

THE STANFIELDS - DEATH & TAXES LYRICS

JACK OF ALL TRADES

I'm a Jack of all trades and a bastard son, a burnt out slave and a master of none
A cog on a wheel in a dog and pony show
But if I won the lottery, I'd be taken seriously
With the keys to the kingdom and a stock portfolio

CHORUS

*No I don't know why I wait for pigs to fly
A normal day for them is a miracle for me
The master makes the rules, and the master plays the fools
An ordinary voice in a silent harmony*

Look at the Jones, they ain't sad at all, they love the wage, they hate us all
They dance to the rhythm of a dark and distant drone
I can't keep up with the Jones no more, I can't make rent when I had it before
Now a big wolf is at the door looking for blood from a stone

CHORUS

Should I grow old before I die, just another John Doe in debt to his eyes
Choking on the barrel of a gun run down my throat
Held by the master's invisible hands, "More, more, more!" the master commands
"Call in the lawyers, piss on the ants," I quote. No joke

CHORUS

RUN ON THE BANKS

When I came home from the Anzio shore, I got me a job at a Shiretown store
I married up quick, we had the one son
My limit was hit and my race was run
We raised him right and we put him through school
With a gentle embrace and an iron rule
Our world was shattered when we lost our son
To the business end of a gangster's gun

CHORUS

*How do you go from the Bernhardt Line to chasing anonymous ships in the night?
How do you live with a lingering ghost?
With a run on the banks
With a run on the banks*

When they buried my boy of 22 years, I swore I'd do more than choke on my tears
So I hardened up my heart, took up the oath
And looked for ways to avenge us both
Me and his mother, we never were the same, she left me one spring and I am to blame
I forgot about living, forgot about her
Forgot about love and the way things were

CHORUS

Sixteen guns, 25 kilos, a couple thousand rounds when we run her aground
The crew bailed out and headed for the hills
With a barrel of blow and a mountain of pills
No arrest in her majesty's waters, no victory for the mothers and fathers
Of the young and the damned
The guilty walk free to continue their trade on a cruel black sea

MRS. MCGRATH

"Mrs McGrath," the sergeant said, "would you like a soldier of your son Ted?"
Scarlet coat, a big cocked hat,
Mrs. McGrath would you like that?"

Mrs. McGrath lived on the shore and after seven years or more
She spotted a ship come into the bay
With her son from far away

CHORUS

Too- rai-eh-ful-diddly-eh
Too-rai-loo-rai-loo-rai-eh
Too- rai-eh-ful-diddly-eh
Too-rai-loo-rai-loo-rai-eh

"Captain dear, where have you been, sailing the Mediterranean?
Have you news of my son Ted?
Is he living or is he dead?"

Then Teddy boy came out with no legs and in their place, two wooden pegs
She kissed him a dozen times or two and said, "My God Ted is it you?"

CHORUS

"Were you drunk or were you blind, when you left your two fine legs behind?
Or was walking upon the sea that tore your two fine legs from thee?"
"No I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind when I left my two fine legs behind.
A cannonball on the fifth of May tore my two fine legs away."

CHORUS

"Teddy boy," the widow cried, "your two fine legs were your mother's pride.
Stumps of a tree won't do at all, you should've run from the cannonball."

"All foreign wars," I do proclaim, "live on blood and a mother's pain.
I'd rather my boy as he used to be then the king of the west and his navy."

CHORUS

INVISIBLE HANDS

Red sky at dawn and the fire is low
Shadows weep in the embers glow
The piper's paid and a nation lost its voice
Celebrate, it's time to die
The signal's weak and the wells are dry
Invisible hands and captains of industry
Had their way with the silent majority

Hark the roar of wealth and might!
Hail the seeds of oversight!
Silent forces, plunder and control!
Lay me by the river side
Where gasoline and gold collide
And invisible hands command you pay the toll
To tie loose ends and justify your soul

Number One, Number One
Looking out for Number One
Number One, Number One
Looking out for Number One

The invisible hands won't turn this rig around (hallowed is the price you pay)
The invisible hands won't turn the music down (hallowed is the price you pay)
The invisible hands are the fastest guns in town

How low is the price you pay?

ROAD TO GUYSBOROUGH

I was headed back home on the Merland Road
With my head in the clouds one night
Taking each step with the beat of my heart
Guided by the pale moonlight
I was whistling along with the loons on the lake
And thinking 'bout making my plan
Next thing you know, I'm suckin' on the knuckles
Of a swindling highwayman

CHORUS

*Well I'll take my rifle, take my pistol
I'll take what I can
No, I'll never walk the road to Guysborough alone again*

He had a Colt 45 a-swingin' on his hip
And a blackjack in his hand
He had a bucktooth grin, a great big chin
A limp and a silk armband
He said, "Fella don't you know there's trouble in the woods
and the trouble in the woods is I?
Gimmie your gold, gimmie your liquor.
I'll think about letting you by."

