

## **Sixteen Horsepower "American Wheeze"**

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I've grown tired  
Of the words of the single man  
Hangin' lifeless on his every word  
O no man

You don't understand dear man  
The little angel held out her hand  
Sayin' father, father I love you  
O praise Jesus I got you

Okay yeah, billy goat  
An' we'll play farm  
I didn't mean to spirit stiff you  
Nor to do you no harm

You say you've got a bone to pick  
Well, there's plenty showin' on me  
Come on up yeah, bring your temper boy  
We'll see, we'll see

Yeah, you may be the one  
Come on son  
Bring your blade  
And your gun

And if I die  
By your hand  
I've gotta home  
In glory land, yeah, yeah

Ahh, my Lord

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