There's a story for a thimple On a dimple, on a pea And it's absolutely true until the end When they pan out in the titles We can see you're still alive And the maitre'd is not your special friend There's a road in a wrong place Twice as far out And a bitch on a bridge Yeah the bridge was a bitch With a heavenly drawn out roll of her lips She undid her straps and smiled That man will not hang That man he will never, hang That man will not hang, that man There's a man you should meet And he might be under arrest But believe me when I tell you he's okay He ran the mohawk out of Living rooms across the land And introduced me

To the joys of doubt There's a dream There's a barn There was a story It was a boring one But honestly I tried to stay awake Born to hang and proud of it I base my claim on credit That man will not hang That man he will never, hang That man will not hang, that man Realised he wanted to have children with this girl He pulled her to his side and quietly Gave away his heart like it was his to give away Gave away his heart like it was his to give away Wednesday the studio come knocking Excuse them but they need their property Gave away his heart like it was his to give away Gave away his heart like it was his to give away Gave away his heart like it was his to give away