

Murder By Death, '52 Ford

I hit the road in a '52 Ford
A pack of matches
And a postcard on the dashboard
The sun was set
The gas gauge was low
And it was time to go

I met the girl at a juke joint on the fly
Needed a friend the day my mother died
Her place was hot and it smelled of sin
I guess when one life goes another begins

Hey now, what you gonna do?
Got a fiver in your pocket
And a switchblade in your boot
Hey now what you gonna say
To make it go away?

I found the city by the mark on the stamp
Studied it under the light of a hotel lamp
I found his work, I found their home
I waited until I knew she was alone
I didn't want the child to see life
I justified that it wounded my pride
My mind was set that no one could know
The girl had to go

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Light stumbled in
Through a crack in the shades
Reflected off of the edge of my blade
As I reached for the girl
With the knife in my hand
I thought "I guess the kid deserves a chance"
Her man came in as I started to go
My last intentions; how could he know?
The blade sunk deep into my skin
I guess when one life goes another begins