

# Hang 'Em High

Van Halen

Somewhere,lost it in a turn  
Trouble seems to fit him like a glove.  
First come,First served,he's serving it back,  
Travels light,without a pack,without love.  
He comes from nowhere,returns on his own,  
late for the hanging,yes he's heading for the moon  
Hang `em High.  
Leather,across his thighs,  
Blasting out the night,he's terrified to drive.  
One eye on the road, crashed upon his head,  
One ear to the ground,he's listening to the dead.  
He comes from nowhere,returns on his own,  
late for the hanging,yes he's heading for the moon  
Hang `em High.  
Alone to himself,he's laughing up his sleeve,  
Looking back in anger,the city is rleaved.  
Vision of Light,  
Child of the night,  
Passing by.