

## If They Hang You

The Mekons

In the early days I would say  
Tell me about the girl who used to live across the way  
Out on a drunk  
Down in the bay  
No idea you'd ever live as long as you did  
She lay on your bed cold in your arms  
Wishing she could be somewhere else  
Maybe that same night I would say  
So you're stubborn about the girls  
Footsteps on the stairs late in the morning  
Behind the blinds that shun the noon day light  
Staring at the page burnin' midnight oil  
If they hang you I'll have a few sleepless nights  
At the witch-trial you would not reveal  
The names of comrades that you never knew  
Bad diseases  
Kill or cure  
always like a man who says what's on his mind