

Pigtown Blues

Clutch

Down went from Pigtown, wrecks in the yard
Scream out the song just finish the job
Telephone poles slowly weep in the pitch
The butcher's brow sweat runs back down the ditch

A great place to visit, a better place to leave
False poison sumac, lies on the heave
Weather veins beat over the motoring of shutters
The Pigtown blues run deep down the gutters

The skies are heavy Abram
Block after block after block

All across the marsh trees, harshly accused
Pointing black fingers most broke with abuse
High-tension wires, blush in the breeze
Men have their conscience, while dogs have their fleas

Cyclops winks as he sinks to the soil
Labor in vain, labor in toil
The residents succumb to the shadows and sticks
The Pigtown blues run right through the bricks

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