

Plow Through The Mystic

Jeff Black

I'm going straight to hell
And that's a well known fact
Just ask any hard shell and you'll be told
I am measured by the color of my skin
And whether or not I can turn silver into gold

It's a long way over
It's a long way over now

Left esperanza with a stone in my boot
My manifesto way in the lead
That I might make it out with most of my loot
At least a couple of things that I might need

Oh my faith in tact
Oh my faith in delivery
Pulling my plow
Pulling my plow through the mystic

I am turning around old friend
So let me make this clear
It's not this life or this old town that set me out
Just some of the people
Just some of the people
That live around here

There's plenty of dirt here on my hands as you can see
From draggin' this chain in a gunny sack
I like to believe in being free there to believe
That Jesus died and he ain't coming back

Not in the way you thought
Not in the way that they taught you
Not with the things you bought
Not any way that you thought you knew

Maybe I'm bound by my raising you say
Maybe I'm just a willing fool
I got my flashlight and my shovel and my take
And I am stubborn
Stubborn as a mule

Pulling my plow
Pulling my plow through the mystic

Lyrics and Music written by Jeff Black
Lotos Nile Music BMI