

# 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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