

## Boil My Strings

The Gourds

Living down here they throw me down and count me  
I'm making this up, it keeps my feathers clean  
And the black boys they kick my ass and tell me  
That the women their ruby lips are dry.  
I get angry and I get sad  
And I lose this sweetness that I used to have  
And I boil my strings  
To get them back to gold  
Sleeping in here they give me plenty to eat  
Don't make trouble, make something with the concrete  
So I fill my pipes with it to break them black boys heads  
Lord, but I wish I had a gun.