

## Avalanche, You Killed Me

Those Poor Bastards

Stuck beneath an avalanche  
The air is running out  
Gnawing on my blackened tongue  
My struggle shall soon be done  
Thinking of my brown eyed Lil  
Sitting by the fire  
Combing through her curly black hair  
Without a single care  
Avalanche, avalanche  
You killed me

Wish I had a fountain pen  
To write my will  
Should've wrote it long ago  
But when death comes, you never know  
Useful things I should've done

Instead of laying around  
So much squandered, so much lost  
I finally learned the terrible cost  
Avalanche, avalanche  
You killed me

Oh my poor and ugly wife  
You bore so much  
Never one kind word from me  
Nor no gentle touch  
Always ornery, always sour  
Spitting on the bible  
Picking fights with holy men  
I won 'em all, but to what end?  
Avalanche, avalanche  
You killed me