

Butcher Knife
(Dan Smith/Jeff Harber)

There's something 'bout a gal with a butcher knife
Sober a man right up
A wild eyed honey with a .38
Make you want to do right by the Lord
I wanna do right by the Lord

You're sneakin' around
Like you got the run of the pound
You and take a nap and wake up
And then she's staring at you
Got a little smile
Got herself a crazy smile
You pick your feet up
Then you get to movin' out
Move it right on out

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