

## **Prize Fighter Inferno "Accidents"**

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Oh, come now father daer and turn this blood to  
choice.  
You know I think these young are spent & have seen  
their day.  
My back bares the scars of work while my sweat has cut  
the cost.  
If my word to God isn't bond then I'll be damned to say.

This can't be so bad  
Only I sure did love the way she danced.

Oh, come now Preacher to where this flesh begins to  
spoil.  
You know I think these young are done & have seen  
their day.  
So could I remove their tongues of curse and cast  
away?  
Oh these dirty games I play.

Long-Arm, you liar!  
Go run home to Mama!  
A good boy never gets to dance.  
These good boys never get a chance.

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