

## **Kingsbury Manx**

### **"Weird Beard & Black Wolf"**

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Weird Beard lets the days slide by  
With those easy-does-it campfire tunes  
Across this desert hard pan dry  
Comes a vixen bent on telling you

How dare you hide your face  
Should put you in your place  
How dare you hide your face

Black Wolf nurses broken hands  
From a dust-up with a ne'er do well  
Rarely turns out how he planned  
But it sure felt good to ring his bell

And rearrange his face  
To put him in his place  
And rearrange his face

Over and done with the skies won't open up and clear  
your conscience  
This is where I finally draw the line  
With neither hide nor hair of resentment there  
This is where I finally draw the line  
With neither hide nor hair of resentment there  
This is where I finally draw the line  
With neither hide nor hair of resentment there

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