

## Swampland

### The Birthday Party

Quicksand, I'm in it's grip  
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A sinken in the mud  
Patron saint of the bog  
They come with boots of blood  
With pitchfork and with club  
And they're chantin' out my name  
And they got doggies screamin' on a chain  
Lucy, I'll love you till the end  
They hunt me like a dog  
Down in swamp land  
So come my executioner  
Come my bounty hunter  
Come my county killers  
I cannot run no more  
I cannot run no more  
I cannot run no more  
No, I can't, no  
Oh, Lucy, you won't see this face again  
When I caught you swing and burn  
Down in swamp land  
The trees are veiled in fog  
The trees are veiled in fog  
Like so many jilted brides  
Hey and now they're all breakin down and cryin'  
Splashing tears upon my face  
Splashing tears cold upon my face  
And they smell of gasoline, I scream  
Lucy, you made a sinner right out of me  
And now I'm burnin' like a saint  
Down in swamp land  
So come my executioner  
Come my bounty hunter  
Come my county killers  
I cannot run no more  
I cannot run no more  
I cannot run no more  
I cannot run no more  
No, I can't  
Down in swamp land