Pueblo

Goldfish & Der Dulz

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 brokenBut the land is comin', babe
It's comin' up golden
Gold and silver streaksWhen you hit them
You can't buy sand
In the gross land
Don't say what to make 'em feelThey 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 moveAlright 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?

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