

Three Men Hanging

Murder by Death

Get on with it put off the fuss you chickenshit
Get on with it can't you see it's time to quit

I seen three men hangin' from a sycamore
Their bodies were stiff as a two by four
And their heads were tilted down towards the ground
And it ain't been long since they been up there
That their bodies turned cold hangin' in that air
And they might have froze before that noose got to them

Old scratch has dealt us a dirty hand
He had the look of a saint but the greed of a man
And his face was worn and wrinkled like a leather book
And if i put this revolver to my head
Will god turn against me instead of taking pity on a broken man
?

Get on with it.