

# Murder City Devils, Press Gang

Pecked by the seagulls, hanging from the gallows  
Twisting in the breeze, dripping something on the streets  
I can see him from my window, they can see him from the water  
Just a victim of the press gang

I knew him when he was breathing  
He was a good man, he was a young man  
He was like you, he was like me  
It could've been me  
It could've been me

Twisting in the breeze  
(Cut him down, cut him down)  
Left for the children on the street  
(Cut him down, cut him down)  
On the street

He should've kept his mouth shut  
He never shoulda left that ship  
Don't go drinking down by the docks  
You don't know if you'll wake up

I knew him when he was breathing  
He was a good man, he was a young man  
He was like you, he was like me  
It could've been me  
It could've been me

Twisting in the breeze  
(Cut him down, cut him down)  
Left for the children on the street  
(Cut him down, cut him down)  
On the street

Woke up on the water  
No one ever asked him if he wanted to go  
Didn't have any options  
He was smart - he got out when he could  
Should've stayed in the Pacific  
Should've stayed in the Pacific  
Coulda had it good  
Any island, any island wouldn't do  
Any island wouldn't do

I knew him when he was breathing  
He was a good man, he was a young man  
He was like you, he was like me  
It could've been you  
It should've been me

But it shoulda been the press gang  
(Cut him down, cut him down)  
But it shoulda been the press gang  
(Cut him down, cut him down)  
Cut him down, cut him down  
Cut him down  
On the street