

## Horse Head

16 Horsepower

Come to my house an we'll pick bones  
There hands outside ready with stones  
Come to my yard

I got whiskey an chirs  
We'll sit on the porch  
As the good men stare  
You ain't never spoke true  
I shake an angry fist at you

You are not needed here  
To help me feel low down  
I'm doin' it fine all on my own  
I her you cryin' from cradle to coffin  
An for you there'll be no stoppin'  
I see you lyin' in a pine box with bitter words  
That's how the boy talks