

He's Troubled

The Buffalo Skinners

He's troubled, yeah he's troubled lord,
The devil won't leave him be
Oh And he's leaving, yeah he's heading lord
Out of my company

Well I saw him drinking just the other a day
In some run down red brick pub
Well I saw a man point to the palm of his hand
Saying the money or I'll take your phone

Well I saw the bailiffs knocking on his door
Looked like they'd knocked before
Because his mother she answered and she started to cry
Saying there's nothing left to take inside

Chorus

Well I knew his father what a great old man
Worked every hour god sent
But he died working six to six now he's laying in a paupers grave

Chorus

Well his brother what a sweet a young boy
Handsome strong and brave
Well he joined the army not all that's changed
Well the war has sent the boy insane

Chorus

Chorus

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