

Frank Black, My Terrible Ways

My terrible ways, they got me in jail
Where some did succeed, I always did fail
But I thought I was fine to wait for the day
When I'd paid for my terrible ways

My terrible ways, they came to an end
When a mighty deluge freed the criminal men
But I stayed in Mississippi and three souls I saved
And so ended my terrible ways

Terrible ways, terrible ways
Sooner or later a criminal pays
And I'll never have enough, enough
To pay this off

Terrible ways, terrible ways
Sooner or later a criminal pays
And I'll never have enough, enough
To pay this off

My terrible ways, the governor forgave
On account of three souls and account of the wave
That took my wife and baby and swept them away
All cause of my terrible ways

Terrible ways, terrible ways
Sooner or later I know I'm going to pay
And I'll never have enough, enough
To pay this off