Bad Man Coming

Crooked Fingers

Don't you know, there's a bad man coming?
Creeping down through the spanish moss, and trees.
Rising up hear the black heart pounding.
Through the dark as you drift gently in deep sleep.
Oh here he comes by the light of the dull grey 'morn.
Brave men talk but a brave man has no use.
A hero is only a lucky fool, you see.
And lately your luck has been as bad as bad can be.
It seems like we've seen him come before,
It seems like we've seen him go.And just when you think, that you've seen them all,
Another bad man shows.
Up killing what you adore,
There's no telling what's in store,
Just sit tight, there aint nothin you can do.
Cuz tonight, tonight a bad man is coming for you.
Yes tonight, little darling a bad man is coming for you.
Yes tonight tonight a bad man is coming for you.

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