

The Knee

Horse Feathers

With speed just run the door's about to close,
Her man just works to put his pay up his nose,
There's no baby to lay upon her chest,
This man's attached to her hip and worse her breast About to tie a know that just won't hold,
So i'm told Her whitest dress had worn to a gray,
They lived on pennies and heels of bread everyday About to tie a know that just won't hold,
They're doing all the things they could,
Except the few they knew that just should
As their t.V. Would whine,
They'd let the racket pass the time,
Watching better lives just out of reach,
As they're forecasting grief,
They're picking pockets from a thief,
While softly screaming woe is me
To my wife to be,
We'll take our time,
I'll take the knee,
A better life's within our reach,
There's no forecasting grief,
Or picking pockets from a thief,
Or softly screaming woe is me There's no babies to lay upon her chest,
There's a man attached to her hip and worse her breast
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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