

# Banjo & Sullivan, Killer On The Lamb

I'm a killer on the lamb  
I don't mind living with some blood on my hands.  
You're life to me ain't worth a damn  
To this killer on the lamb

We were twins to be born that day  
But I could never let it be that way  
Mama's life line proved a good noose.  
With a taste for killing I was on the loose  
My folks hated me for what I did that day  
So I slit their throats, sent em to their grave  
Lot of good killing was ahead of me.

Met a mountain girl from a mining town  
Our first time when the sun went down  
All she wanted was to marry me  
So I cut her where she loved me  
And watched her bleed  
Her daddy from the holler so her blood so red  
So I drug him in the river and I drowned him dead

Wore out my welcome in Arkansas  
Killed a Christian family of the pentacost  
Georgia cracker was a talking at me  
So I cut out his tongue, hung from a tree  
Now the southern law wants to put me in jail  
But ill still be killing when I'm burning in hell.