the gow

U.S. Bombs

Kill me I need the rest
Put me out of misery
Whole jungle on my shoulders my back's gonna break
I'm a slowe for the gow
Slave labor to slave
And drag around

Needle's broken in the ditch of burned out veins
I point out the problem three fingers point at me
I'm a slowe for the gow/ For the gow for the gow
Slave labor to slave/ I drag myself around
I can't live without the thought of something killing me
Service for the sick a minute takes a month
Service for the sick in the heat of a cold sweat
For the gow, for the gow
I won't put my shovel down
For the gow, for the gow
I cannot be found
I keep working to get well I guess I never will
No more grass from shanty town I graduated to the gow
To the gow
To the gow

I'm a slowe for the gow
Slave labor to slave
For the gow, for the gow
Drag myself around