

Pre)Thing

"Don't Sing"

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An outlaw stand in a peasant land, in every face see
judas.
The burden of love is so strange.
The stubborn beast and the priest, are hiding from the
captians.
The burden of love is so plain.
Are they happy to see you?
No, you always bring trouble.
Cast a shadow on mexico-denial doesn't change facts.
Like most I'll cone when I want things done,
Please God don't let that change.
The anguish of love at long range.
Should've been a doctor, oh, then they can see what
they're getting.

Oh no, don't blame mexico,
That's the feast that the whisky priest may yet have to
forego.
Rob me a colour, make the sound duller, but never go
away.

Trough teeth of sharks the autumn barks, and winter
squarely bites me.
Don't ever do this again.
Dawn breaks in the southern states, and blindfolded he
rests,
The burden of loves last request.
That's the feast that the whisky priest may yet have to
forego.

Oh no, don't blame mexico,
They ask for more than you bargained for and then
they ask for more.
Oh no, don't blame mexico,
That's the feast that the whisky priest may yet have to
forego.
They ask for more than you bargained for and then
they ask for more.
Rob me a colour, make the sound duller, but never go
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