

Family Song for the Leaving

All Them Witches

Stay gone, are you a heavenly host?
Don't come around, casting off old dogs and all their ghosts

Trouble coming for me
Trouble coming for me
Trouble coming for me

Take up your sage as a broom
Casting off the countenance of death in all it's gloom

Trouble coming for me
Trouble coming for me
Trouble coming for me

Come all you Christians and lay down your blood
Feeling poor old backs to break, no love here to find

Trouble coming for me
Trouble coming for me
Trouble coming for me