

I'm Not The Man

10000 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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