

But you're dyed in the wool, you got your ducks in a row. You had a flush in your hands, but you'd rather fold.

I wish I could be more elastic about it. There are no threads hold us together.

Cut off his grubby little hands blessing us all. Dime a dozen and ten a penny, He is what spirit wishes undone.

There are no threads that hold us together. There are no threads that hold us together. There are no threads that hold us together. There are no threads that hold us together.

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