

# 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