

Deacon Brodie

The Yawpers

Whoa, you're chaste and rapture steeped
No notion could hold me from your body's keep
I'm a master of lock and key
So, have you heard the noble make mention of my great acclaim
In dark on night I loose their spoils, no critic dares to speak my name
I built the gallows where they're gonna hang
I'm a man by day
God by night
Break my stride
Swing me high
Whoa, my love, they've submitted their final plan
My soul, it's tethers cut, a device of my own hand
But I wanna be your man

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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