

# Marty Robbins, The Chair

All night long I tried but couldn't sleep.  
Tried to be a man, tried not to weep.  
Now I hear the turning of the key,  
silently, the guard motions to me.  
Now realize the end is near  
and I find I can't control my fear.  
As I pass the guard, I start to cry,  
and I whisper, "I don't want to die!"  
Then from death row comes a whisper, "Charlie, be a man."  
And I scream, "Just wait till your turn, then see if you can!"

Down the hall they push and carry me.  
Blind with fright and tears won't let me see.  
Through a door and then I stop and stare,  
'cause I see it, there it is, THE CHAIR.  
Then they strap me in and turn to leave,

and the prison chaplain says "Believe,  
faith in God will cause him to forgive."  
I have faith, but still I want to live.  
Suddenly, I'm paralyzed, this must be the end.  
My body jerks and trembles as they turn it on again.  
Quickly as it came, the pain is gone.  
I hear music, someone sings a song.  
Suddenly I seem to float through air.  
Something's wrong 'cause I'm still in THE CHAIR.  
In the room there's hardly any light,  
now I see a doctor dressed in white.  
I hear every word, it's plainly said.  
Did I hear them say, "This man is dead?"  
Did I hear them say, "This man is dead?"