Threads and Steel

Son Volt

He's got a go-to-hell hat and shoes that click when he walks
He's five shades of clean, he just stares and doesn't talk
He's got a shark-skin suit, no time for games
He's a man goin' round, takin' names

He's got eyebrows, chin up to the sky
He's a seller of souls on the company dime
He's got a samurai blade for pickin' teeth and cuttin' nails
There's a man goin' round, takin' names

His car's the color of his clothes, he cracks a hundred-
proof smile
Doesn't dance, doesn't sing, keeps the world on a string
He's all threads and steel, he doesn't know the world "shame"
There's a man goin' round, takin' names
There's a man goin' round, takin' names