

Cecil Otter

"100 Fathers"

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now this new jack can sit in the old room going for
broke
wrangling wild horses with my toes in the rope
holding a smoke, i lay back and enjoy the drag
i may be broke, praise the fact that i employ the flag
burners on freights make it hard to watch the road
sometimes
looking for a place to stay in barbershops with open
signs
soaked in wine, booze smoking wisdom
now I'm the right mood to hold the rhythm
i hold some wholesome women
pick up the old six string and write a song for Folsom
prison
but i never shot a man and i never been to Reno guess
I'm better of demanding plans of *heading towards
Toledo*

there's a veteran of this monster
who wears the heads of a hundred fathers
and lets the thunder kisses waterworks night stalker
walking dead with other offers

my rudder's locked for the evening, ship still sailing
crushing into docks when I'm sleeping
don't mock the meaning and i won't stop dreaming
while I'm off eating more than i can fit my mouth
around
this sound has lost its leaning
often feeding on its own young
so what's the cost of fleeing if you don't run
now no one is as beautiful
as a rainy season making love to a funeral
for the dead-dreamers, and the slave drivers, this is
Cecil Otter forever
fever for the cave-lifers, and stage divers, and cage
fighters

like this oat sleeps in the acorn, that ghost sleeps in the
new born
i slit the throats to keep my cave warm in hopes that it

keeps my true form somber

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this house is haunted
it was built over buried axes
this couch, I'm on it
still sober barely active
carry caskets that some are calling dead weight
they're of the falling type eating dough before the
bread bakes
my head aches and it pains me to medicate it
but until i learn to brave the road alone I'll stay
dedicated
if my bed is made with an audience in mind
it'll most likely fight me off with the fists of time
i don't miss the finer things in life anymore
designer rings were just knives, ready for the kill
ready for the score, how many whore their skill
how many warm their soul with the will of an author

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