

## Pure Clob Road

16 Horsepower

Are you weary my friends  
Of my comin' 'round  
Draggin' my chains 'cross your floor  
You once had a stained glass look in your eye  
Well, not any more  
The train moves fast  
As I walk this track  
Carryin' sin in my sack  
Same in the front as it is in the rear  
He's taken our stripes on his back  
On down to here  
I cannot walk if you did not walk  
I cannot breathe if you did not breathe  
Sin in my marrow  
Well this road is so narrow  
No I cannot walk  
This road is pure clob  
On down to here  
I figured that I would fall  
Ye well I left it all  
Sin in my marrow  
Ye well this road is so narrow  
I cannot walk  
My lord this road is pure clob