

The Silent Comedy

Written by J. John and J. Benjamin

We loaded rifles with our ragged britches on
We built the wagons, and we head to Cali-FOR-nia
I've got a lot to say, so you must sit and take it all

Your father looked at me like a thing that don't belong
Some sorry sailor with no fortune for his daughter
I'll take your words with me - I'll cross the Rockies in the fall

To win my baby “ I'll find fortunes fit to take you home

Blood washes glitter from stone
Mad forces, bodies and bones
Blood washes glitter from stone

Four years and seven days since I left what was my home
Return to find you cavortin' with another
He bent a knee for you “ bought you a ring of solid gold
With that vein my fate pursued, I could have made five hundred more

You're breaking my patience
You're breaking my patience
You're breaking my patience DOWN

Lyrics submitted by Ottis.

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