

## Prison Shoe Romp

16 Horsepower

I've grown tired, of the words of the single man  
Hangin' lifeless on his every word o man  
You don't understand dear man  
The little angel held out her hand  
Sayin' father, father I love you  
O praise Jesus I got her  
Ok yeah billy goat an we'll play farm  
I didn't mean to spirit stiff you  
Nor to do you no harm  
You say you've got a bone to pick  
Well, there's plenty showin' on me  
Come on up yeah bring your temper boy  
We'll see, we'll see  
Yeah you may be the only one come on son  
Bring your blade and your gun  
And if I die by your hand  
I've gotta home in glory land  
Red Neck Reel  
Prison Shoe Romp  
Are ya listenin' boy the man he hung see  
You've heard it said that's what he done for me  
Did ya hear that girl the man he calls your name  
You best go to him it's he not me can loose your chains  
Then we'll commence to walk sometime in prison shoes  
We'll walk an walk an walk away our blues  
Ida done better  
From cradle to coffin  
In between there's just too much walkin'  
I ain't no odd man out junk hiding junk  
I ain't nothin' to speak of  
Just put it in the back an leave it off the rack  
No I ain't what you're used to  
Did ya taste that boy  
That blood is as sweet as wine  
Yeah I got it on me all the time  
We'll do some runnin' too  
You me an ruby-lu  
Spin black blades an I'll unwind  
Just let me go to sleep the lord my soul to keep  
Don't talk just keep it on your mind  
Can't you see that sun shinin' in your face has the same  
He came an took your place  
But you don't give a rip an down to hell you slip  
You squack and squack boy you lost your grip