

# '52 Ford

## Murder By Death

I hit the road in a '52 Ford  
A pack of matches and a postcard on the dashboard  
The sun was set, the gas gauge was low  
And it was time to go  
I met the girl at a juke joint on the fly  
Needed a friend the day my mother died  
Her place was hot and it smelled of sin  
I guess when one life goes, another begins  
Hey now, what you gonna do?  
Got a fiver in your pocket  
And a switchblade in your boot  
Hey now, what you gonna say  
To make it go away?  
I found the city by the mark on the stamp  
Studied it under the light of a hotel lamp  
I found his work, I found their home  
I waited until I knew she was alone  
I didn't want the child to see life  
I justified and it wounded my pride  
My mind was set that no one could know  
The girl had to go  
Hey now, what you gonna do?  
Got a fiver in your pocket  
And a switchblade in your boot  
Hey now, what you gonna say  
To make it go away?  
Hey now, what you gonna do?  
Got a fiver in your pocket  
And a switchblade in your boot  
Hey now, what you gonna say  
To make it go away?  
Light stumbled in through a crack in the shades  
Reflected off of the edge of my blade  
As I reached for the girl with the knife in my hand  
I thought, I guess the kid deserves a chance  
Her man came in as I started to go  
My last intentions, how could he know?  
The blade sank deep into my skin  
I guess when one life goes, another begins

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>