

If They Hang You

The Mekons

In the early days I would say
Tell me about the girl who used to live across the way
Out on a drunk
Down in the bay
No idea you'd ever live as long as you did
She lay on your bed cold in your arms
Wishing she could be somewhere else
Maybe that same night I would say
So you're stubborn about the girls
Footsteps on the stairs late in the morning
Behind the blinds that shun the noon day light
Staring at the page burnin' midnight oil
If they hang you I'll have a few sleepless nights
At the witch-trial you would not reveal
The names of comrades that you never knew
Bad diseases
Kill or cure
always like a man who says what's on his mind