

# I'm Not the Man

10,000 Maniacs

It crawls on his back, won't ever let him be.  
Stares at the walls until the cinder blocks can breathe.  
His eyes have gone away, escaping over time.  
He rules a crowded nation inside his mind.

He knows that night like his hand.  
He knows every move he made.  
Late shift, the bell that rang, a time card won't fade.  
10:05 his truck pulled home.  
10:05 he climbed his stair, about the time he was accused of being there.

But I'm not the man.  
He goes free as I wait on the row for the man to test the rope  
he'll slip around my throat  
And silence me.

On the day he was tried no witnesses testified.  
Nothing but evidence, not hard to falsify.  
His own confession was a prosecutor's prize,  
Made up of fear, of rage and of outright lies.

But I'm not the man.  
He goes free as the candle vigil glows, as they burn my clothes  
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As the crowd cries, "Hang him slow!" and I feel my blood go cold,  
he goes free.

Call out the KKK, they're wild after me.  
And with that frenzied look of half-demented zeal,  
They'd love to serve me up my final meal.  
Who'll read my final right and hear my last appeal?  
Who struck this devil's deal?