

Good morning, young master
It's 1882
Your mother is hungry
What will you do?
There is bread in the kitchen
Of the big house upstairs
But I warn you, don't take it
From them

You'll be tarred, you'll be feathered
You'll be hung like a ham
And I warn you, don't do it
Young man

Your mother is calling
She wants you by the bed
So get ready, young master
Go shake your sleepy head
Darling son, "I am dying
And I leave it to you
As I'm leaving
Tell me, what did I do?
I am dying
Tell me, what did I do?"

Boys steals the bread, now
Packs it up and heads for the door
Man sees him coming
Says "boy you won't be running no more"
Boy gets arrested
And the case is tested that day
Judge finds him guilty
And the jailer takes him away

Good morning, young master
It's 25 to 9
They'll be coming, to get you
In 20 minutes time

You'll be drawn, you'll be quartered
You'll be hung like ham
And I warn you, get ready
Young man, yeah

Say the boy, "I am dying
And I leave it to you
As I'm leaving
Tell me, what did I do?
As I'm dying
Tell me, what did I do?"