The Prodigal Son

Two Gallants

Well, I've been a disclaimer for twenty-four years
Poor mother drowned in a pillow of tears
I'm well known in story, famous in song
The black sheep, the blemish, the one who went wrong
The black sheep, the blemish, the one who went wrong

My crime is discomfort, my mind ill at ease
They'll grow on my shoulder, my favorite disease
My siblings, my rivals might tend to my wake
Grieve me not brothers, I was mother's mistake
Grieve me not brothers, I was mother's mistake

And all the grand expectations of an epic of wealth
Leave me long to crawl back to the womb
Well, I've tasted your grace, placed it back on the shelf
Drag your pedigree wives to your tomb
Drag your pedigree wives to your tomb

Well, I came from this city, a victim of peace
But I've grown far too filthy to attend to the feast
So I take to the hills to live savage and free
I don't need nobody, nobody needs me
I don't need nobody, nobody needs me

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