

Real Hard Headed

The Parlor Mob

In the time I chased the wolves I was a juvenile baby
I cut my nine on any friend or foe
I took my chance on rumor's dance and ruined them lady
I mash them down wherever they may roam
Cause I'm rude and real hard headed

My clan is tough my face is rough from weather and booze
My game is stiff so you know I never lose
The women call and when they do I comfort them
I love so long no creature could contend
Cause I'm rude and real hard headed

Pray to God for forgiveness
For all that I have done
Pray to Mary for mercy
That I may not run
The handman's noose is falling
In the crisp autumn air
See them sway from the gallows baby
As my soul did prepare

Cause I'm rude and real hard headed