No Quarter

Nashville Superpickers

Close the doors, put out the light
You know they won't be home tonight
The snow falls hard and don't you know
The winds of thor are blowing cold
They're wearing steel that's bright and true
They carry news that must get through
They choose the path where no-one goes

They hold no quarter
They ask no quarter

Walking side by side with death
Devil mocks at every step
The snow drives back the foot that's slow
The dogs of doom are howling more
They carry news that must get through
To build a dream for me and you
They choose the path where no-one goes

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