

Aerosmith, Hangman Jury

Me old my lady sittin' in the shade
Talkin' about the money that I ain't made
Singin' o boy dontcha line the
Track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track
O boy dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track

If I could, I surely would
Stand on the rock that Moses stood
singin' o boy dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track
O boy dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track

Drank so much hooch
It made my eyes be gettin' blurry
They say I nailed her to the wall
A stich in time don't mean a thing
No hangman jury could make me crawl
Cause I'm a poor boy
Dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track
O boy dontcha line the track a lack a
OOO

Whacha do with the gun that's loaded
Shot her dead and her heart exploded
Tell me baby now d-dontcha worry
Like lying to a hangman jury

I swear I didn't know that 45 was loaded
In fact my memory ain't so clear
That's not to say she didn't get what she deserved
Least that's the way it looks from here
Boy when you line the track a lack a
Hey boy dontcha line the track

OOO my love came tumblin' down
OOO love came tumblin' down
OOO (Let's get outta here)
Love come tumblin'

And every night she take her thing
Into the city and in the mornin' make me beg cause
If I'd taken all her real titty gritty
I'd smack her right upside the head boy
Dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track
O boy dontcha line the track

OOO my love came tumblin' down
OOO love came tumblin' down
OOO love come tumblin'

Poor boy sweatin' in the hot summer night
Hangman waitin' for the early morning light
Singin' O boy dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track
O boy dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track

If I could, I surely would
Stand on the rock that Moses done stood

Singin' O boy dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track
O boy dontcha line the track a lack a
O boy dontcha line the track