

Broken Body

The Weeks

Well, Cadillac conversations buried bodies and broken bones
Well, They're calling up widowed women on their rotary telephones

Well, A rich old man in a pin striped suit has the money to guess your fate

But you walk around town throwing money around and you'll end up in a lake

I said well, power, pride, and profit putting whole families to rest

Well, You mess around town putting people down but now your messin with the best

Big bodied cars and we got bodies in the back
Taped up and tied well it was all over respect
Some call us smooth well some would even call us blessed
But if you call us anything other than that you'll get a bullet in your chest

I said well, power, pride, and profit putting whole families to rest

Well, you mess around town putting people down but now your messin with the best

I said well, Dead bodies and pale blue faces
Broken car windows and empty shell cases
You can pick the time, people, and places and I'll show you exactly how my pistol tastes
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold and it's just for you
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold and it's just for you
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold and it's just for you
It's cold

Delivering cargo and our trunk was white as snow
Stopped at the railroad tracks pushed some cargo in our nose
Got to the warehouse and we started to unload
Something wasn't right here it was too quiet and cold

Guns were drawn in setting suns, cries echoed like a ghost
He walked to me, I, on my knees and whistled as he got close
With a grin eyes full of sin all I did was pray for hope
He put his gun under my chin and exhaled a breath of smoke

He said think about the people you've hurt and the men you've killed

Think about all the funerals and the coffins you have filled
I said well, Dead bodies and pale blue faces, broken car windows and empty shell cases

You can pick the time, people, and places and I'll show you exactly how my pistol tastes
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold
It's cold