

# Every Time I Die, Pigs Is Pigs

Oh lord I am saved.  
Judge said i am fit to swing,  
'bout time I have prayed,  
My woman just might wear my ring.

Oh you know I'm no good,  
You know I'm no good at court ordered goodbyes.

But when I'm gone you'll see I'll be a better man yet,  
For the dispossession, take it back into your arms.  
Better keep me close to your heart.

The defiant had me cornered in a storm,  
And it let me walk out the front door,  
At the scene of the crime.

Hang 'em high,  
Keep your thoughts breached.  
Let 'em swing,  
Make 'em swing till it hurts.  
And if you still believe,  
That man guilty of love cant survive,  
Then Hang 'em high or not at all.

Oh no!

Oh you know it get so hard,  
It just gets so hard going limp in your arms.

I'm approaching a smoking gun.  
There's no chance of me walking out of here alive.  
This is all very literal,  
I can't bring myself around to write an excuse this time.

Were liberated by the hearts that are prisoners.  
were taken hostage by the ones that we break.  
Throw the book.

You had me strung up by the tail,  
And you put me back.  
Hang 'em high,  
Keep your thought breached,  
Let 'em swing.  
Make 'em swing till it hurts.  
And if you still believe,  
That men guilty of love can't survive,  
Then hang 'em high or not at all.

Where did you get the privilege to pardon me?