Sixteen Horsepower "Horse Head"

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Come to my house an we'll pick bones
Their hands outside ready with stones
Come to my yard, I got whiskey an' [Incomprehensible]
We'll sit on the porch as the good men stare

You ain't never spoke true, I shake an angry fist at you You are not needed here to help me feel low down I'm doin' it fine all on my own, yeah, yeah

I hear you cryin' from cradle to coffin An' for you there'll be no stoppin' See you lyin' in a pine box with bitter words That's how the boy talks, yeah

[Incomprehensible]

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