

Everyone Choose Sides

The Wrens

....13 grand
A year in the Meadowlands
Bored and rural-poor, lord, at 35, right?
I'm the best 17 year old ever

Worked these sands
I won't go back again
Quitter quitter one boy bitter - rough luck
Man to man hand to hand fight 40
We're losing sand!
A wrens' ditch battle plan
Record after record black and deckered tack! tack!
Definition: hell and high water
Fatty come a courtin' lord the money!

Everyone choose sides
The whole to-do of what to do for money
Poorer or not this year and hell's the difference

Let's talk plans
And luck said, 'double damned
Were you give women worth winning or what?
A wasted share of shots at high-tide heaven'
Greener grasses fade from where you wind up

Everyone choose sides
I'm back! I'm back! So sing to raise the blind up
I've walked away from more than you imagine and I sleep just fine
We fought and brought up more - the shovels high up
On the 10-ton line