

# Walkabouts, Hangman

Hangman take these heads from me  
And swing 'em from your money tree  
Hear me laughing in my steps  
These heads are yours, they're yours to keep

Please don't skip the last details  
Rewards are yours beyond the pale  
And if you slip, just look around  
Your wrists are shackled to the crowd

Hangman is your passenger  
Hangman is your passenger  
Hangman is your passenger  
The hangman is your passenger tonight

Stretching the rope with one of his hands  
And in one of his hands he holds a bible  
Looks at the road with one of his eyes  
And with one of his eyes he will watch you driving

Hangman is your passenger  
The hangman is your passenger tonight

Hangman take these heads from me  
And swing 'em from your money tree  
Wagered on the judgement call  
But every time you lost it all