

## 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

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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.