CHORUS

Well I hit him with the left and the right, alright
With fists like cannonballs
He turned on a dime and he ran with a shriek
That echoed off the Intervale walls
I ain't proud of what I did, but I did what I did
'cause I couldn't miss my chance
to take Hokey for a spin on the sawdust floor
at Favaro's wedding dance

CHORUS

THE BOSTON STATES

When I was just a boy, I knew this little girl
A pretty little thing named Josephine
A tiny little lust in our tiny little world
I was willing, she was pretty, long and lean
We first made love in the summer
Her daddy found out that fall
He beat her with his fists upon the lips that I'd just kissed
And shipped her off down to the Boston States
Oh he shipped her off down to the Boston States

When I turned seventeen, I joined the King's Marine
And took my place among the world of men
It'd been two years since I'd seen my pretty Josephine
I wondered if I'd see her face again
Then the news came of rebellion
Down New England way
We sailed in the spring in the name of the king
They shipped me off down to the Boston States
Oh, they shipped me off down to the Boston States

We marched to Concord town to unleash hell and fury
To teach the rebel scum the art of war
They beat us back, they shot me down
They dragged my ass on into town
With a dead man that I ran through before
In a solitary act of retribution
They threw me at his widow's feet
I raised my eyes to see my pretty Josephine
A twist of fate down in the Boston States
Oh, a twist of fate down in the Boston States

The well inside my heart is dry, a reminiscing fool am I
Holding on to memories of old
A potent brew of love and guilt, planted seed and blood first spilt
And a strapping lad that surely was my own
She bade me well and begged I take the boy
Back home to Port Shoreham with me
She gave to me the sweetest kiss and then she slit her wrists
And died for nothing down in the Boston States
Oh, died for nothing down in the Boston States

Josephine,
If you could see our boy now
You'd be so proud, you'd be happy

I did my best to raise him on my own in your memory
He asks about you from time to time
I never know what to say
So on this lonesome night,
I told him that you died a hero down in the Boston States
Oh, died a hero down in the Boston States

FOX IN THE HEATHER

There's a fox in the heather old boy, old boy
Fox in the heather old boy
The fox in the heather can chew through leather
But got nothing on you old boy
Got nothing on you old boy

There's a coyote in the heights old boy, old boy
Coyote in the heights old boy
The coyote in the heights ain't picking no fights
Got nothing on you old boy
Got nothing on you old boy

CHORUS

*He got nothing on you old boy, old boy
Nothing on you old boy
Don't let that crew get the drop on you
Got nothing on you old boy
Got nothing on you old boy*

There's a hawk in the pines old boy, old boy
Hawk in the pines old boy
Well the hawk in the pines is sighting his lines
Got nothing on you old boy
Got nothing on you old boy

There's a weasel in the thicket old boy, old boy
A weasel in the thicket old boy
The weasel in the thicket, he's slick and he's wicked
But got nothing on you old boy
Got nothing on you old boy

CHORUS

There's a wolf in the glen old boy, old boy
Wolf in the glen old boy
The wolf in the glen is a killer of men
Got nothing on you old boy
Got nothing on you old boy

CHORUS

BLACKTOP BLUES

Well the roller guys were high and ol' Lenny was dry
The old man pulled up in that pickup truck
He said, "Boys, hurry up. I got Big Jim coming with the pup
and that god damn silo at the plant is full."

"I know there's rain overhead but boys we still gotta spread
Even if that anti-stripper kills you all.
I'm gonna work you like a dog through the sunshine, snow and fog.
Don't expect an early layoff in the fall."

CHORUS

*Laying down that wretched blacktop
Staying late for another load
But I don't wanna see that road again.
Ten thousand ton 'til I see my home again*

I ain't got no education, I don't give a fuck about segregation
Compaction? You can drive that up your ass
I'd rather be lying in the shade
With an ice cold beer, I'd have it made
Aw hell, I'd even rather cut the grass

CHORUS

Late in the year we fall behind and the only chance for piece of mind
Is when the plant breaks down or it begins a-rainin'
On days like that we don't make a dime
So I'll tell you folks how we pass the time
By telling lies, making bets and complaining

CHORUS

You may think I'm a whiny bitch and some folks would say that I'm a snitch
But you'd change your tune if you were in my shoes
I can't pretend that life is fine
Slaving here on ol' 289
Truth is, I can't shake these blacktop blues

DEATH & TAXES

Well you strutted in the place with a smirk on your face
To get a real big taste of the hustle and flow
Hustle and flow, hustle and flow
To get a big taste of the hustle and flow
You got a fly whip, the abs, the chicks
A real big stick and your head in the sand
Head in the sand, head in the sand
A real big stick and your head in the sand
Long black tie, bulletproof mojo
Laugh in the field and cry in the dojo
A look in your eye and a chip on your shoulder
Laughing at everyone on the...

CHORUS

*Rows of names on a mailing list
Chosen game for the wall
From a lottery of the oversold and underpaid
Time for heads to roll*

Slap on the wrist and a tsk tsk tsk
But you shared no risk in the penalty-oh
The penalty-oh, the penalty-oh
You shared no risk in the penalty-oh
You dotted the eyes, did it by the book
But you never found the hook and you never did solve it
Never did solve it, never did solve it
You never found the hook and you never did solve it
Credit, credit, credit, credit, credit crunch ho!
A notch on the belt and away you go
Self-made man and company soldier
Taking out everyone of the....

CHORUS

DUNVEGAN'S DRUMS

When Dunvegan's Drums beat in the air
At the first of the Inverness fair
The liquor starts flowing
And the boys start going to town
With blood in their hair

The townie boys eye up the boys from the glen
They neither got money to spend
They take all the girlies
Dancing and twirlin'
And scrap around back in the end

Me mother, she told me when I left the island,
"Keep your nose and your fingernails clean
Don't ever be shy,
Always look in their eye,
And always say what you mean."

Well I meant what I said when I called him a coward
Riddled with filth and disease
The silence was golden
As I was left holding my guts
In a pile at my knees

I remember the jackals, they gathered around
Laughing and watching me bleed
They fought in a pack and they beat themselves dumb
Rah-Dah-Dum-Dah
Dunvegan's Drums

I remember the bastards, they ran in the night
When the Mounties showed up at the scene
They're all good for nothing, they're rabble and scum
Rah-Dah-Dum-Dah
Dunvegan's Drums