

Murder By Death, Sometimes The Line Walks Yo

I've taken a hit or two
I've given quite a few
I swing my fists and the cities all fall
I've broken a law or two
reckon I only missed a few
I watch these long days pass
through the bars I curse the brass
I've had a cracked rib or two
I guess I've busted more
I've laid a couple out on the coolin' board
sometimes you walk the line
and sometimes it walks you
you get quick to anger
quick to put a knife up
to another man's throat
I cannot still
the hell that's in these hands
when they came to take me in
didn't try to fight just let them win
a man died in my cell
damn the gaurds sure gave me hell
I'd love to see them horesmen ride
so law and order stand aside
oh this woman and gin
go together like the devil and sin
her hair is like wheat
her lips are like wine
gonna meet her at the end
of the county line
JAILBREAK tonight
bring on the floodlights
in a few more yards we'll reach the line
and meet up with a friend of mine
the dogs are comin' swift and mean
but I'm hungrier than they have ever been