

The Weeks

"Broken Body"

Visit "[Broken Body](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cadillac conversations buried bodies and broken
bones
They're calling up widowed women on their rotary
telephones
A rich old man in a pin striped suit has the money to
guess your fate
You walk around town throwing money around and
you'll end up in a lake

Power, pride, and prophet putting whole families to rest
You mess around town putting people down but now
your messing with the best

Big bodied cars and we got bodies in the back
Taped up and tied well it was all over respect
Some call us smooth well some would even call us
blessed
But if you call us anything other than that you'll get a
bullet in your chest

Power, pride, and prophet putting whole families to rest
well you mess around town putting
People down but now your messing with the best

Dead bodies and pale blue faces
Broken car windows and empty shell cases
You can pick the time people and places and I'll show
you exactly how my pistol tastes
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold and it's just for you

Delivering cargo and our trunk was white as snow
Stopped at the railroad tracks pushed some cargo in
our nose
Got to the warehouse and we started to unload
Something wasn't right here it was too quiet and cold

Guns were drawn in setting suns, cries echoed like a
ghost
He walked to me, I, on my knees and whistled as he got
close
With a grin eyes full of sin all I did was pray for hope

He put his gun under my chin and exhaled a breath of
smoke

He said think about the people you've hurt and the men
you've killed

Think about all the funerals and the coffins you have
filled

Dead bodies and pale blue faces, broken car windows
and empty shell cases

You can pick the time people and places and I'll show
you exactly how my pistol tastes

It's cold, it's cold, it's cold and it's just for you

Visit [The Weeks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.