

Avalanche, You Killed Me

Those Poor Bastards

Stuck beneath an avalanche
The air is running out
Gnawing on my blackened tongue
My struggle shall soon be done
Thinking of my brown eyed Lil
Sitting by the fire
Combing through her curly black hair
Without a single care
Avalanche, avalanche
You killed me

Wish I had a fountain pen
To write my will
Should've wrote it long ago
But when death comes, you never know
Useful things I should've done

Instead of laying around
So much squandered, so much lost
I finally learned the terrible cost
Avalanche, avalanche
You killed me

Oh my poor and ugly wife
You bore so much
Never one kind word from me
Nor no gentle touch
Always ornery, always sour
Spitting on the bible
Picking fights with holy men
I won 'em all, but to what end?
Avalanche, avalanche
You killed me