

Rod Stewart, Hangman's Knee

(hopkins, beck, newman, stewart, wood)

Hangman, hangman, slack your noose
Slack it, oh slack it
Slack it for a while
There ain't no use in your hurrying me
Ain't nothing gonna change things now

Now I ain't trying to prove your judge is wrong
And your jury, oh your jury
I guess I'll know the way out
And if you kill me with my canvas shirt
Good god, you could put my lawyer in jail

Listen
It's just this twenty two minutes to prepare yourself
I haven't been in this position before
Wash your hands, get your .? .
Find the waistcoat, lock the door.

And oh!

Get your .? .
Oh yeah, get your .? . lock the door
Come on

Listen to this one
Oh hangman, hangman, slack your noose
Oh slack it, please slack it
Oh just slack it awhile, give me one more chance
There ain't no use in you hurryin' me
Good god, nothing's gonna stop me now

Oh
Don't you worry
Cause you never get your .? .
Well, might get your waistcoat on
Ha-ha
Heh-heh