

# Murder By Death, '52 Ford

I hit the road in a '52 Ford  
A pack of matches  
And a postcard on the dashboard  
The sun was set  
The gas gauge was low  
And it was time to go

I met the girl at a juke joint on the fly  
Needed a friend the day my mother died  
Her place was hot and it smelled of sin  
I guess when one life goes another begins

Hey now, what you gonna do?  
Got a fiver in your pocket  
And a switchblade in your boot  
Hey now what you gonna say  
To make it go away?

I found the city by the mark on the stamp  
Studied it under the light of a hotel lamp  
I found his work, I found their home  
I waited until I knew she was alone  
I didn't want the child to see life  
I justified that it wounded my pride  
My mind was set that no one could know  
The girl had to go

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Light stumbled in  
Through a crack in the shades  
Reflected off of the edge of my blade  
As I reached for the girl  
With the knife in my hand  
I thought "I guess the kid deserves a chance"  
Her man came in as I started to go  
My last intentions; how could he know?  
The blade sunk deep into my skin  
I guess when one life goes another begins