

## The Major

Made Out Of Babies

Down the street on one leg  
A major with a mouth  
Is standing on a corner  
Near a train to somewhere South  
He whistles when he speaks  
It's the only time he does  
A petty two-bit thief  
Always in and out of love

His eyes are bloody red  
It's part of his routine  
Home for Sunday dinner  
With a widow from beneath  
A silver serpent tongue  
A face meant for a mother's love  
A murder in his pocket  
With no skin to cover up

Ride, he rides  
Two-bit thief  
Train down South  
Serpent tongue