

Don't Let the Bastards Get You Down

The Mallett Brothers Band

Dressed in black she's lookin like a thief
And then she changes colors like a maple leaf
Do your best to stop her 'cause you don't wanna see her fall
But your losin' your grip and you're losin' sleep
Boots in the mud and they're sinkin' deep
And ya gotta make a choice man, you gotta make a call

So you miss a head shot, take it in the chest
Love one girl then you hurt the rest
Thousand miles left, you think you better go it alone
With the wolves at the gate and the bodies in the street
There's blood on your hands and there's blood on your feet
And you just keep walkin' with your face lookin' like a stone

But don't let the black dog get ya
Don't let your eyes get wet
Don't hang out if you wanna leave town
Don't let the wolves come in
Late night, you're alone again
Don't let the bastards get ya down

Now you're dressed in black, she was under your skin
But she was sippin' a bottle of Tanqueray gin
In a pickup truck on an old back road on a cold fall night
And it's the same sad story you know so well...
It's the same sad story...

So you miss a head shot, take it in the chest
Lose one girl then you hurt the rest
Thousand miles left, looks like you're bout to go it alone
With the wolves at the gate and the bodies in the street
Blood on your hands and the blood on your feet
But you keep walkin' with your face lookin' like a stone

But don't let the black dog get ya
Don't let your eyes get wet
Don't hang out if you wanna leave town
Don't let the wolves come in
Late night, you're alone again
Don't let the bastahds get ya down, boy.

Lyrics submitted by Will Mallett.

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