

Sixteen Horsepower "Black Bush"

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I can sense it all around me
Somethin' in this room
It ain't magic nor no witchcraft
No bitch on no broom

Look see his bones are gone
He done left the grave
The grip of death it could not hold him down no
For him that I rave

My knees was made for kneelin'
An' that's just what they'll do
One of these days little girl
I'm gonna kneel down an pray for you

Look see his bones are gone
He's done all my dyin'
Sometimes hope's so strong in me girl
I commence to cryin', yeah

O my brothers
These are the dust bowl days
Just take a gander round ya
Everything in a wicked haze

The wind blows like the devil when it blows
Yes, it blows
An' a boy grows up an like the
Wind he goes

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