

The Prize Fighter Inferno "Accidents"

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Oh, come now father dear
And turn this blood to choice
You know I think these young
Are spent and 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 bonded
Then I'll be damned to say

Babe, this can't be so bad
Only I sure did love the way she danced

Oh, come now Preacher
Where this flesh begins to spoil
You know I think these young
Are done and have seen their day

But I should remove their tongues
Of curse and cast away?
Oh, this dirty game I play

Long-Arm, you liar
Go run home to Mama
A good boy never gets to dance

Long-Arm, you liar
Go run home to Mama
These good boys never get a chance

Long-Arm, you liar
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