Hang 'em High

Drapht

I hang 'em high. Left more fucked than nymphos.
Wind blows when Drapht brings the info.
The lone ranger riding the beat.
Hi Ho Silver enter your town, taking over your street. (yee-ha)
Complete the state is the undisputed heavy-weight,
mind power to levitate like Yoda when I meditate.
Let's set it straight, you either relate or lose.
I'm one step ahead it doesn't matter what you chose.
It's fatal discharge.
My lips scarred, I spit yards.
Tip glasses empty cos I fight when I flip bars.
Some assault to hit hard (who?)
You know the name, The Pale Rider,
Drapht, the flame, the bringer of pain. (Yeah)
Change for no one, living dirty.
Heard me? Serve no one, I'll be king by thirty.
Number one Guernsey. Bounder is a broken.
The rest left choking when your guards are left open. (open)

I hang 'em high, the element of surprise.
I hang 'em high, regardless of your size.
I hang 'em high from sundown to sunrise.
If you dare to fight. I'll have to hang ya high.
A trademark of the west, we hang 'em high.
If you mess with SBX, I'll have to hang you high.
You're left raw hide. I'm quicker than your eye.
So, don't bother try or I'll have to hang ya high.

In the heat of the desert from my travels (travels)
First warning is the sound of the snake's tail rattle.
There's no return, reality check,
when life on the edge, turns to life or death. (death)
Remain ruthless to useless we'll fold.
Take control, thought's get cold when gold's involved.
I've got control. I play a roll,
as an individual. Do as you're told or the condition
could turn critical.
A spiritual, miracle, lyrical deepness.
Beat the defeat-less, tomboy with no weakness.
I leave sequence, extract like from the west.
Carries a picture, Hit ya right on my quest.
No rest, I messed up.
You can't test me.
Drool at sundown with the sheriff and his deputies.
Owns my ranch, will buckle dusty pants.
Words make you dance, miss your feet to hit the sand.

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Full saloon, cigar smoke fills the room.

Spurs on every shoe. Bar fly piano tunes.
A full moon reflects off the canyons.
Travel alone, skin and bone, got no companions.
A white stallion I ride under clear sky.
My wagon full of whiskey, followed by eyes.
Hills come alive, mesmerised like history.
Mescaline affects my mind. Live life like a gypsy.
Miss me, a memory, wanted in every county.
My face on every poster, hunted for a bounty.
Drapht through a desperado, I gamble my name.
Never pick up my chips and find another game.
It's my life, man, to change, I'm not the type.
Fight for freedom, See me, just run and don't think twice.
Then a quiet wind blows, no lingo come close.
Till the next time the wind blows, adios.

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