

Neck on the New Blade

16 Horsepower

High fiddle high fiddle low fiddle low
There's a ghost bound in my soul
High fiddle high fiddle low fiddle low
There's a cold blade on my crow
A crooked in my walk a stumble in my talk
Is what I'm after little girl
Metal on the red overcast in head
I'm goin' down an feelin' ill
High fiddle high fiddle low fiddle low
There's a girl that I know
You ain't never had one I don't believe you will
This is your season for standin' still
Metal on the red overcast in head
I'm goin' down an feelin' ill
See boys I've known her from way back
Back when she was dead
Tongues on fire spoke the word
Darkness left her head
Holy my other hand that's a fuckin' joke
Like steel cold knife on the bridge of strife
Were the words I spoke