

The Hit

Daughters

A white man, in a white suit, an a white horse rides into town
off that dusty ol' trail.
He rides into town, not just any town. I'm talking d-e-a-de-n-d
with integrity and his heart on his sleeve.

He hopes they are going to buy what he believes.

He offers every fool and every friend.
that's a population of one hundred and three.
a cure to their unchristian like ways.
with a simple process of "drawing out"
through the hole in the top of the skull
then a snip, a cut and a couple of knots tied off.
He offers to make them as good as new.
"Better than you're used to"

Sadly. The locals didn't take kindly to this well intentioned m
an
They don't want a hand out form him.
Instead, they take offense to a man coming into their town look
ing to tell right from wrong.
That's when the situation goes from bad to worse.
As they string him up at the town hall.
It appears our smart-
ass should have kept along that dusty, lonely trail.

They tell him "The hands are the eyelids of the soul."