

Accidents

The Prize Fighter Inferno

Oh, come now father daer and turn this blood to choice.
You know I think these young are spent & have seen their day.
My back bares the scars of work while my sweat has cut the cost
.

If my word to God isn't bond then I'll be damned to say.

This can't be so bad
Only I sure did love the way she danced.

Oh, come now Preacher to where this flesh begins to spoil.
You know I think these young are done & have seen their day.
So could I remove their tongues of curse and cast away?
Oh these dirty games I play.

Long-Arm, you liar!
Go run home to Mama!
A good boy never gets to dance.
These good boys never get a chance.