

Accidents

The Prize Fighter Inferno

Oh, come now father daer and turn this blood to choice.
You know I think these young are spent & have seen their day.
My back bares the scars of work while my sweat has cut the cost

.

If my word to God isn't bond then I'll be damned to say.

This can't be so bad

Only I sure did love the way she danced.

Oh, come now Preacher to where this flesh begins to spoil.

You know I think these young are done & have seen their day.

So could I remove their tongues of curse and cast away?

Oh these dirty games I play.

Long-Arm, you liar!

Go run home to Mama!

A good boy never gets to dance.

These good boys never get a chance.