

Casket Salesmen

"Peace Monger"

Visit "[Peace Monger](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.

Visit [Casket Salesmen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.