

# Murder By Death, The Big Sleep

At the end of the road he calls everyone home  
and the fire will consume us striking through to the bone  
at the end of the road you will soon hear him call  
as the congregations crumble and the chapels will fall  
and the taste on your tongue well it comes yeah it comes  
with the bittersweet pang of remorse and pain  
till the judgement is made the prosecutions won

The gavel has fall and justice is done  
the courtroom clears, I'm left alone on the bench  
my wife and children gone, along with the defense  
the bailiff leads me back to my cell  
like the riverman ferrying my to hell

I can't blame them, no, to hate me for what I've done  
I hear them whisperin' in the hall  
you'll live and die by the gun  
all I can do is sit here and pray  
I'll be forgiven on judgement day

tell my wife in our yard burried underneath the pine  
there's a shoebox full of money  
of which I've never earned a dime  
use it to start over the way things should have been  
live honest and love again

tell my wife tell my kids I never meant for this to happen  
when they flip the switch please do not stay  
I couldn't bear for you to remember me this way