The Tale Of Solomon Snell (feat. Holly Brook)

Duncan Sheik

Listen if you will, I have a tale to tell.
Of an unfortunate man, the name of Solomon Snell,
And the philosophy he should have embraced,
That says no matter what you do,
You'll never be safe.Ring the bell, ring the bell
For Solomon Snell.
Too much trust,
Is the road to HellRightfully nervous,
He took every precaution,
He paid three armed men to drive him to Boston.
But wouldn't you know it, he was broke on arrival.
His own men robbed him and took off in style.So he wanted to marry, a girl who was true,
And on the basis of her name he would fidelity prove.
She had a handsome cousin she would visit in Charlotte.
Well she said he was her cousin,
The brazen harlot.Ring the bell, ring the bell
For Solomon Snell.
He played it safe,
And it didn't end well.Ring the bell, ring the bell
For Solomon Snell.
Too much trust
Is the road to hell.He caught yellow fever,
Down Charleston way.
Before you knew it, they were digging his grave.
But he was most terrified of being buried alive.
And so to his finger a bell was tied.You see Snell had arranged for a man to be paid,
To listen for the bell when he was buried in his grave.
But the man got drunk, and when the bell did sound,
Solomon lived but he stayed in the ground.No one heard a sound.Ring the bell, ring the bell
For Solomon Snell.
Too much trust is the road to hell.Ring the bell, ring the bell
For Solomon Snell.
You can play it safe,
But it wont end well.You can play it safe,
But it wont end well.
You can play it safe,
But it wont end well

Songwriters

SHEIK, DUNCANPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/