The Black Crowes, Cypress Tree

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So you found yourself a killer The one with blue eyes I guess the bloodstains on the blanket don't lie Well I guess I saw it comin' Like a boy I just kept runnin' But through this crime I have survived

Chorus: They're gonna hang you from the cypress tree The crowd gonna cheer when they see you swing Yeah they're gonna hang you from the cypress tree Tell me now do you believe?

Glory Hallelujah I raise my glass up to you And I bow my head with utmost respect But I think it's only fair to warn you That there's a storm that's coming up on you And like the wind and the rain My words are direct

Chorus

It's a funny word 'friends' You get beginnings and you got ends I guess I'll see you when we're ashes again