

What we need here is a priest									
Cain's cutting rugs at the ballroom on mainstreet									
Abel's in a boxcar headed East									
<u>VERSE 3</u>									
Seven years of bad luck, child									
But, honey, I can keep you from harm									
Just take the broken piece of glass									
And carve my name into your arm									
One brother in the dirt									
Another standing tall									
That backroom in Tulsa									
Was the cause of it all									
<u>CHORUS 3</u>									
Don't bother getting a doctor									
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