

Botched Execution

Shovels & Rope

They botched my execution back in 1996
I climbed out of a window and I hopped over the fence
Had to dig myself a tunnel, put my feet on the cement
And started runnin' runnin' runnin' and ain't nobody seen me since

So, now I gotta find a friend, someone to tell I didn't do it
But my picture's in the paper and there's no way that I can prove it
And the body's in the closet 'cause I never got to move it
Now the neighbor's kids are talking sayin' everybody knew it

All my little seeds have grown
Sooner later come back home

Leave a trail of crumbs a little lure for them to bite on
In a Motel 6, thank God nobody left the light on
Dressed myself in women's clothing and a wig that I had tried on
Tried to cleanse myself of all those alibis I had relied on

Now I'm lying on my back looking at the ceiling
When suddenly I am distracted by that old familiar feeling
With the table and the devil and the cards that he was dealing
I was sure enough a slave and some poor soul I would be stealing tonight

All my little seeds have grown
Sooner later come back home

Hitched my skirt, climbed up a car on the railroad
Found myself a'gazing down the barrel at the crossroad
Hide out in the circus, rob a bank, hit the payload
Or wait out in the darkness with the freaks and kinda lay low

A storm had downed a power line, laying on the trainway
Standing in a puddle, felt a shock and in a ditch lay
In my final moments I could hear the lucky judge say
Well, I guess the execution went as scheduled anyways

All my little seeds have grown
Sooner later come back home