

Mother Mary

Joshua James

I've walked half of this country to get to this town, to put a
bill in my pocket and shake the dirt from a crown.
If your worries are trouble, then your trouble is broke.
Your bottle is empty and there's blood on the floor.
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Well the colors ain't mixin and our tolerance has run dry.
So you board up your windows to make it thorough the night.
They might hunt you like foxes, but they'll sell you as slaves.
You'll be the one throwin fire when they make it to the grave.
You'll be the one throwin fire when they make it to the grave.
Mother Mary called: She wants her son's blood washed from the w
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Well, we're havin this baby come the first of July.
My job is a joke and this bank account dry.
If the Lord loves his children like your good book does teach,
well He'd burn these here bastards and out shoes on my feet.
He'd burn these here bastards and put shoes on my feet.
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