

Pueblo

Pavement

One trial down in Spanos County
Ladies always turn up to watch them fall
And the hands they bind you
They bind you like you want to be broken But the land is comin', babe
It's comin' up golden
Gold and silver streaks When you hit them
You can't buy sand
In the gross land
Don't say what to make 'em feel They got take it off my wrists
Jacob, you move up my wrists
Jacob, you move when you move
You don't move, you don't move Alright I want a cigarette
All those trials and things they try to do
While wondering over why we're insane
Damn land [Incomprehensible] won't you?

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