

Lonnie Johnson

"Death Is On Your Track"

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Low down women, better watch you step.
Triflin' men, I got to put you help.
For death is on your track, honest that's a fact.
Walk the straight and narrow, or death is on your track,
death is on your track.

Crooked dice and your crooked cards,
Will get you slaughtered, let me warn you pards,
Yes, death is on your track, and honest that's a fact.
Grim reaper's waiting, for death is on your track, death
is on your track.

Miss Tilly Jones with her 44, chasin' her sweet man out
of the door.
Cryin,' "death is on your track, honest that's the fact.
I caught you cheating, death is on your track, death is
on your track."

Got a razor nice and sharp, you'll soon be playing on
the angel's harp.
'Cause death is on your track, honest that's a fact.
You better start prayin,' death is on your track, death is
on your track.

You better stop drinkin' this rotten booze, or you'll be in
your coffin full of screws.
For death is on your track, and you will be dressed in
black,
In six feet of ground, death is on your track, death is on
your track.

Railroad porter is never gone, don't let him catch you
with a party on.
'Cause death is on your track, yes if he comes back.
There will be a funeral, for death is on your track,
death is on your track.

Death will surely get you, anywhere.
Rich or poor, black, old, death don't care.
Death is on your track, and you can't turn him back.
You'd better pay attention, death is on your track,

death is on your track.

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