

# I'm Not the Man

## 10,000 Maniacs

It crawls on his back, won't ever let him be  
Stares at the walls until the cinder blocks can breathe  
His eyes have gone away, escaping over time  
He rules a crowded nation inside his mind  
He knows that night like his hand  
He knows every move he made  
Late shift, the bell that rang, a time card won't fade  
10:05 his truck pulled home  
10:05 he climbed his stair  
About the time he was accused of being there  
But I'm not the man  
He goes free as I wait on the row for the man  
To test the rope, he'll slip around my throat and silence me  
On the day he was tried, no witness testified  
Nothing but evidence, not hard to falsify  
His own confession was a prosecutor's prize  
Made up of fear, of rage and of outright lies  
But I'm not the man  
He goes free as the candle vigil glows  
As they burn my clothes  
As the crowd cries, "Hang him slow!"  
And I feel my blood go cold, he goes free  
Call out the K K K, they're wild after me  
And with that frenzied look of half-demented zeal  
They'd love to serve me up my final meal  
Who'll read my final rite and hear my last appeal?  
Who struck this devil's deal?

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