Man I Am

Goodbye June

Got blood on these hands
Sweat of the brow
I work this land
Til the sun goes downPreacher man, in a black tie band
He's got that fire in his bones
With one word, he might save your soulSnap like a whip, he won't quit
That old time religionRed sky up high, ramparts on fire,
Try to the pull the wool,
Over my eyes
I got no fear of anyone.

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