

Team Sleep, Ligeia

In 1969

i killed a man of mine
in his Montana town
i was hunted down by hounds
hear the nighthawks cry
the voices dry and hollow
hear the crowd cheer
they cheer me to the gallows

In 1985

i was doing time alive
i made a plan to escape
and then as the lady of the lake
hear the crowd it goes
their voices dry and hollow
cant you hear them call
they cheer me to the gallows

1995

was the year i came out for trial
i listened to his song
and watched the sun make the shadows long
hear the nighthawk call
his voice is dry and hollow
hear the crowd call
they cheer me to the gallows
hear the nighthawk call
his voice is dry and hollow
hear the nighthawk call
in a voice thats hollow