

## **Sixteen Horsepower "Neck On The New Blade"**

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High, fiddle high, fiddle low, fiddle low  
There's a ghost bound in my soul  
High, fiddle high, fiddle low, fiddle low  
There's a [Incomprehensible]

A crooked in my walk, a stumble in my talk  
Is what I'm after little girl  
Metal on the red overcast in head  
I'm goin' down an feelin' ill

High, fiddle high, fiddle low, fiddle low  
There's a cold blade on my crow  
High, fiddle high, fiddle low, fiddle low  
There's a girl that I know

You ain't never had one I don't believe you will  
This is your season for standin' still  
Metal on the red overcast in head  
I'm goin' down an feelin' ill

See boys I've known her from way back  
Back when she was dead  
Tongues on fire spoke the word  
And a darkness left her head

Holy my other hand  
That's a fuckin' joke  
Like steel cold knife on the bridge of strife  
Were the words that I spoke

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