

Barn Burning

Those Poor Bastards

I had to come here
There was nowhere to go
They're gonna follow
My boot tracks in the snow
The ice is falling
And it's mixing with ash
Thirty people killed
With the strike of a match

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Don't ask me questions darling
There is no time
What I call justice
Well they call it a crime
I find no joy in this
Or anything else
They make me suffer
While they add up their wealth

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You gotta help me darling
I'm feeling sick
Just smash my skull in
With the back of that brick
It won't be easy
No, nor will it be hard
It's just unnerving
Like the eye of a storm

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Don't even breathe my darling
Don't make a sound
I see their flashlights poking
'Round and around
Look at that lynching mob
Their eyes sick with hope man!
Their greatest joy
Will be my neck in the rope

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