

Povertyneck Hillbillies, Jericho

Boot leather on a barroom floor, fightin' over a dance hall girl
He pulled a knife, I pulled a gun, and I sent him home to glory
The sheriff said son, better go with me
Give me your gun and come peacefully
I can drop you right here, or you can tell the court your story

Chorus:

Hang me high, hang me low
They're gonna hang me in the morning
Stay away from Jericho, all you rounders,
I give you fair warning

Entered my plea, called it self defense,
a sober judge sittin' on the bench
And i stared into 24 eyes of a hard-nosed Jericho jury
They called it murder in the first degree,
The judge said, son, stand and look at me
Hang him - and may the lord have mercy

Chorus

Thirteen steps to the scaffold high,
the whole town's out just to watch me die
And not one to shed a tear of mourning
Please would you honor my last request,
when they lay me down to rest
Let the epitaph on my tombstone read this warning

Chorus