

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.