

Wordmule

Jim White

Your world is in flames there ain't even a name
For the feelings you feel as you watch it all burn.
There's a girl in the distance, she's calling your name,
But the name that she's calling is not your name, she calls:

The word-mule! the word-mule! the word-mule!
But he's plowing the field
The word-mule! the word-mule! the word-mule!
But he's plowing the field

And you can't walk on that water, I know 'cause I tried.
It's our spider web-thinking, it's just too heavy with holes.
And our thoughts they are made up of red georgia clay,
We think we know everything, but man we don't know:

The word-mule! the word-mule! the word-mule!
But he's plowing the field
The word-mule! the word-mule! the word-mule!
But he's plowing the field here come the word-mule!

My friends,
Look out for hustlers for preachers for shysters,
Them silver-tongued saints who pretend to do good,
'Cause they're geeks biting chicken-heads off with their witty rejoinders they ain't nothing but greasy fast food
for:

The word-mule! the word-mule! the word-mule!
But he's plowing the field
The word-mule! the word-mule! the word-mule!
But he's plowing the field

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