

Down to the Bone

Quiet Riot

Let me tell you a story, not gonna take too long
Just sit on down and listen under the sun
Papa, he was a drinking man, Mama wasn't very strong
He liked whisky and women, drank all night long, all night long

That night he had a nasty feeling, if he stayed in town too long
The life that he'd been leading takes him down to the bone
The moon was full around midnight, the sheriff took my
Papa down, down, down
His luck had finally run out and laid him to the ground, yes it did

It's me they blamed for the killing
They knew I owned the smoking gun
No alibi can satisfy, I fear it's hanging time, no
It's time to start 'a running and cross the county line
I hear the 9:15 'a rolling down track number nine, rolling on
Hear my train a coming

The hounds of doom come a howling
The bayou's trying to slow me down, down, down
Better keep on moving, stay low to the ground

I'm gonna start all over with no misery and no pain, no
But if they track me down, I'll be down to the bone
But if they take my life, I'll be down to the bone
Down to the bone, midnight hour
If they take my life, I'll be down to the bone