

American Wheeze

16 Horsepower

I've grown tired, of the words of the single man
Hangin' lifeless on his every word, o man
 You don't understand dear man
 The little angel held out her hand
 Sayin' father, father I love you
 O praise Jesus I got her
Ok yeah billy goat an we'll play farm
 I didn't mean to spirit stiff you
 Nor to do you no harm
 You say you've got a bone to pick
 Well, there's plenty showin' on me
 Come on up yeah bring your temper boy
 We'll see, we'll see
Yeah you may be the only one come on son
 Bring your blade and your gun
 And if I die by your hand
 I've gotta home in glory land

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