

Kill Someone

Bobby Long

There's a man out there talking speaking in tongues,
losing his hair, bleeding gums,
saying things about my sister, things about their son,
if he don't stop soon, I'm gonna kill someoneHe's got eyes of black and a hide of green,
throwing out lines like a submachine,
don't know why or what he really means
because he hasn't been there, and he hasn't ever seenHe says he was a soldier, he told me that he served,
but he never left the barracks only a reserve,
now he making off with another racist word,
I think he lost the war, but won the purgeTake him down some, take him down some,
take him down some, take him down someNow he's fighting for justice and praying to God,
while he misspells his name and keeps his fingers crossed,
everybody knows God's been dead since 1914,
you can't bridge the gap for the underneathHe has four babies with four different girls,
he has four houses, he has four worlds,
but he has no money
though he's wearing someone's pearls,
and he'll take from your pockets and fumble their curlsIn his son I can't see his father's eyes,
because the boy is an angel, the boy doesn't lie,
though he's still one of his lowly four,
his eyes may run, but his blood won't pourHe was bred from the devil, bred just to take,
where they screw up their own in the belly of a lake,
who the hell takes a baby to a dead man's wake,
when the dead man's a racist, the dead man's a snakeI'm gonna wake up in the morning and get myself a gun,
not to fire at anybody just to keep him on the run,
and then drive in the screw and rust it in the sun,
like he did to me, like he does to everyone

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