

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