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 goAin'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 stopI 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 mineYou'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 pleaseSitting 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 wearComing 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 whinedYou've got a white brim
Well, take a look at him
Turn around man
And just fucking show your papers pleaseShow 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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