

Pure Clob Road

16 Horsepower

Are you weary my friends
Of my comin' 'round
Draggin' my chains 'cross your floor
You once had a stained glass look in your eye
Well, not any more
The train moves fast
As I walk this track
Carryin' sin in my sack
Same in the front as it is in the rear
He's taken our stripes on his back
On down to here
I cannot walk if you did not walk
I cannot breathe if you did not breathe
Sin in my marrow
Well this road is so narrow
No I cannot walk
This road is pure clob
On down to here
I figured that I would fall
Ye well I left it all
Sin in my marrow
Ye well this road is so narrow
I cannot walk
My lord this road is pure clob