

Love Yourself a Fire

Dan Bull

You have to love yourself a fire
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You have to love yourself a fire
The dusty west is wild
And nothing much will sate your lust
Or quell desire

My name is arthur morgan
My aim: to stay as far from lawman
As I can and if I can
I might just try to cause them torment
Then after our performance
Fill the glass and start the pouring
No bartering, we'd rather start the brawling
Piling all in
Call us, Javi, Bill, Dutch, the Marstons
Mastering the form of lawlessness
We're all accustomed to
It's part of our calling
Probably causing our falling down too
But now it's awesome
The stories are all true
We blew them out of proportion

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Dan bull, I'm the punslinger for hire
But I need a legion quick
What good's a hook without the choir

I found a friend whose name is "gun"
A holy man whose fee is blood
A rotten root is born to run
A tumbleweed keeps rolling
As it burns
I picked a plot to make my stand
The devils deals with the hardened man
Hell's hot but I love the band

From the mountain hill
Down to the mouth of where the river lies
At its basin, this place
Ain't no such thing as civilized
It's like you chew tobacco
Your mouth is full of bitter lies
And if there's any kids about
Then cover up their little eyes
I strongly suggest it
Unless you want a big surprise
Don't want to see what's left
Of who we're about to victimise
That isn't the Dutch, I know
Grabbing the blunderbuss and blow
I can tussle loads of tortoises alone
Rucking raccoons, coyotes and crows
'Cause when buffalo, buffalo, buffalo, buffalo, buffalo

That's a fuckload of buffaloed buffalo
But for love and money I am tougher though
Have you seen me chuck a rope
Across a raging steer
Even with no mirror
They are closer up than they appear

Pick up your boots and and braces
Buckle up and do your laces
Fill up your canteen
Don't give a damn what it could be laced with
This bloody place is lovely
Spacious, wide and light and airy
Before we dine in hell
Tonight we ride the prairie

You have to love yourself a fire
You have to love yourself a fire
Far from someone you can trust, devout and pious
Crooked liar, look out behind
Because I'm just about to fire

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This track's for those
Who want to go back to wild west
No piles of debt
No tax, no IRS
This track's for those
Who want to go back to the manly alpha
No civil rights, no anaesthetic
No family welfare
This track's for those
Who want to prove their masculinity
Without having the need
To even leave their swivel seat
This track's for those
Who want to make America great
Whether again or for the first time
They're blazing up in every state

And once the fire's started
Then the lionhearted men
Women and children who lie apart
Just might unite again
Look at the state of you
Look at the state of the union too
We're waiting for a statement
What are you going to do?
Pick up your boots and and braces
Buckle up and do your laces
Fill up your canteen
Don't give a damn what it could be laced with
This bloody place is lovely
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Enemies are rising, I might just as well retire

Nah, light the brush they're hiding in

And flush them out with fire

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