

That Man Will Not Hang

mclusky

There's a story for a thimble
On a dimple, on a pea
And it's absolutely true until the end
When they pan out in the titles
We can see you're still alive
And the maitre'd is not your special friend
There's a road in a wrong place
Twice as far out
And a bitch on a bridge
Yeah the bridge was a bitch
With a heavenly drawn out roll of her lips
She undid her straps and smiled
That man will not hang
That man he will never, hang
That man will not hang, that man
There's a man you should meet
And he might be under arrest
But believe me when I tell you he's okay
He ran the mohawk out of
Living rooms across the land
And introduced me

To the joys of doubt
There's a dream
There's a barn
There was a story
It was a boring one
But honestly I tried to stay awake
Born to hang and proud of it
I base my claim on credit
That man will not hang
That man he will never, hang
That man will not hang, that man
Realised he wanted to have children with this girl
He pulled her to his side and quietly
Gave away his heart like it was his to give away
Gave away his heart like it was his to give away
Wednesday the studio come knocking
Excuse them but they need their property
Gave away his heart like it was his to give away
Gave away his heart like it was his to give away
Gave away his heart like it was his to give away