

## 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.