

Kelly Joe Phelps "Slingshot Professionals"

Visit "[Slingshot Professionals](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

Calculated entry in the class of circumspection
Reasoning, bargaining the last few drams of spirits
The serum of one's foolishness, oh, and truth be told in
a cold pint head
Sixteen ounces of pure warlord dripping down the side
of the glass

Yeah, we're marching 'cross the family's land with
bagpipes and drums
Oh, the skirts are flying high, me boys, let's bust 'em in
the shins
No matter nothing knowing, nothing owing, save the
garden, save
Of a crooked, hobbled, garish man, oh, sundown in his
eyes
Oh, in his eyes

Fifty year old walking stick worn through the lion's head
Carried proud like a saber on a limestone statuette
Oh, the littles can't decide which to lust for, which to
desecrate
Imagination sits still with marbles in a drawer

Lotta slingshots, song and dancing, blasting out lead
paned windows
Then the wing whipped curtains sway this way like giant
Mockingbirds
Those damned lads and lasses have forgotten how to
play
Hard pressed to find one, hard pressed to find one
Who ever learned how to sing

Slingshot
Slingshot
Slingshot

Visit [Kelly Joe Phelps](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.