

Drag The Waters

Pantera

A smack on the wrists is the words from the mouth
of the outsiders, lawyers, police
A small price to pay for the dope and the guns
And the rape, it should all be O.K.
Your father is rich, he's the judge, he's the man,
he's the God that got your sentence reduced
But in the back of his mind, he well knows what
he'd find if he looked a little deeper in you - in you

Drag the waters some more
Like never before

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Sweet is the slice and the lips, you're gonna have
that woman - she is your favorite lay
Promised you (swore) that no one had been there,
and she was going to keep it that way
Let it move in, you got thin, and got high, and
your money went and so did your friends
But she's by your side, and her smile cannot hide
the premonition of the beckoning end, the end

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In with it, out with it

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