

## **Kelly Joe Phelps** **"Mr. My Go"**

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Hip-pocket flask at the ready  
Step-light downed by the glass, yeah  
Honey, what's that nail doing in my head?  
Just a minute ago I was shooting from a saddle  
Yeah, I got a spur and a horse high shooting from a  
saddle

Oh I'm knee deep in salt and shoe grease  
Whipping the leather with a fine toothed crack  
All the words are candy, rot out my brain  
With a nail twisting front hot here  
Nail twisting hot front up to back

He didn't know this triumph is nothing like waste  
The smell of my youth in a brown paper sack  
I'm gonna shake it night and throw it in the oven  
Just throw it in the oven  
You can warm it up soft like it was a day old  
Or as stale and hard like a coroner's wife

And I look in the rear view mirror  
With the headlights up there behind  
Melt into wax, ice and candy cigarettes  
In vampire teeth and black-eyed snowmen  
Vampire teeth and black-eyed snowmen

It's a hundred degrees, my boots are soaked to the  
tongue  
Covered in misty aberration, souls are holes, yeah, in a  
frame  
And souls are holes, it's in the frame of a  
Picture of a madman hanging on a wall  
Picture of a madman hanging on a red wall

Down the hall on the right, all night, paces reverently  
Mr. My Go  
Are you ready? Let's hit that man  
Let us hit, let's do this, let's hit that man  
Well, let's visit that neighbors that never come home  
From a costume ball no one goes to alone  
Man, let's visit the neighbors that never come home  
Gone to the costume ball no one goes to alone

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