

## Down to the Bone

Quiet Riot

Let me tell you a story, not gonna take too long  
Just sit on down and listen under the sun  
Papa, he was a drinking man, Mama wasn't very strong  
He liked whisky and women, drank all night long, all night long

That night he had a nasty feeling, if he stayed in town too long  
The life that he'd been leading takes him down to the bone  
The moon was full around midnight, the sheriff took my  
Papa down, down, down  
His luck had finally run out and laid him to the ground, yes it  
did

It's me they blamed for the killing  
They knew I owned the smoking gun  
No alibi can satisfy, I fear it's hanging time, no  
It's time to start 'a running and cross the county line  
I hear the 9:15 'a rolling down track number nine, rolling on  
Hear my train a coming

The hounds of doom come a howling  
The bayou's trying to slow me down, down, down  
Better keep on moving, stay low to the ground

I'm gonna start all over with no misery and no pain, no  
But if they track me down, I'll be down to the bone  
But if they take my life, I'll be down to the bone  
Down to the bone, midnight hour  
If they take my life, I'll be down to the bone