

Deep In The Mud

Those Poor Bastards

Black dreams in cripples thoughts they haunt me
bet you're glad to meet me ain't ya, gal?
Now and then and if we can forever
stick in broken needles in our arms

Deep down baby, deep down, deep in the mud
something down there's tuggin' at my leg
Deep down baby, deep down, deep in the mud
Something down there's tuggin' at my leg

The barbed wire fence is hard to climb through,
try not to tear your pretty yellow dress
police sirens they howl in the distance
hey, lets go find a hole to crawl into

I know what I've seen
I know I've seen dead folks walkin' around
I bet you're glad to meet me ain't ya, gal?

Let's go cut our hands and bleed together
just like those drunk old Indians always do
lets go get some tires and start'em burning,
and warm ourselves within their angry glow

Deep down, baby deep down, deep in the mud
Something down there's tuggin' at my leg
Deep down, baby deep down, deep in the mud
Something down there's tuggin' at my leg

I know what I've seen,
I know I've seen dead folks walkin' around
bet you're glad to meet me ain't ya, gal?

Come on over here and sit beside me
I got some things to say you'll like to hear, yes I do

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