

# Walking Stick

Leon Redbone

Revelation for  
around your sunday dress  
The soul out of a smoldering wretch  
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there  
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there

Twisted walking stick  
They're all up and down this strip  
The soul out of a smoldering wretch  
All brought to sleep, there's nothing there  
The witch is on fire  
She can't regret the day light repenting of the stars and earth

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