

Bury the Hatchet

Ghoultown

bury them deep that's what I said
time to play your dead man's hand
dealin bullets is like dealin cards
when it all comes down to a draw

wind in my face I feel the burn
dust drinks the blood of their tears
I say goodbye but it don't mean much
when shots ring like hits of a drum

bury them deep that's what I said
lay your body down on the sand
when it's all said and done
it's just a price I work to earn
it's just a price I work to earn

hot sun glares down on the street
silence as deep as a Colorado gorge
don't care where you been or where you come from
it's just my job to be done

wind in my face I love the burn
dust drinks the blood of their tears
I say goodbye but it don't mean much
when shots ring like hits of a drum

bury them deep
and they won't back haunt your soul like they do mine

this town crawls with beggars and thieves
come to bite the hand that feeds