

Horse Head

Woven Hand & Ultima Vez

Come to my house an we'll pick bones
There hands outside ready with stones
Come to my yard

I got whiskey an chirs
We'll sit on the porch
As the good men stare
You ain't never spoke true
I shake an angry fist at you

You are not needed here
To help me feel low down
I'm doin' it fine all on my own
I her you cryin' from cradle to coffin
An for you there'll be no stoppin'
I see you lyin' in a pine box with bitter words
That's how the boy talks

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written by EDWARDS, DAVID EUGENE/TOLA, JEAN-YVES/SOLL, KEVEN MARK
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