

# Murder By Death, Three Men Hanging

Get on with it  
Put off the fuss you chickenshit  
Get on with it  
Can't you see it's time to quit

I seen three men hanging from a sycamore  
Their bodies were stiff as a 2 x 4  
And their heads were tilted towards the dirt

And it ain't been long since they been up there  
That their bodies turned cold hangin in the air  
They mighta froze before that noose got to them

Old scratch has dealt us a dirty hand  
He had the look of a saint but the greed of a man  
and his face was worn and wrinkled like a leather book

And if I put this revolver to my head  
Will God turn against me instead  
of taking pity on a broken man?