

Bloodhounds On My Trail

The Black Angels

Standing on the front porch, looking left and looking right.
The bloodhounds out to get me, I already feel the bite.
The rules of the road state, to hate those who hate.
Sleeping in wet coffins, frozen warnings melt away.

But you say no to me, just quit saying no to me.
Just stop saying no to me, 500 times a day see.

The billboards on the highway, are the prophets of today.
The roadkill speaks in poems through ads and through campaigns.
The warden has his rifle, and the sniper's like an owl.
I'm hiding in the tall grass with God and Vernon Howell.

But you say no to me, yes you say no to me.
Just quit saying no to me, 500 times a day see.