

Brad's Song

Current Swell

He's a sitting man
People fear his words
like they used to fear his hand

Don't get on his bad side
That bull-nosed whiskey drinking man
Got a tongue just like a knife

His head was full of dreams
But he don't forget his hometown
As easy as it seems

You can call us mislead youth
He'd be the voice of reason
The resounding voice of truth

But don't get on his bad side
That bull-nosed whiskey drinking man
Got a tongue just like a knife

Once again he'd stand
Skim across the water
Just a tiny bag of sand
He'd take a trip on back down
With a white cloud below us
He'd head on back to Redgate road

Don't get on his bad side
That bull-nosed whiskey drinking man
Got a tongue just like a knife

Don't get on his bad side