

The Plank

Buffalo Tom

I would walk the plank
I would die with my boots on
Like all good cowboys do
And you could find the treasure on your shore
Star spangled winter night
Drags me up and out of bed
I'm all riled up
And I dream dream, dream, dream, dream
Guys in ties and manly thighs
Aren't supposed to hide their eyes
Unless they have no alibis
And then they must die in disguise

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