

Greetings from the Great North Woods

These Arms Are Snakes

The gravel galavants on the verdict
Of the swine that was fed human remains
It was a murder's victims
somewhere north of the canadian border They ended up in your lunch break
In which you may want to hold your breath
'Til the dream sequence is for this one
New rural ruins or street fed a postmodern pigeons These pigs were fed
These pigs were ready to be sold
These pigs were fed
These pigs were ready to be sold Once had but now widowed
His companion had a chance to
Pop one out before her body gave in
A bouncing baby gal, beautiful in posture She grew up with the cows 'til the cows left town
Daddy brought home the bacon
The bacon was in the backyard, baby
Daddy left the ranch 'Cause daddy had a sharp hand, a sharp hand
Through fingers cracked from stress and cold
Daddy fed the herd grain
Then drank as much of the same These pigs were fed
These pigs were ready to be sold
These pigs were fed
These pigs were ready to be sold Take your pigs hoof and follow it to the city
Take this chance and go to the city Daddy's baby girl
Daddy's little wanderer Let's go out and get jobs
Let's go out and be all grown up The city is hiding underneath your bed
The monster in your closet is eight weeks away
You've got to saddle up now
Daddy's baby girl is all grown up But you will not be there
when she coughs up your family line
You will be the furthest thing from her mind
A grey ghost, a black cowboy will by the last reflection I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet
I will not be there, not yet

I will not be there, not yet I'm running out of time
I'm sorry I forgot
It's not my fault
Greetings from the great north woods

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