

And He Slayed Her

Liz Phair

Everything you've got is mine
And you won't get away with it this time
I'm comin' for you with a wooden stake
Nail you right through your heart and up to your gate

Ding-dong, the witch is dead
Come out of your house, uncover your head
Dang-dong, this crooked soul
Hanged himself on rock 'n' roll

I mean, what kind of kid were you when you were a kid?
What kind of man would do what you did?
What kind of life did you think you were gonna live
When everyone in town put a price on your head?

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The mob sang as the pitchforks rang
And the torch flames swang up to light the way ahead
He fled in the darkness and dread
And the tower it bled till it trembled and swayed
And he fell straight to Hell and there he stayed
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