

Tow

Devil Makes Three

Someone left a child and did not even care
Before the first shots of the battle here had even pierced the air
They run now like them children to those arms of mother earth
To pretend as if there was a day before their very birth

Me, I just grab these ropes that me and mine have left behind
And I stare up to that mountain that I know we got to climb
I keep towin' that line
Mmmmmmm
I keep towin' that line
Mmmmmmm

Down in basements choked with smoke, child, of the past
Dreams come up for air down there but they can only gasp
All them old men they sit staring as life slips out of their grips
Only to fall and disappear beyond their fingertips

Me, I just grab these ropes me and mine have left behind
And I stare up to demon that you know has got to die
I keep towin that line
Mmmmmmm
I keep towin' that line
Mmmmmmm

I keep towin' that line
Mmmmmmm
I keep towin' that line
Mmmmmmm

Down in ditches by that road I call my home
All of you come a cussin' now and all just throwing stones
Yes they're big men now to settle down and life's so stale and cold
As if I could ever do the way they do just as they're told

Which should find me living low when the miles have passed me by
And it seems that I have left now all that I could love behind
I'm just towin' that line
Mmmmmmm
I'm just towin' that line
Mmmmmmm