Mr. My Go

Kelly Joe Phelps

Hip-pocket flask at the ready
Step-light downed by the glass, yeah
Honey, what's that nail doing in my head?
Just a minute ago I was shooting from a saddle
Yeah, I got a spur and a horse high shooting from a saddleOh Im knee deep in salt and shoe grease
Whipping the leather with a fine toothed crack
All the words are candy, rot out my brain
With a nail twisting front hot here
Nail twisting hot front up to backHe didnt know this triumph is nothing like waste
The smell of my youth in a brown paper sack
I'm gonna shake it night and throw it in the oven
Just throw it in the oven
You can warm it up soft like it was a day old
Or as stale and hard like a coroner's wifeAnd I look in the rear view mirror
With the headlights up there behind
Melt into wax, ice and candy cigarettes
In vampire teeth and black-eyed snowmen
Vampire teeth and black-eyed snowmenIt's a hundred degrees, my boots are soaked to the tongue
Covered in misty aberration, souls are holes, yeah, in a frame
And souls are holes, its in the frame of a
Picture of a madman hanging on a wall
Picture of a madman hanging on a red wallDown the hall on the right, all night, paces reverently Mr. My Go
Are you ready? Let's hit that man
Let us hit, lets do this, lets hit that man
Well, let's visit that neighbors that never come home
From a costume ball no one goes to alone
Man, let's visit the neighbors that never come home
Gone to the costume ball no one goes to alone

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