

Jerry Leger **"Cutting Heads"**

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I saw him on the corner

I saw him in my head

Spilling over the border

Playing for the dead

Mysterious and alarming

Stealing all he could steal

Blowing through

A hot stepper in love

With a life busking for his meals

I'm not used to strumming all this for a game

I'm not used to hearing somebody sing,

"I've been cutting heads when they're just walking
away

I've been cutting heads just to make them stay

I've been placing bets just to make it pay

I've been cutting heads in a manic frame"

He jumped trains for a living

I walked home after dark

Counting coins out of a little grey cap

All I took advantage of

I'm not used to strumming all this for a game

I'm not used to hearing somebody sing,

Chorus

I need somebody to shove and I want a shoulder to rub

I know they're coming for me

I hear shots from the west and the east

All I have is my guitar and a key

And I hear him yelling down the street,

"I've been cutting heads"

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