

Accidents

The Prize Fighter Inferno

Oh, come now father dear
And turn this blood to choice
You know I think these young
Are spent and have seen their day
My back bares the scars of work
While my sweat has cut the cost
If my word to God isnt bonded
Then Ill be damned to say
Babe, this cant be so bad
Only I sure did love the way she danced
Oh, come now Preacher
Where this flesh begins to spoil
You know I think these young
Are done and have seen their day
But I should remove their tongues
Of curse and cast away?
Oh, this dirty game I play
Long-Arm, you liar
Go run home to Mama
A good boy never gets to dance
Long-Arm, you liar
Go run home to Mama
These good boys never get a chance
Long-Arm, you liar
Go run home to Mama
A good boy never gets to dance
Long-Arm, you liar
Go run home to Mama
These good boys never get a chance

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