

Cotton Fields

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Now the party's over
And the money's all gone
You remember feeling like
 Jesus' son
Your girl has left your side
And now you're gonna get crucified

They're gonna crucify you
 Crucify you
 Crucify you
 Crucify you
In those old cotton fields back home

Too late to joke or crack a smile
 You gotta carry
That shit up that drunken mile
 When they put the electrodes
 In your brain
Even your Mother won't know you're sane
 First Lord Nelson's sunken ships
 Now Steve Lillywhite's drunken mix

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