

Seven Horses Seen

Micah P. Hinson

Hey there little boy
now don't you be afraid
your father doesn't love you
and he's made your mom a slave

They got between the sheets
to make your evil frame
with larcenies and lies
all signs and arrows aim

And it's always gonna be the same
Take the barrel, take the breath and the aim
And it's always gonna feel the same
Take the mark, take the guess out of the game

Say there little boy now
don't you be afraid
Your mommy doesn't love you
and your daddy's just a slave,
he smokes up all the sheets and then
he buys some more cocaine
and you'll find films of him banging broads
and it could be your mother all the same

And our lord will always feel the same
Take the barrel, take the breath and the aim

And our lord will always feel the same
Take the mark, take the guess out of the game

Life will always be the same
Take the barrel, take the breath and the aim

And our lord will always feel the same
Take the mark, take the guess out of the game