

Seven branches on my window
Waiting for the sun to come around
Take this on an empty stomach
Waiting for the spring to come around

Save yourself
By the way
Never ride alone

Take me down easy
I can't stand the sight or the smell
It's getting harder and harder and harder and harder to tell

Tell me when the blood stops flowing
Let it rest, it's run into the ground
Just in case the dogs are feeding
Shut the door so they won't hear the sound

Save yourself
By the way
Never ride alone

Show me no quarter
I can't stand the sight or the smell
It's getting harder and harder and harder and harder to tell

Put me to pasture
I can't stand the sight or the smell
It's getting harder and harder and harder and harder to tell