

## U.P.O. "The Gow"

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Kill me I need the rest  
Put me out of misery  
Whole jungle on my shoulders my back's gonna break  
I'm a slowe for the gow  
Slave labor to slave  
And drag around

Needle's broken in the ditch of burned out veins  
I point out the problem three fingers point at me  
I'm a slowe for the gow/ For the gow for the gow  
Slave labor to slave/ I drag myself around  
I can't live without the thought of something killing me  
Service for the sick a minute takes a month  
Service for the sick in the heat of a cold sweat  
For the gow, for the gow  
I won't put my shovel down  
For the gow, for the gow  
I cannot be found  
I keep working to get well I guess I never will  
No more grass from shanty town I graduated to the  
gow  
To the gow  
To the gow

I'm a slowe for the gow  
Slave labor to slave  
For the gow, for the gow  
Drag myself around

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