

Six Broken Soldiers

King's X

I don't care if you're sick
What can I possibly do
With an American library
And the contract on you?

I've got six broken soldiers in the trunk of my car
Two of them speak, four go to bars
Rods in the closet, a six shooter in hand
A caged up gorilla and three local bands, three local bands

Fluently the parrot speaks
Six languages not known to men
A sixpence and a quarter
As the audience, he scans

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