Pueblo

Pavement

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 move

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