

# Rob Zombie, Tales From The Scarecrowman

I'm the scarecrowman, I'm swingin'  
Swingin'-i'm the scarecrowman,  
Swingin' swingin' from the hangin'  
Tree-the clock-clock-clock  
On the wall is ticking away  
My time-the sentence is  
Past, now I'm paying for my  
Crimes-i reach out-out for the  
Hands of time, but they're  
Out of reach-i said I reach out-  
Out for the setting sun but

It's out-gone out of my reach-  
The dust in the wind is blowing its  
Way back to horror hill-little girl's  
Voodoo dolly sitting-on the windows sill-  
The broken glass sparkles in the light-sign  
On the door tells me no one home tonight-  
Said I'm the scarecrowman wasting  
Away and I'm swingin' swingin'-  
On the hangin'  
Tree~