

Shackled and drawn

Gray morning light spits through the shade
Another day older, closer to the grave
Closer to the grave and come the dawn
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock son, carry it on
Im trudging through the dark in a world gone wrong
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

I always loved the feel of sweat on my shirt
Stand back son and let a man work
Let a man work, is that so wrong
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock son, carry it on
Whats a poor boy to do in a world gone wrong
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Freedom sons a dirty shirt
The sun on my face and my shovel in the dirt
A shovel in the dirt keeps the devil gone
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock son, carry it on
Whats a poor boy to do but keep singing his song
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Gambling man rolls the dice, workingman pays the bill
Its still fat and easy up on bankers hill
Up on bankers hill, the partys going strong
Down here below were shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock son, carry it on
Were trudging through the dark in a world gone wrong
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn

Shackled and drawn, shackled and drawn
Pick up the rock son, carry it on
Whats a poor boy to do but keep singing his song
I woke up this morning shackled and drawn