

The Tale Of Solomon Snell

Duncan Sheik

Listen if you will, I have a tale to tell
Of an unfortunate man, the name of Solomon Snell
And the philosophy he should have embraced
That says no matter what you do, you'll never be safe

Ring the bell, ring the bell for Solomon Snell
Too much trust is the road to hell

Rightfully nervous, he took every precaution
He paid three armed men to drive him to Boston
But wouldn't you know it, he was broke on arrival
His own men robbed him and took off in style

So he wanted to marry a girl who was true
And on the basis of her name he would fidelity prove
She had a handsome cousin she would visit in Charlotte
Well, she said he was her cousin, the brazen harlot

Ring the bell, ring the bell for Solomon Snell
He played it safe and it didn't end well
Ring the bell, ring the bell for Solomon Snell
Too much trust is the road to hell

He caught yellow fever, down Charleston way
Before you knew it, they were digging his grave
But he was most terrified of being buried alive
And so to his finger a bell was tied

You see Snell had arranged for a man to be paid
To listen for the bell when he was buried in his grave
But the man got drunk and when the bell did sound
Solomon lived but he stayed in the ground

No one heard a sound

Ring the bell, ring the bell for Solomon Snell
Too much trust is the road to hell
Ring the bell, ring the bell for Solomon Snell
You can play it safe but it won't end well

You can play it safe but it won't end well
You can play it safe but it won't end well