

## Pigs Is Pigs

### Every Time I Die

Oh Lord I am saved  
Judge says I am fit to swing  
'Bout time I have prayed  
My woman just might wear my ring

Oh you know I'm no good  
You know I'm no good  
At court ordered goodbyes

But when I'm gone you'll see, I'll be a better man yet  
For the dispossession, take it back in to your arms  
Better keep me close to your heart  
You better keep me close to your heart

The defiant had me cornered in a store  
And it let me walk out the front door  
At the scene of the crime

Hang 'em high, keep your thoughts breached  
Let 'em swing, make 'em swing till it hurts  
And if you still believe that men guilty of love can't survive  
Then hang 'em high or not at all

Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no  
Oh you know it gets hard  
It just gets so hard going limp in your arms

I'm approaching a smoking gun  
There's no chance of me walking out of here alive  
This is all very literal  
I can't bring myself around to write an excuse this time

We're liberated by the hearts that are prisoners  
We're taken hostage by the ones that we break  
Throw the book, throw the book  
Throw the book, throw the book

You had me strung up by the tail  
And you put me back

Hang 'em high, keep your thoughts breached  
Let 'em swing, make 'em swing till it hurts  
And if you still believe that men guilty of love can't survive  
Then hang 'em high or not at all

Where did you get the privilege to pardon me?