

# Clifford T. Ward, Coathanger

If you share my coat-hanger then I'll be hung on you

If you try to break my neck we're through, through

Just you wait till it gets dark the time will soon go by

I'll try to come so quickly lest you die.

But now the situation's getting out of hand

I'm not sure I want to be buried in the sand

But if I try to disassociate from you

There's something I could do to get across to you

I've got just one more move to make you sit right up and see

I'll hang myself upon your cherry tree.

But if you share my coat-hanger then I'll be hung on you

If you try to break my neck we're through, through

Just you wait till it gets dark the time will soon go by

I'll try to come so quickly lest you die.

And when I speak to you you never here a sound

You say I ought to have more sense than hang around

But if I try to disassociate from you

There's nothing I could do to make you less untrue

So I'll just go and stage my best performance yet to-date

And hang myself upon your garden gate.

But if you share my coat-hanger then I'll be hung on you

If you try to break my neck we're through, through

Just you wait till it gets dark the time will soon go by

I'll try to come so quickly lest you die.