

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