

# 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