

# Sacagawea's Son

Eron Falbo

You know I'm walking down the street,  
Just trying to make ends meet.  
For so long time I've tried to find  
To finally just realise It's true,  
I'm the one who's a fool.  
But I will pick a fight with you  
In a thousand avenues.  
So meet me at noon,  
Beneath the devil's scorching sun.  
Yes, I am the buffoon,  
But still you better bring your gun.Sacagawea's Son  
Sacagawea,  
Sacagawea's  
SonSixshooter in my belt  
With the cards that I was dealt  
Well I could be bluffing, but there's nothing  
That could stand in my way  
'Cause, I could draw a straight  
And in a derelict ship  
I can still enjoy the trip.  
Like a woman's slip  
Before corruption by her dress,  
The master's whip  
Without his slave would have nothing to suppress.Sacagawea's Son  
Sacagawea, Sacagawea's SonJust do whatever you want,  
And you can do it with flaunt.  
Think you can't afford the price,  
But if only you expand your mind,  
You'll find that no one really minds.  
That though the boss don't say,  
There's more than just one way,  
For you to pay  
The price of your well-earned autonomy  
And that'll be the day!  
Say all the mice, whose vices need astrology.Sacagawea's Son  
Sacagawea, Sacagawea's SonSo meet me at noon  
Beneath the scorching sun  
Yes, I am the buffoon  
But still you better bring your guns.Sacagawea's Son

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