

# Plow Through The Mystic

Jeff Black

I'm going straight to hell  
And that's a well known fact  
Just ask any hard shell and you'll be told  
I am measured by the color of my skin  
And whether or not I can turn silver into gold

It's a long way over  
It's a long way over now

Left esperanza with a stone in my boot  
My manifesto way in the lead  
That I might make it out with most of my loot  
At least a couple of things that I might need

Oh my faith in tact  
Oh my faith in delivery  
Pulling my plow  
Pulling my plow through the mystic

I am turning around old friend  
So let me make this clear  
It's not this life or this old town that set me out  
Just some of the people  
Just some of the people  
That live around here

There's plenty of dirt here on my hands as you can see  
From draggin' this chain in a gunny sack  
I like to believe in being free there to believe  
That Jesus died and he ain't coming back

Not in the way you thought  
Not in the way that they taught you  
Not with the things you bought  
Not any way that you thought you knew

Maybe I'm bound by my raising you say  
Maybe I'm just a willing fool  
I got my flashlight and my shovel and my take  
And I am stubborn  
Stubborn as a mule

Pulling my plow  
Pulling my plow through the mystic

Lyrics and Music written by Jeff Black  
Lotos Nile Music BMI