

# Pueblo

## Nancy Blake & Norman Blake

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?

Lyrics provided by

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