

# White Hats/Black Hats

## Tomahawk

You put your van in the back of the truck  
And I hope that one they don't  
If we continue with this loco look  
We'll get just where we wanna go Ain't got no goddamn flesh on the top  
And amounts of no cash crop  
I just look at you cuz I wait up  
For the drums to stop I got a hat and I can wear it big  
No matter what the colours are  
I got a hat and I can wear it big  
No matter what the colours are  
And I'll shoot you off the range  
Sell your daddy's grange  
What colour hat, what colour hat you wear  
What colour hat, what colour hat you wear  
I'll be dragging you off the line  
Pinned you down as mine You've got a black hat  
You've got a white hat  
What colour's that?  
Don't know, just show your papers please  
Show your papers please Sitting down in this electric seat  
My sexy-ass chaise lounge  
This fight just like a vegetable knife  
Growing up to the bloody sun  
And all the crooks are pulling on your tie  
No matter what the colours are  
And I'll shoot you off the range  
Sell your daddy's grange  
What colour hat, what colour hat you wear  
What colour hat, what colour hat you wear Coming down, the nick of time  
Might fit the limes  
What colour hat  
What colour hat you wear  
Say what colour hat you wear  
And roast you on the vine  
Like some baby whined You've got a white brim  
Well, take a look at him  
Turn around man  
And just fucking show your papers please Show your papers please  
Show your papers please

Show your papers please  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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