

# Killers

## The Red Clay Strays

I was born on a sidewalk in a city I don't know  
In '65 I took arms and got on a boat  
They told me to shoot at wherever I saw smoke  
I could not stop laughing, Lord, it seemed like a joke  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh

In '75 at twenty-five I had me a son  
And he died when he was young because of my gun  
Left out in the open in case I had to run  
I could not believe it, neither did anyone  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh

They found me in Shreveport, just me and my knife  
They cleaned off my blood and they sent me to life  
For thirty years I lay awake in the night  
Thinkin' 'bout the jungle and blood and the fight  
Oh, fight

Then in 2005, I's let out on the street  
A young fifty-five and now that's where I sleep  
I do my best workin' with a cup and a sign  
Askin' folks please spare some change or some time  
Or some time  
Oh, some time

Yesterday a young man came and stood at my feet  
He asked me what I wanted, I said something to eat  
He said killers with guns, they belong on the street  
I thought about that and I laughed till I cried  
That's the best damn joke I'd heard in a long time

A very long time  
Well, a very long time, time, time  
A very long time

Lord, a very long time  
A very long time  
A very long time